



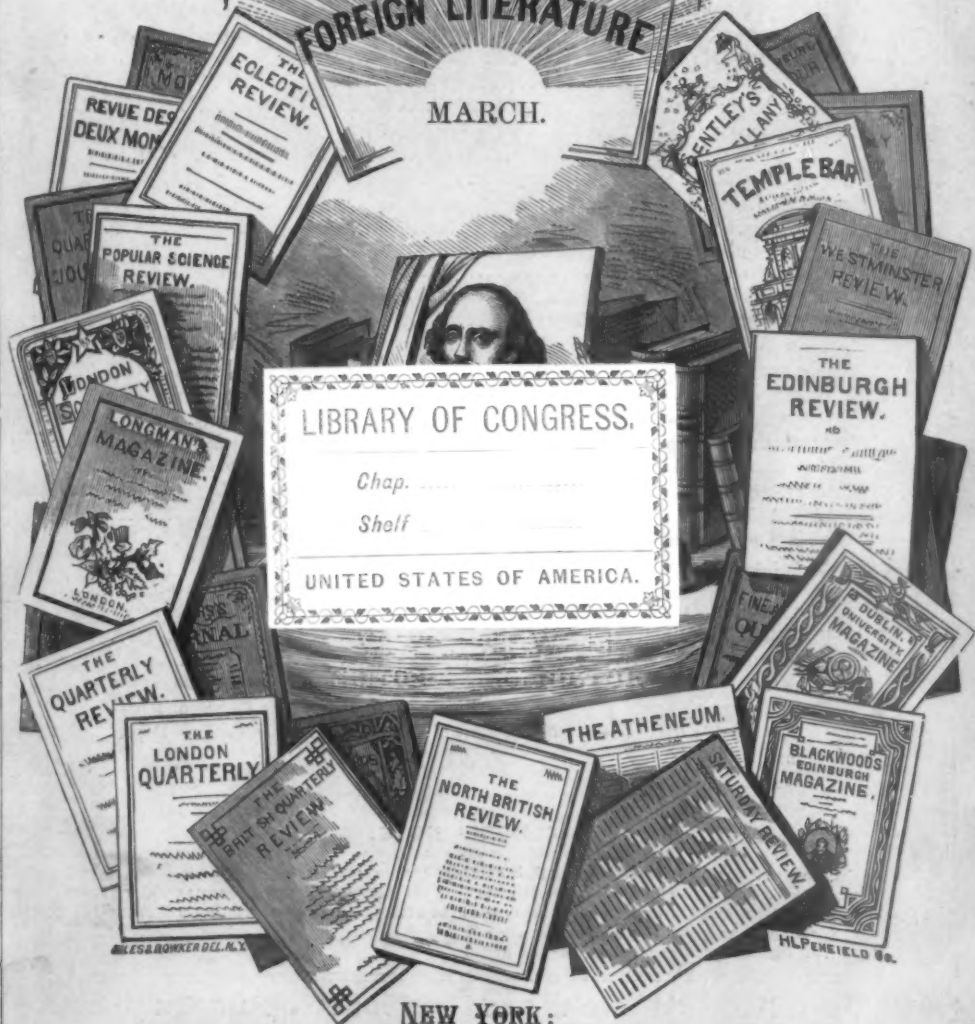
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FOREIGN LITERATURE

MARCH.



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CONTENTS OF THE MARCH NUMBER.

	PAGE
I. RELIGION: A RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT. By HERBERT SPENCER.....	<i>Nineteenth Century</i> 289
II. A FLORENTINE TRADESMAN'S DIARY.....	<i>Saturday Review</i> 297
III. POST MORTEM. By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.....	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> 305
IV. EARTHQUAKE WEATHER. By RICHARD PROCTOR.....	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> 307
V. OLD LADY MARY: A STORY OF THE SEEN AND THE UNSEEN.....	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> 314
VI. TRAGEDY IN JAPAN. By FRANK ABELL.....	<i>Belgravia</i> 349
VII. THE SOUDAN AND ITS FUTURE. By SIR SAMUEL WHITE BAKER.....	<i>Contemporary Review</i> 353
VIII. PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF GAMBETTA. By an English Lady.....	<i>Pall Mall Gazette</i> 364
IX. OLD WRITERS AND MODERN READERS.....	<i>Saturday Review</i> 368
X. SCRAPS FROM THE CHRONICLES OF VENICE. By AMY LAYARD.....	<i>National Review</i> 371
XI. A VISIT TO PHILISTIA. By SIR LEPHEL GRIFFIN.....	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> 378
XII. THE TEDIUM OF TRUTHFULNESS.....	<i>The Spectator</i> 388
XIII. HELEN'S TOWER. (Poem.) By ROBERT BROWNING and ALFRED TENNYSON.....	392
XIV. THE POSSIBLE SUSPENSION OF OLD AGE. By W. O. DAWSON.....	<i>Knowledge</i> 393
XV. SENILIA: PROSE POEMS BY IVAN TURGENIEF. Part II.....	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> 396
XVI. THE OLD AND NEW CYNICS.....	<i>The Spectator</i> 408
XVII. LIST. By Rev. H. R. HAWEIS.....	<i>Longman's Magazine</i> 410
XVIII. LITERARY NOTICES.....	423
The Field of Disease. A Book of Preventive Medicine—Kadesh-Barnea, Its Importance and probable Site—The Cumulative Method for Learning German—The Life and Times of Sergeant S. Prentiss—Habberton's George Washington, 1732-1799—A Latter-Day Saint—Dream Life.	
XIX. FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.....	427
XX. MISCELLANY.....	428
The Leading Nihilist—The Definition of a Snob—The Language of Cats—Voice-Training by Chemical Means—The Reminiscences of a War Correspondent—The Snail's Tongue—Feudalism in China—A Plea for Cremation—Paper-making in Egypt.	

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OF THE
CONNECTICUT MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,
OF HARTFORD, CONN.

NET ASSETS, January 1, 1883.....	\$50,172,271 91
RECEIVED IN 1883:	
For Premiums.....	\$4,829,096 07
For Interest and Rents.....	2,792,912 45
Profit and Loss.....	247,212 35
	7,870,222 87
DISBURSED IN 1883.....	\$58,042,694 78
TO POLICY-HOLDERS:	
For claims by death and matured endowments.....	\$3,812,977 32
Surplus returned to Policy-holders.....	1,189,666 54
Lapsed and Surrendered Policies.....	779,177 98
TOTAL TO POLICY-HOLDERS.....	\$5,781,821 79
EXPENSES:	
Commissions to Agents, Salaries, Medical Examiners' fees, Printing, Advertising, Legal, Real Estate, and all other Expenses.....	700,290 61
TAXES.....	\$44,871 06
	\$6,827,013 46
BALANCE NET ASSETS, December 31, 1883.....	\$51,215,581 32

SCHEDULE OF ASSETS.

Loans upon Real Estate, first lien.....	\$34,049,690 50
Loans upon Stocks and Bonds.....	465,364 41
Premium notes on Policies in force.....	2,849,266 50
Cost of Real Estate owned by the Company.....	12,101,212 36
Cost of United States Registered Bonds.....	19,125 00
Cost of State Bonds.....	19,900 00
Cost of City Bonds.....	1,762,873 69
Cost of other Bonds.....	6,762,801 89
Cost of Bank Stock.....	122,761 00
Cost of Railroad Stock.....	26,000 00
Cash in Bank.....	964,748 34
Balance due from Agents.....	2,586 63
	\$51,215,581 32
ADD	
Interest due and accrued.....	\$1,029,798 71
Rents accrued.....	16,493 54
Market value of stocks and Bonds over cost.....	259,037 11
Net premiums in course of collection.....	NONE.
Net deferred quarterly and semi-annual premiums.....	50,196 78
	\$1,355,520 14
GROSS ASSETS, December 31, 1883.....	\$52,571,101 46
LIABILITIES:	
Amount required to reinsure all outstanding policies, net, assuming 4 per cent interest, \$47,766,413 00	
Additional reserve by Company's Standard, 3 per cent on policies issued since April 1, 1883.....	37,980 00
All other liabilities.....	740,431 99
	\$48,544,894 99
SURPLUS by Company's Standard.....	\$4,026,276 47
SURPLUS by Conn. Standard, 4 per cent.....	4,064,266 47
SURPLUS by New York Standard, 4½ per cent, over.....	7,000,000 00
Ratio of expenses of management to receipts in 1883.....	8.9 per cent
Policies in force December 31, 1883, 68,595, insuring.....	\$153,433,409 00

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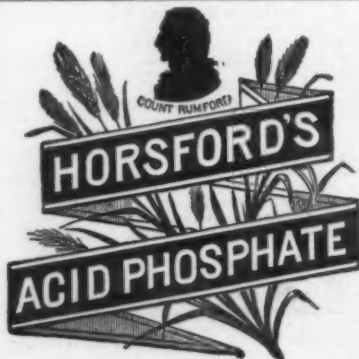
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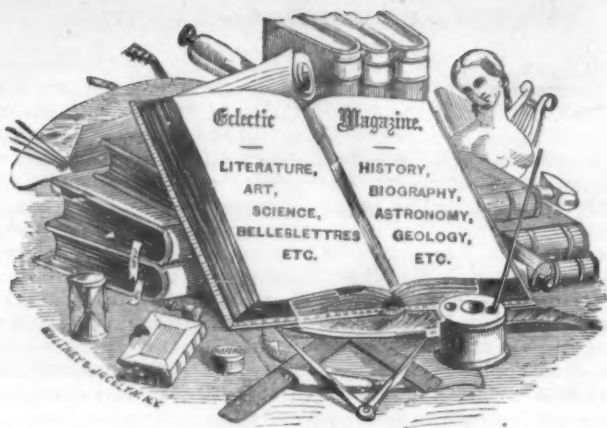
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RELIGION: A RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT.*

BY HERBERT SPENCER.

UNLIKE the ordinary consciousness, the religious consciousness is concerned with that which lies beyond the sphere of sense. A brute thinks only of things which can be touched, seen, heard, tasted, etc.; and the like is true of the untaught child, the deaf-mute, and the lowest savage. But the developing man has thoughts about existences which he regards as usually intangible, inaudible, invisible; and yet which he regards as operative upon him. What suggests this notion of agencies transcending perception? How do these ideas concerning the supernatural evolve out of ideas concerning the natural? The transition cannot be sudden; and an account of the genesis of religion must begin by

describing the steps through which the transition takes place.

The ghost-theory exhibits these steps quite clearly. We are shown by it that the mental differentiation of invisible and intangible beings from visible and tangible beings progresses slowly and unobtrusively. In the fact that the other-self, supposed to wander in dreams, is believed to have actually done and seen whatever was dreamed—in the fact that the other-self when going away at death, but expected presently to return, is conceived as a double equally material with the original; we see that the supernatural agent in its primitive form diverges very little from the natural agent—is simply the original man with some added powers of going about secretly and doing good or evil. And the fact that when the double of the dead man ceases to be dreamed about

* The statements concerning matters of fact in the first part of this article are based on the contents of Part I. of *The Principles of Sociology*.

by those who knew him, his non-appearance in dreams is held to imply that he is finally dead, shows, that these earliest supernatural agents are conceived as having but a temporary existence: the first tendencies to a permanent consciousness of the supernatural prove abortive.

In many cases no higher degree of differentiation is reached. The ghost-population, recruited by deaths on the one side, but on the other side losing its members as they cease to be recollected and dreamed about, does not increase; and no individuals included in it come to be recognized through successive generations as established supernatural powers. Thus the Unkulunkulu, or old-old one, of the Zulus, the father of the race, is regarded as finally or completely dead; and there is propitiation only of ghosts of more recent date. But where circumstances favor the continuance of sacrifices at graves, witnessed by members of each new generation, who are told about the dead and transmit the tradition, there eventually arises the conception of a permanently-existing ghost or spirit. A more marked contrast in thought between supernatural beings and natural beings is thus established. There simultaneously results a great increase in the number of these supposed supernatural beings, since the aggregate of them is now continually added to; and there is a strengthening tendency to think of them as everywhere around, and as causing all unusual occurrences.

Differences among the ascribed powers of ghosts soon arise. They naturally follow from observed differences among the powers of living individuals. Hence it results that while the propitiations of ordinary ghosts are made only by their descendants, it comes occasionally to be thought prudent to propitiate also the ghosts of the more dreaded individuals, even though they have no claims of blood. Quite early there thus begin those grades of supernatural beings which eventually become so strongly marked.

Habitual wars, which more than all other causes initiate these first differentiations, go on to initiate further and more decided ones. For with those compoundings of small societies into

greater ones, and re-compounding of these into still greater, which war effects, there, of course, with the multiplying gradations of power among living men, arises the conception of multiplying gradations of power among their ghosts. Thus in course of time are formed the conceptions of the great ghosts or gods, the more numerous secondary ghosts or demi-gods, and so on downward—a pantheon: there being still, however, no essential distinction of kind; as we see in the calling of ordinary ghosts *manes*-gods by the Romans and *elohim* by the Hebrews. Moreover, repeating as the other life in the other world does the life in this world, in its needs, occupations, and social organization, there arises not only a differentiation of grades among supernatural beings in respect of their powers, but also in respect of their characters and kinds of activity. There come to be local gods, and gods reigning over this or that order of phenomena; there come to be good and evil spirits of various qualities; and where there has been by conquest a superposing of societies one upon another, each having its own system of ghost-derived beliefs, there results an involved combination of such beliefs, constituting a mythology.

Of course ghosts primarily being doubles like the originals in all things; and gods (when not the living members of a conquering race) being doubles of the more powerful men; it results that they, too, are originally no less human than other ghosts in their physical characters, their passions, and their intelligences. Like the doubles of the ordinary dead, they are supposed to consume the flesh, blood, bread, wine, given to them: at first literally, and later in a more spiritual way by consuming the essences of them. They not only appear as visible and tangible persons, but they enter into conflicts with men, are wounded, suffer pain: the sole distinction being that they have miraculous powers of healing and consequent immortality. Here, indeed, there needs a qualification; for not only do various peoples hold that the gods die a first death (as naturally happens where they are members of a conquering race, called gods because of their superiority), but, as in the case of Pan, it is sup-

posed, even among the cultured, that there is a second and final death of a god, like that second and final death of a man supposed among existing savages. With advancing civilization the divergence of the supernatural being from the natural being becomes more decided. There is nothing to check the gradual de-materialization of the ghost and of the god; and this de-materialization is insensibly furthered in the effort to reach consistent ideas of supernatural action: the god ceases to be tangible, and later he ceases to be visible or audible. Along with this differentiation of physical attributes from those of humanity, there goes on more slowly the differentiation of mental attributes. The god of the savage, represented as having intelligence scarcely, if at all, greater than that of the living man, is deluded with ease. Even the gods of the semi-civilized are deceived, make mistakes, repent of their plans; and only in course of time does there arise the conception of unlimited vision and universal knowledge. The emotional nature simultaneously undergoes a parallel transformation. The grosser passions, originally conspicuous and carefully ministered to by devotees, gradually fade, leaving only the passions less related to corporeal satisfactions; and eventually these, too, become partially de-humanized.

These ascribed characters of deities are continually adapted and readapted to the needs of the social state. During the militant phase of activity, the chief god is conceived as holding insubordination the greatest crime, as implacable in anger, as merciless in punishment; and any alleged attributes of a milder kind occupy but small space in the social consciousness. But where militancy declines and the harsh, despotic form of government appropriate to it is gradually qualified by the form appropriate to industrialism, the foreground of the religious consciousness is increasingly filled with those ascribed traits of the divine nature which are congruous with the ethics of peace: divine love, divine forgiveness, divine mercy, are now the characteristics enlarged upon.

To perceive clearly the effects of mental progress and changing social life thus stated in the abstract, we must

glance at them in the concrete. If, without foregone conclusions, we contemplate the traditions, records, and monuments of the Egyptians, we see that out of their primitive ideas of gods, brute or human, there were evolved spiritualized ideas of gods, and finally of a god; until the priesthoods of later times, repudiating the earlier ideas, described them as corruptions: being swayed by the universal tendency to regard the first state as the highest—a tendency traceable down to the theories of existing theologians and mythologists. Again, if, putting aside speculations, and not asking what historical value the *Iliad* may have, we take it simply as indicating the early Greek notion of Zeus, and compare this with the notion contained in the Platonic dialogues; we see that Greek civilization had greatly modified (in the better minds, at least) the purely anthropomorphic conception of him: the lower human attributes being dropped and the higher ones transfigured. Similarly, if we contrast the Hebrew God described in primitive traditions, manlike in appearance, appetites, and emotions, with the Hebrew God as characterized by the prophets, there is shown a widening range of power along with a nature increasingly remote from that of man. And on passing to the conceptions of him which are now entertained, we are made aware of an extreme transfiguration. By a convenient obliviousness, a deity who in early times is represented as hardening men's hearts so that they may commit punishable acts, and as employing a lying spirit to deceive them, comes to be mostly thought of as an embodiment of virtues transcending the highest we can imagine.

Thus, recognizing the fact that in the primitive human mind there exists neither religious idea nor religious sentiment, we find that in the course of social evolution and the evolution of intelligence accompanying it, there are generated both the ideas and sentiments which we distinguish as religious; and that through a process of causation clearly traceable, they traverse those stages which have brought them, among civilized races, to their present forms.

And now what may we infer will be

the evolution of religious ideas and sentiments throughout the future? On the one hand it is irrational to suppose that the changes which have brought the religious consciousness to its present form will suddenly cease. On the other hand, it is irrational to suppose that the religious consciousness, naturally generated as we have seen, will disappear and leave an unfilled gap. Manifestly it must undergo further changes; and however much changed it must continue to exist. What then are the transformations to be expected? If we reduce the process above delineated to its lowest terms, we shall see our way to an answer.

As pointed out in "First Principles," § 96, Evolution is throughout its course habitually modified by that Dissolution which eventually undoes it: the changes which become manifest being usually but the differential results of opposing tendencies toward integration and disintegration. Rightly to understand the genesis and decay of religious systems, and the probable future of those now existing, we must take this truth into account. During those earlier changes by which there is created a hierarchy of gods, demi-gods, manes-gods, and spirits of various kinds and ranks, evolution goes on with but little qualification. The consolidated mythology produced, while growing in the mass of supernatural beings composing it, assumes increased heterogeneity along with increased definiteness in the arrangement of its parts and the attributes of its members. But the antagonist Dissolution eventually gains predominance. The spreading recognition of natural causation conflicts with this mythological evolution, and insensibly weakens those of its beliefs which are most at variance with advancing knowledge. Demons and the secondary divinities presiding over divisions of Nature, become less thought of as the phenomena ascribed to them are more commonly observed to follow a constant order; and hence these minor components of the mythology slowly dissolve away. At the same time, with growing supremacy of the great god heading the hierarchy, there goes increasing ascription to him of actions which were before distributed among numerous supernat-

ural beings; there is integration of power. While in proportion as there arises the consequent conception of an omnipotent and omnipresent deity, there is a gradual fading of his alleged human attributes; dissolution begins to affect the supreme personality in respect of ascribed form and nature.

Already, as we have seen, this process has in the more advanced societies, and especially among their higher members, gone to the extent of merging all minor supernatural powers in one supernatural power; and already this one supernatural power has, by what Mr. Fiske aptly calls de-anthropomorphization, lost the grosser attributes of humanity. If things hereafter are to follow the same general course as heretofore, we must infer that this dropping of human attributes will continue. Let us ask what positive changes are hence to be expected.

Two factors must unite in producing them. There is the development of those higher sentiments which no longer tolerate the ascription of inferior sentiments to a divinity; and there is the intellectual development which causes dissatisfaction with the crude interpretations previously accepted. Of course in pointing out the effects of these factors, I must name some which are familiar; but it is needful to glance at them along with others.

The cruelty of a Fijian god who, represented as devouring the souls of the dead, may be supposed to inflict torture during the process, is small compared with the cruelty of a god who condemns men to tortures which are eternal; and the ascription of this cruelty, though habitual in ecclesiastical formulas, occasionally occurring in sermons, and still sometimes pictorially illustrated, is becoming so intolerable to the better-natured, that while some theologians distinctly deny it, others quietly drop it out of their teachings. Clearly, this change cannot cease until the beliefs in hell and damnation disappear.* Disappearance of them will be aided by an

* To meet a possible criticism, it may be well to remark that whatever force they may have against deists (and they have very little), Butler's arguments concerning these and allied beliefs do not tell at all against agnostics.

increasing repugnance to injustice. The visiting on Adam's descendants through hundreds of generations dreadful penalties for a small transgression which they did not commit; the damning of all men who do not avail themselves of an alleged mode of obtaining forgiveness, which most men have never heard of; and the effecting a reconciliation by sacrificing a son who was perfectly innocent, to satisfy the assumed necessity for a propitiatory victim; are modes of action which, ascribed to a human ruler, would call forth expressions of abhorrence; and the ascription of them to the Ultimate Cause of things, even now felt to be full of difficulties, must become impossible. So, too, must die out the belief that a Power present in innumerable worlds throughout infinite space, and who during millions of years of the earth's earlier existence needed no honoring by its inhabitants, should be seized with a craving for praise; and having created mankind, should be angry with them if they do not perpetually tell him how great he is. As fast as men escape from that glamour of early impressions which prevents them from thinking, they will refuse to imply a trait of character which is the reverse of worshipful.

Similarly with the logical incongruities more and more conspicuous to growing intelligence. Passing over the familiar difficulties that sundry of the implied divine traits are in contradiction with the divine attributes otherwise ascribed—that a god who repents of what he has done must be lacking either in power or in foresight; that his anger presupposes an occurrence which has been contrary to intention, and so indicates defect of means; we come to the deeper difficulty that such emotions, in common with all emotions, can exist only in a consciousness which is limited. Every emotion has its antecedent ideas, and antecedent ideas are habitually supposed to occur in God: he is represented as seeing and hearing this or the other, and as being emotionally affected thereby. That is to say, the conception of a divinity possessing these traits of character, necessarily continues anthropomorphic; not only in the sense that the emotions ascribed are like those of human beings, but also in the sense that they form

parts of a consciousness, which, like the human consciousness, is formed of successive states. And such a conception of the divine consciousness is irreconcilable both with the unchangeableness otherwise alleged, and with the omniscience otherwise alleged. For a consciousness constituted of ideas and feelings caused by objects and occurrences, cannot be simultaneously occupied with all objects and all occurrences throughout the universe. To believe in a divine consciousness, men must refrain from thinking what is meant by consciousness—must stop short with verbal propositions; and propositions which they are debarred from rendering into thought will more and more fail to satisfy them. Of course like difficulties present themselves when the will of God is spoken of. So long as we refrain from giving a definite meaning to the word will, we may say that it is possessed by the Cause of All Things, as readily as we may say that love of approbation is possessed by a circle; but when from the words we pass to the thoughts they stand for, we find that we can no more unite in consciousness the terms of the one proposition, than we can those of the other. Whoever conceives any other will than his own must do so in terms of his own will, which is the sole will directly known to him—all other wills being only inferred. But will, as each is conscious of it, presupposes a motive—a prompting desire of some kind: absolute indifference excludes the conception of will. Moreover will, as implying a prompting desire, connotes some end contemplated as one to be achieved, and ceases with the achievement of it: some other will, referring to some other end, taking its place. That is to say, will, like emotion, necessarily supposes a series of states of consciousness. The conception of a divine will, derived from that of the human will, involves, like it, localization in space and time: the willing of each end, excluding from consciousness for an interval the willing of other ends, and therefore being inconsistent with that omnipresent activity which simultaneously works out an infinity of ends. It is the same with the ascription of intelligence. Not to dwell on the seriality and limitation implied as before, we may note that intelligence,

as alone conceivable by us, presupposes existences independent of it and objective to it. It is carried on in terms of changes primarily wrought by alien activities—the impressions generated by things beyond consciousness, and the ideas derived from such impressions. To speak of an intelligence which exists in the absence of all such alien activities, is to use a meaningless word. If to the corollary that the First Cause, considered as intelligent, must be continually affected by independent objective activities, it is replied that these have become such by act of creation, and were previously included in the First Cause; then the reply is that in such case the First Cause could, before this creation, have had nothing to generate in it such changes as those constituting what we call intelligence, and must therefore have been unintelligent at the time when intelligence was most called for. Hence it is clear that the intelligence ascribed, answers in no respect to that which we know by the name. It is intelligence out of which all the characters constituting it have vanished.

These and other difficulties, some of which are often discussed but never disposed of, must force men hereafter to drop the higher anthropomorphic characters given to the First Cause, as they have long since dropped the lower. The conception which has been enlarging from the beginning must go on enlarging, until, by disappearance of its limits, it becomes a consciousness which transcends the forms of distinct thought though it forever remains a consciousness.

“But how can such a final consciousness of the Unknowable, thus tacitly alleged to be true, be reached by successive modifications of a conception which was utterly untrue? The ghost-theory of the savage is baseless. The material double of a dead man in which he believes, never had any existence. And if by gradual de-materialization of this double was produced the conception of the supernatural agent in general—if the conception of a deity, formed by the dropping of some human attributes and transfiguration of others, resulted from continuance of this proc-

ess; is not the developed and purified conception reached by pushing the process to its limit, a fiction also? Surely if the primitive belief was absolutely false, all derived beliefs must be absolutely false.”

This objection looks fatal; and it would be fatal were its premiss valid. Unexpected as it will be to most readers, the answer here to be made is that at the outset a germ of truth was contained in the primitive conception—the truth, namely, that the power which manifests itself in consciousness is but a differently-conditioned form of the power which manifests itself beyond consciousness.

Every voluntary act yields to the primitive man proof of a source of energy within him. Not that he thinks about his internal experiences; but in these experiences this notion lies latent. When producing motion in his limbs, and through them motion in other things, he is aware of the accompanying feeling of effort. And this sense of effort, which is the perceived antecedent of changes produced by him, becomes the conceived antecedent of changes not produced by him—furnishes him with a term of thought by which to represent the genesis of these objective changes. At first this idea of muscular force as antecedent unusual events around him, carries with it the whole assemblage of associated ideas. He thinks of the implied effort as an effort exercised by a being just like himself. In course of time these doubles of the dead, supposed to be workers of all but the most familiar changes, are modified in conception. Besides becoming less grossly material, some of them are developed into larger personalities presiding over classes of phenomena which being comparatively regular in their order, suggest a belief in beings who, while more powerful than men, are less variable in their modes of action. So that the idea of force as exercised by such beings, comes to be less associated with the idea of a human ghost. Further advances, by which minor supernatural agents are merged in one general agent, and by which the personality of this general agent is rendered vague while becoming widely extended, tend still further to dissociate the notion of ob-

jective force from the force known as such in consciousness; and the dissociation reaches its extreme in the thoughts of the man of science, who interprets in terms of force not only the visible changes of sensible bodies, but all physical changes whatever, even up to the undulations of the ethereal medium. Nevertheless, this force (be it force under that statical form by which matter resists, or under that dynamical form distinguished as energy) is to the last thought of in terms of that internal energy which he is conscious of as muscular effort. He is compelled to symbolize objective force in terms of subjective force from lack of any other symbol.

See now the implications. That internal energy which in the experiences of the primitive man was always the immediate antecedent of changes wrought by him—that energy which, when interpreting external changes, he thought of along with those attributes of a human personality connected with it in himself; is the same energy which, freed from anthropomorphic accompaniments, is now figured as the cause of all external phenomena. The last stage reached its recognition of the truth that force as it exists beyond consciousness, cannot be like what we know as force within consciousness; and that yet, as either is capable of generating the other, they must be different modes of the same. Consequently, the final outcome of that speculation commenced by the primitive man, is that the Power manifested throughout the Universe distinguished as material, is the same power which in ourselves wells up under the form of consciousness.

It is untrue, then, that the foregoing argument proposes to evolve a true belief from a belief which was wholly false. Contrariwise, the ultimate form of the religious consciousness is the final development of a consciousness which at the outset contained a germ of truth obscured by multitudinous errors.

Those who think that science is dissipating religious beliefs and sentiments, seem unaware that whatever of mystery is taken from the old interpretation is added to the new. Or rather, we may say that transference from the one to the other is accompanied by in-

crease; since, for an explanation which has a seeming feasibility, science substitutes an explanation which, carrying us back only a certain distance, there leaves us in presence of the avowedly inexplicable.

Under one of its aspects scientific progress is a gradual transfiguration of Nature. Where ordinary perception saw perfect simplicity it reveals great complexity; where there seemed absolute inertness it discloses intense activity; and in what appears mere vacancy it finds a marvellous play of forces. Each generation of physicists discovers in so-called "brute matter" powers which, but a few years before, the most instructed physicists would have thought incredible; as instance the ability of a mere iron plate to take up the complicated aerial vibrations produced by articulate speech, which, translated into multitudinous and varied electric pulses, are retranslated a thousand miles off by another iron plate and again heard as articulate speech. When the explorer of Nature sees that, quiescent as they appear, surrounding solid bodies are thus sensitive to forces which are infinitesimal in their amounts—when the spectroscope proves to him that molecules on the Earth pulsate in harmony with molecules in the stars—when there is forced on him the inference that every point in space thrills with an infinity of vibrations passing through it in all directions; the conception to which he tends is much less that of a Universe of dead matter than that of a Universe everywhere alive; alive if not in the restricted sense, still in a general sense.

This transfiguration, which the inquiries of physicists continually increase, is aided by that other transfiguration resulting from metaphysical inquiries. Subjective analysis compels us to admit that our scientific interpretations of the phenomena which objects present, are expressed in terms of our own variously-combined sensations and ideas—are expressed, that is, in elements belonging to consciousness, which are but symbols of the something beyond consciousness. Though analysis afterward reinstates our primitive beliefs, to the extent of showing that behind every group of phenomenal manifestations there is always a *nexus*, which is the

reality that remains fixed amid appearances which are variable; yet we are shown that this *nexus* of reality is forever inaccessible to consciousness. And when, once more, we remember that the activities constituting consciousness, being rigorously bounded, cannot bring in among themselves the activities beyond the bounds, which therefore seem unconscious, though production of either by the other seems to imply that they are of the same essential nature; this necessity we are under to think of the external energy in terms of the internal energy, gives rather a spiritualistic than a materialistic aspect to the Universe; further thought, however, obliging us to recognize the truth that a conception given in phenomenal manifestations of this ultimate energy can in no wise show us what it is.

While the beliefs to which analytic science thus leads are such as do not destroy the object-matter of religion, but simply transfigure it, science under its concrete forms enlarges the sphere for religious sentiment. From the very beginning the progress of knowledge has been accompanied by an increasing capacity for wonder. Among savages, the lowest are the least surprised when shown remarkable products of civilized art; astonishing the traveller by their indifference. And so little of the marvellous do they perceive in the grandest phenomena of Nature, that any inquiries concerning them they regard as childish trifling. This contrast in mental attitude between the lowest human beings and the higher human beings around us, is paralleled by the contrasts among the grades of these higher human beings themselves. It is not the rustic, nor the artisan, nor the trader, who sees something more than a mere matter of course in the hatching of a chick; but it is the biologist, who, pushing to the uttermost his analysis of vital phenomena, reaches his greatest perplexity when a speck of protoplasm under the microscope shows him life in its simplest form, and makes him feel that however he formulates its processes the actual play of forces remains unimaginable. Neither in the ordinary tourist nor in the deer-stalker climbing the mountains above him, does a highland glen rouse ideas beyond those of sport or of the

picturesque; but it may, and often does, in the geologist. He, observing that the glacier-rounded rock he sits on has lost by weathering but half an inch of its surface since a time far more remote than the beginnings of human civilization, and then trying to conceive the slow denudation which has cut out the whole valley, has thoughts of time and of power to which they are strangers—thoughts which, already utterly inadequate to their objects, he feels to be still more futile on noting the contorted beds of gneiss around, which tell him of a time, immeasurably more remote, when far beneath the Earth's surface they were in a half-melted state, and again tell him of a time, immensely exceeding this in remoteness, when their components were sand and mud on the shores of an ancient sea. Nor is it in the primitive peoples who supposed that the heavens rested on the mountain tops, any more than in the modern inheritors of their cosmogony who repeat that "the heavens declare the glory of God," that we find the largest conceptions of the Universe or the greatest amount of wonder excited by contemplation of it. Rather, it is in the astronomer, who sees in the Sun a mass so vast that even into one of his spots our Earth might be plunged without touching its edges; and who by every finer telescope is shown an increased multitude of such suns, many of them far larger.

Hereafter, as heretofore, higher faculty and deeper insight will raise rather than lower this sentiment. At present the most powerful and most instructed mind has neither the knowledge nor the capacity required for symbolizing in thought the totality of things. Occupied with one or other division of Nature, the man of science usually does not know enough of the other divisions even rudely to conceive the extent and complexity of their phenomena; and supposing him to have adequate knowledge of each, yet he is unable to think of them as a whole. Wider and stronger intellect may hereafter help him to form a vague consciousness of them in their totality. We may say that just as an undeveloped musical faculty, able only to appreciate a simple melody, cannot grasp the variously-entangled passages and harmonies of a symphony, which in

the minds of composer and conductor are unified into involved musical effects awakening far greater feeling than is possible to the musically uncultured; so, by future more evolved intelligences, the course of things now apprehensible only in parts may be apprehensible all together, with an accompanying feeling as much beyond that of the present cultured man, as his feeling is beyond that of the savage.

And this feeling is not likely to be decreased but to be increased by that analysis of knowledge which, while forcing him to agnosticism, yet continually prompts him to imagine some solution of the Great Enigma which he knows cannot be solved. Especially must this

be so when he remembers that the very notions, beginning and end, cause and purpose, are relative notions belonging to human thought which are probably irrelevant to the Ultimate Reality transcending human thought; and when, though suspecting that explanation is a word without meaning when applied to this Ultimate Reality, he yet feels compelled to think there must be an explanation.

But amid the mysteries which become the more mysterious the more they are thought about, there will remain the one absolute certainty, that he is ever in presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy, from which all things proceed.
—*Nineteenth Century.*

A FLORENTINE TRADESMAN'S DIARY.

I.

IN the enormous mass of historical materials which Italy possesses, it is scarcely wonderful that the more homely materials for its history have as yet been somewhat neglected. There were so many writers who were men of letters that they naturally held the first place. There is such a number of State papers, of letters of ambassadors and of political reports, that every year brings before the student new materials for understanding the political life of Italy. Only recently has the publication of more obscure records been undertaken. We have yet much to learn of the life and opinions of the ordinary Italian during the great period of Italian history. We know enough of the intrigues of statesmen; we need to know more of what men talked in the streets and discussed in the tavern. Writers on the Italian Renaissance, and their name is legion, follow one another in elevating abnormal characters into ordinary types. We want to know something more about the plain man, the ordinary citizen. We want to compare him with others of his class at other times.

The newly-published Diary of Luca Landucci (*Diario di Luca Landucci dal 1450 al 1516; con annotazioni da Jacopo del Badia*. Firenze: Sansoni, 1883), a good Florentine apothecary,

gives us most valuable materials for this purpose. The Diary extends from 1450 to 1516, and covers the most momentous epoch of Florentine history. Luca Landucci felt the panic into which Florence was thrown by the conspiracy of the Pazzi. He saw the signs and wonders that foretold the death of Lorenzo de' Medici. He was carried away by the rapid changes of fortune which befell the city when Lorenzo's guiding hand was gone. He witnessed the expulsion of the Medici, the coming of the French, the loss of Pisa, the revival of the Republican Government. He listened awestruck to the preaching of Savonarola, and believed his lofty predictions of a coming time when Florence was to shine forth as a city set on a hill, and was to present a pattern of righteousness to a regenerated world. He wept over the downfall of the mighty prophet and the sad dissipation of his dreams. He marvelled over the strange form which the Papal policy assumed under the direction of Cesare Borgia. He rejoiced when the weak government of the Florentine Republic made way for the stronger hand of Piero Soderini. He lived long enough to see Soderini fail in his task, and retire before the restoration of the Medici. Loyal to his belief in the destinies of Florence, he died trying to persuade himself that his city was to begin a new

career of greatness through its close connection with the splendors of the pontificate of Leo X.

Luca Landucci makes no efforts after graces of style. He was an apothecary, and not a man of letters. He does not aim at any consistency in his political opinions, but records from day to day what he saw and what he thought. He did not write with any view to publicity; but he wished his grandchildren to know what had happened, in case that they might be summoned to take a more leading part in affairs than he had aspired to. The simplicity, the frankness, the unpretentiousness of Luca Landucci make his pages most fascinating reading. Before we can estimate his historical value we must learn to know him as a man.

Luca Landucci was one of the two sons of a Florentine citizen who was fairly well to do. He owned a small estate at Dicomano, in the valley of the Sieve, and inherited from his mother some houses in Florence. Luca was the eldest son, and at the age of sixteen was apprenticed to an apothecary in the Mercato Vecchio. He followed the same trade all his life, and experienced all the vicissitudes of a commercial career. After six years' apprenticeship, Luca, at the age of twenty-two, was discontented with a salary of fifty florins. He resolved to go into partnership with a friend and open a new shop. He found, like many others, that the hope of larger gains made him lose what was certain. His partner was extravagant, and would not be content with beginning in a humble way. Luca's capital was soon exhausted. He withdrew from his thoughtless partner on the best terms he could, and went back to a subordinate position with a diminished salary of thirty-six florins. There he gathered more experience, till at the age of thirty he married, and with his wife's dowry furnished a shop at the corner where the Via della Vigna Nuova and the Via della Spada run into the Via Tornabuoni. At first he was hard pressed to make a livelihood, but his business gradually established itself. After fourteen years he was able to build himself a new shop opposite the Strozzi Palace. There he lived till his death in 1516, listening to the loungers who frequented

his shop, observant of affairs around him, submissive to those in authority, strong in his trust in God's providence, and happy in his family life. His wife Salvestra was a "dear companion, good and virtuous, so that she had no equals." He enjoyed forty-eight years of peaceful married life, and records that his wife never provoked his anger. She bore him twelve children, of whom seven survived her death. Engaged with the care of his shop and of his farm at Dicomano, Luca Landucci lived a contented life to the age of eighty.

His younger brother, Costanzo, was more adventurous, but not so fortunate. He had a taste for horse-racing, and travelled in the Levant in quest of Barbary horses. He was successful in his pursuit, and in four years won twenty prizes. Once at Siena there was a doubt between his horse and one of Lorenzo de' Medici's. Costanzo, "through reverence to Lorenzo," did not urge his claim, and allowed the prize to go to Lorenzo. Another time at Siena, seeing that he had won easily, he dismounted and jumped upon the winning-post. The judges decided against him on the ground that he had not passed the post. His devotion to horses was in some manner the cause of his death, but Luca does not exactly tell us how.

The character and opinions of Luca Landucci are sufficiently shown in his pages. His disposition was kind, cheerful, and contented. He accepted a life of honest industry as that of the greatest happiness. His object was to do his duty in the state of life into which it had pleased God to call him. He was content to take the share of good things that fell to his lot, and was convinced of the wisdom of pursuing the golden mean. The restless ambition of the great and powerful amazes and distresses him. After narrating the death of Pandolfo Petrucci of Siena, in 1512, he exclaims, "Oh, how much more sensible it is to stand in a lowly place than to wish to tower over others. It is less dangerous to soul and body alike. If great and rich men were wise, they would flee from the wish for domination, which only exposes them to hatred. They would be content with their wealth, apply themselves to the com-

mon good, become famous in commerce and in an honorable and Christian life, give much of their gains to God's poor, and love their country with an upright heart." Luca Landucci expresses the moral ideal of the prosperous middle class in all ages.

But Luca was ready to apply his principles in practice. He taught himself to accept the misfortunes of life with submission. He did not expect a career of uninterrupted prosperity even in a lowly state. He tells of many disasters that befell himself. Let us take the chief one :

On August 2d, 1507, as it pleased my God, my house where I dwelt, next to my shop, caught fire, and I lost all my furniture and effects, to the value of more than 250 gold ducats. I had to remake everything, and my son Antonio lost more than 50 ducats, a rose-colored cloak, a violet tunic, both new, and all his other clothes and silken doublets, besides his books, which were worth more than 25 ducats. I, with my three other sons, remained in our shirts; Battista jumped from his bed, naked as he was born, because the fire seized his bed where he was sleeping, and rushed out to borrow a shirt from the neighbors. But since I accept adversity and prosperity alike, I give great thanks for the one as for the other to the Lord; wherefore I pray that he may pardon my sins and send me all such things as are for his glory. May God always be praised by all his creatures; and with this medicine every man can heal all his pains and weakness.

With this conception of the supreme excellence of an industrious and contented life, Luca Landucci was not much moved by the outward signs of power or of splendor. The ambition of princes did not appeal to him; their magnificence did not awaken his envy or call forth his admiration. He was convinced of the futility of most of the objects of human effort. On the death of Lorenzo de' Medici he observes :

This man was in the world's opinion the most glorious man that could be found, and the richest, and had the greatest power and reputation. Every one said of him that he governed Italy, and truly he had a wise head, and succeeded in all things. He had done what no citizen had for long accomplished—he had raised his son to the Cardinalate. He had ennobled not only his own house, but the whole city. And with all this he could not go an hour further when his time had come. Man, man, what reason have you for pride? The true attribute of man is true humility and kindness, and to count God as everything and all else as nothing, except in so far as God has made it good. May He pardon my

sins, and pardon him who is dead as I wish that He may pardon me; and likewise all human beings.

In like manner Luca saw from his shop windows the stately walls of the Strozzi Palace rising day by day, but felt no envy of its rich possessor. He tells us how Filippo Strozzi died in 1491, when the walls had not yet reached the height of the windows. "You may well understand what are our hopes of these transitory things. It seems that man is their lord; but it is just the opposite, they are the lords over us. This palace will stand almost forever; see if this palace has been lord of him, and of how many more it will still be lord. We are stewards and not lords, as far as God's goodness pleases."

Having this contented view of life, Luca was above all things a kindly man, forgiving others and trusting for their forgiveness. When his son Benedetto was attacked in the dark and severely wounded in the face, Luca observes, "It was for our sins. I freely pardon him who wrought this wrong, as I wish the Lord to pardon me, and I pray God to pardon him, and not for this condemn him to hell." The quality that filled Landucci with the greatest horror was cruelty. "Cruel men," he exclaims, "generally come to an ill end, and the merciful never end ill." He regards the defeat of Charles the Bold by the Swiss as a miraculous punishment on a cruel man. He represents the public opinion of Italy when he rejoices over the vengeance which Cesare Borgia wrought on the lords of the Romagna. After the destruction of the Vitelli he cries out, "Woe to him who is cruel and does not fear God." In like manner Luca Landucci rejoices over the prospect of vengeance seizing Cesare Borgia in his turn. He tells the current story that Cesare poisoned a flask of wine to kill a Cardinal and poisoned his father by mistake. "Whether it be true or not God knows," he adds, and then exclaims in triumph, "See what is Cesare's condition now, with so many enemies who will leap upon his back." A little afterward he rejoices over Cesare's ruin as the just requital of his cruelty.

As Luca hated cruelty, he hated war with all its attendant miseries. In 1483 he writes :

In these days through fear of hunger and the great war in Lombardy many families departed thence. They passed this way on their journey toward Rome, from fifty to a hundred families together, so that they reached for several miles. Men said that altogether there were more than thirty thousand persons. It called forth great pity to see such poverty pass by—a poor donkey with a miserable kettle, a frying-pan, and such like—so that they drew tears from all who saw them go barefooted and in rags. And all this follows from those accursed wars.

He narrates with growing horror the iniquities of Cesare Borgia's troop when they entered the Florentine territories in 1501. "They behaved like Turks, and set every place on fire;" they slaughtered men and women; they showed themselves "as bad as, nay worse than, the devil in hell." Every day brought the news of some new outrage. All this seems to Luca's mind the result of incredible folly and wickedness.

Princes and lords, instead of healing the rents and increasing the borders of Christ's Church, ruin it by their ambition. There ought to be union of all Christians against the infidels, and willingness to die for the faith of Christ. At present all are engaged in shedding the blood of Christians against all rule of love and heaping miseries on the poor and afflicted peoples of Italy. God be always praised and blessed.

Again, with fine irony, he sums up the results of war and the prizes of military ambition:

To avenge their passions they have driven to beggary hundreds of peasants, and have avenged themselves on those who never wronged them, like vile men who fear not the hand of the Lord, nor know that He is great and that He is near them.

But, though Landucci had a horror of war, he was not the less a critic of warfare. He lived through the period which saw the downfall of the military system of Italy. The method of hiring condottieri generals and committing to their hands the conduct of affairs had, no doubt, some disadvantages, but at least did not err on the side of cruelty. Campaigns were conducted like parades. There was much manœuvring; but the two generals understood one another, and did not want to come to blows if they could avoid it. When a battle was fought, it was conducted on gentleman-like principles. When the two armies came together, everything was decided by the first shock, and those who were

slain owed their death to being trampled on by the undue haste of their comrades to run away. Prisoners were held to ransom, and the defeated army was rendered useless because it had thrown away its weapons. This system was kindly, but was often a little irritating to those who had to find the supplies. Their money was spent in elaborate manœuvres which resulted in nothing, and the Florentine burgher was often somewhat impatient for more decisive measures. In 1478 Luca Landucci writes bitterly: "The order of our Italian soldiers is this. 'You set to work and plunder on that side, and we will plunder on this; the business of coming to too close quarters is not for us.' They allow a castle to be bombarded for many days, and never send to relieve it. Some day the strangers from beyond the Alps must come and teach us how to make war." The prophecy was soon enough fulfilled. Landucci had seen only too clearly the inevitable result of the military incompetence of Italy. The French came, and taught them lessons of a sterner sort. Charles VIII. made a triumphal march through Italy; but his soldiers gave the Italians a few examples of foreign warfare. Landucci did not like their teaching when he saw it close at hand. He calls the French "bestial barbarians, who delight to dabble in human blood." He saw his countrymen only too ready to learn their savagery. As early as 1495 he records how the Florentines captured seventy Frenchmen who were fighting on the side of the Pisans at Ponte di Sacco. "And our men, as though they were not Italians but barbarians, and had learned from them, because they hated them on many grounds, amused themselves by cutting them in pieces." Later on Luca saw with delight the revival of the citizen militia according to the plan of Machiavelli. He rejoiced in the parade of the new levies in 1505, and considered the tailoring arrangements to be excellent. He computed that Florence could raise many thousands of soldiers and need no longer employ foreigners. "It was reckoned the finest thing that had ever been ordained in the city of Florence." But when the Florentine militia was sorely needed against the Spaniards in

1512 it was not of much use. The capture of Prato after two days' siege was a blow to all his expectations. "It seems that it must have been through God's permission that our chiefs acted so slowly, since we had 18,000 soldiers, which was more than our enemies. We might have cut off their supplies, so that they would have died of hunger in three or four days. These things are for our sins." The pathos of Italy's ruin becomes more intense when we read the simple criticism of one who lived through the period of the decay of that individual courage and energy on which the greatness of a country must ultimately depend.

Though Landucci was a man of peace, he desired to see his country well defended and respected by her enemies. The cowardice displayed in resisting Cesare Borgia filled him with shame. In 1501 he writes: "Never was such a simple and wicked thing done as to leave our country to be ravaged. It is a disgrace to be a Florentine and have to make an agreement with one who is not worth three farthings." "Florence was full of sadness, and it seemed as if one was drowning in a glass of water." "It seemed as if the Florentines had their bowels in a basin. All their neighbors laughed at the Florentines." Nor was Landucci only in favor of defensive wars; he was most eager for the recovery of the rebellious Pisa. Like a loyal Florentine, he believed in the righteousness of his own city and the unrighteousness of every one else. "God has always helped us because our wars are lawful, not like those of the ambitious and jealous Venetians." His kindly spirit and his patriotism came into collision, and patriotism won the day. He regarded patriotism as the highest virtue in a Florentine and the most perverse obstinacy in all others. The national feeling of the middle classes at all times is simply expressed in Luca's comment on the following striking episode in the Pisan war:

In these days Pisa was straitly besieged and was hard pressed. Every day one heard stories of their obstinacy—this among the rest. A woman of Pisa came with her two children to the Florentine Commissary, saying that she was dying of hunger and had left in Pisa her mother, who was well-nigh hungered. The Commissary ordered that bread be given her

for herself, and her mother, and her children. Returning with the loaves to Pisa, she told her mother that all was well. The old woman, seeing the white bread, said, "What bread is this?" The daughter answered that she had got it outside from the Florentines. Then she cried, "Away with the bread of the accursed Florentines; I had rather die of hunger;" and she would not eat it. Think what hatred the poor folk bore to our city, finding themselves, through no fault of theirs, in such bad straits. O, how great a sin it is to set wars on foot! Woe to him who causes them! God pardon us, although this enterprise of ours has been lawfully undertaken. Think what a sin it is for him who undertakes it unlawfully!

It follows from such views as these that Luca Landucci was a good citizen, and believed that his own government was always in the right. He disliked the struggles of factions and parties. "I am without any passions of party or form of government," he says, "and only desire the will of God." He records sadly the violence of party strife in Italian cities. "Thus do those accursed parties behave who fear not God, and think that they have to live forever, and that they are those who have to inherit the world." Luca was not a politician. He accepted the political changes of Florence without much comment. If things went well, he exclaimed, "Praise be to God;" if they went ill, he reflected, "These things are because of our sins." In no case does he show any desire to strive and mend matters. Politics are beyond him. He has his opinions, his sympathies, his likes and dislikes, but they soon pass away. Luca represents the large class that is satisfied to be governed, and does not wish to govern. His belief in particular forms of government is not great. He trusts in men rather than in mechanism, and demands that the government, whatever it may be, should keep Florence at peace and make her respected. He saw the failure of the conspiracy of the Pazzi, and was only impressed by the disturbance which it caused in the city and the state of terror which followed. He endured without comment the Papal excommunication and the war which followed. He admired Lorenzo de' Medici's adventurous journey to Naples, and rejoiced over the peace which followed. He enjoyed contentedly the glories of Lorenzo's rule, but had no special feel-

ing when Piero de' Medici was expelled in 1494. The only sentiment which he expresses is one of pity for Piero's brother, the Cardinal Giovanni, and in his case the pity was purely personal. "The poor cardinal," he says, "remained in the house, and I saw him at his window kneeling with clasped hands, commending himself to God. When I saw him I was sorry, and judged that he was a good youth and of a good mind." He was impressed by the unanimity of the people after the expulsion of Piero. "The cry was raised, 'Popolo e libertà' and in less than half an hour all the city was in arms, great and small running to the Piazza with such readiness that never was such union seen before. I believe that if all the world had come, it would not have been able to break such union. Thus the Lord allowed that trial should be made of this people in this time of peril from the French." Luca trusted to the revived Republic, and saw it reconstructed on the model of Venice in 1495. "It seems to every one who wishes to live well and without passion the most worthy government that Florence has ever had." In 1502 he welcomed with equal pleasure the appointment of a Gonfaloniere for life, and records the election of Piero Soderini. "How worthily was he chosen for this dignity, how well did the great Council judge! Truly this deed was from God." In 1512 he is content that Piero Soderini should make way for a Medicean restoration; "peacefully, according to agreement, because he said he did not wish to be a stumbling-block to his people, and that he was content with all that came from the will of God; and soon afterward he went away." Many thought that the liberty of Florence was worth fighting for, and that Soderini let it go too easily. Landucci does not enter into these considerations of the higher politics. He found himself in his own age called upon to take a part in affairs, and he did not like it. "On December 20th, 1512, they began in the Palazzo to choose those eligible for office; and I also went, since some of my friends wished it, with little will on my part, but to please the Signori. Praise be to God." Luca did his duty, but did it

with a sigh. Governments changed, and he submitted himself to the powers that were. As we read Luca's account of affairs, we feel why it is that men like him, representatives of the contented middle classes, are rarely of any weight in politics. It interests us to know how Luca Landucci thought and felt; and doubtless he represented a great number of the citizens of Florence. Their ideas were excellent; their attitude toward life was all that could be wished; their moral sentiments were directed toward the greatest good of the greatest number. But they were powerless to influence affairs; they had no policy which they wished to enforce. Wise, gentle, cultivated as they might be, they could not arrest corruption in high places. The public opinion which they expressed never made its voice heard in actual conflict. As we read Luca Landucci's Diary, we love and respect him as a man, we are interested at the light he throws on social life by the pictures of actual fact which he presents to our view. But any reader must be driven to admit that the villainous intrigues disclosed to us by dismal State papers and the records of tedious diplomacy show us the motive power which determined events, while the public opinion of the Florentine citizen was entirely powerless.

II.

WE have considered the character and opinions of Luca Landucci as illustrating the ordinary Florentine citizen. Let us turn to the consideration of his importance as an authority for Florentine history. About actual facts he has not much to tell us that is absolutely new; but he makes our previous knowledge more vivid and more real. The scenes pass before our eyes in his homely narrative and are brought close to ourselves. He gives us those little touches of personal description for want of which more elaborate pictures leave our imagination cold and unmoved.

We understand the intensity of Florentine feeling after the Conspiracy of the Pazzi when we read his account of the behavior of the youth of the city. They disinterred the corpse of Jacopo de' Pazzi, who had been executed, and dragged it through the streets by the

hangman's rope, which still remained round the neck. They tied the dead man's body to the knocker of his own door, and cried to those within, "Open to the master." Then they threw the corpse into the Arno, and sang a ribald song whose burden was "Messer Jacopo giu per Arno se ne va." And this," says Luca, "was held for a wondrous thing; first, because youths generally are afraid of the dead, and next, because the corpse stank so that one could not go near it. All the folk of Florence flocked to the bridges to see the body pass, and down toward Brozzi some boys dragged it out of the water, and tied it to a willow, and beat it with sticks, and then threw it into the Arno again."

No less vivid is the account of the entry of Charles VIII. and the French into Florence. "You may think that all Florence was in the church and outside. Every one shouted small and great, old and young, all with a true heart and without flattery. When the folk saw the King on foot his fame was a little diminished, for he was indeed a very small man." But when in a few days Charles VIII. spoke of the return of the Medici, popular feeling changed. "They had no fear of the King, and it was plain that a great enmity had sprung up between the citizens and this Piero de' Medici; whence it springs, the Lord knows." The Florentines were filled with suspicion, but it was silent, and needed no words to express it. Charles VIII. rode to the church of San Felice to see the festa, but did not enter. "Many said that he was afraid, and this showed that he had greater fear than we had—woe to him if he were to begin, though it would be also to our great danger." The Florentines were filled with terrible anxiety, which reached its height on November 24th. "It was said that the King was going to dine in the Palazzo with the Signoria, and caused all the arms to be taken out of the Palazzo, and himself intended to go with many armed men, whence all the people were filled with suspicion. Each man made haste to fill his house with bread and arms and stores and to strengthen his house, as much as he could, each man intending to die with arms in his hand, and to

slaughter every Frenchman, if need were, in the manner of the Sicilian Vespers. Such was the fear, that about dinner hour a cry was raised, 'Shut, shut,' and all Florence shut its doors, every man fleeing without any other reason, and on asking the cause no one knew. Whence the King did not go to dine at the Palazzo. It was the will of Heaven that such suspicion grew on every side, because it was the reason why the French changed their evil will toward us." Next day the French kept strict watch day and night, and took away the arms of all who were found in the streets at night, not before many of them fell beneath the Florentine daggers. On the following day Charles VIII. signed an agreement with the Florentines and hastened to leave the city. From that time forward the Frenchmen are called by Landucci "bestial," and his pages are full of their misdoings. His narrative of their doings in Italy ends with the following dramatic account of the punishment which their cruelty called down upon their heads in January 1504:

And in these cold days many Frenchmen, who could manage to escape, fled from Naples naked and clotheless, and many of them died in the territory of Rome through cold and hunger, for they found none to help them through the cruelty which they had shown in putting cities to the sword and sacking everything. Through God's permission they died in Rome among dung-heaps, which they entered to escape from the cold. If the Pope had not had four or five hundred jackets made and given to them, and had not supplied them with money and put them on galleys to convey them to France, they would all have died. As it was, more than five hundred died of cold; they found them in the morning dead on the dung-heaps. In Rome they entered such houses as they found open, and could not be dragged out; they were beaten with clubs, but refused to move, and said "Kill us." Never was such destruction. And still the King did not send to help them, but had forgotten them. This was the justice of God, since they came to massacre and plunder others. And they are all blasphemers, steeped in every vice, without faith or fear of God.

The most interesting part of Landucci's diary is that which relates to Girolamo Savonarola. The good apothecary makes us feel from day to day the fluctuations of popular opinion concerning him. We realize the steps in his rise and fall. We understand the force of his fervid eloquence, of his zeal for righteousness which swayed the

minds of the masses. We trace the course of the inevitable reaction, when Savonarola's efforts to set up a reformed and purified Florence made him an important political personage. We see how his watchful enemies seized on every extravagance which he uttered, and dogged his steps till they had brought him into a false position where his ruin was certain. Much has been written about Savonarola; but nowhere does he stand out more grandly than in the simple record of Landucci.

It is an error to regard Savonarola as an exceptional figure in Italian history. There were many famous preachers among the Italians who worked great results by their earnestness; Bernardino of Siena and Capistrano had both of them moved Italy within the century. And there were many other preachers and wonder-workers of lesser note. Landucci records in 1478, "there came a hermit and preached and threatened many misfortunes. He was a youth of twenty-four, barefooted, with a wallet on his back; and said that S. John and the angel Raffael had appeared to him. One morning he mounted the balcony of the Signori to preach, and the magistrates sent him away. And such-like things happened every day." In 1483 Landucci narrates the death of a friar at Faenza, who was said to work miracles. But he did not give much credit to these stories. "Every day such things were told; one day there was an apparition in a river and next day in a mountain; and some one spoke to a lady who was the Virgin. I mention this because the world was uplifted to expect great things from God."

In this excited state of public feeling Savonarola appeared and grew famous by his preaching. His predictions of coming calamity were fulfilled by the French invasion, during which his resolute bearing greatly increased his repute. "In these days men in Florence and throughout all Italy thought that he was a prophet and a man of holy life." When the French left Florence on November 28th, 1494, Savonarola was almost supreme. He proclaimed a religious procession on December 8th, to obtain the divine guidance for the city. "It was a very wondrous procession of a great number of men and women of the

highest repute, all carried on with entire order and perfect obedience to the Frate. Such devotion was shown as will perhaps never be seen again." On December 14th Savonarola began to preach "that Florence should take a good form of government." "He always favored the people," says Landucci, "and always declared that there should be no blood-shedding, but other kinds of punishment." On December 21st "he preached only about the Constitution, and men were all afraid and did not agree. One wanted roast, another boiled; one went with Frate, another went against him. Had it not been for this Frate blood would have been shed." On December 28th, Landucci computes that the auditors of Savonarola numbered thirteen or fourteen thousand persons. But so early as January 11th, 1495, Savonarola had to defend himself in the pulpit. Letters purporting to come from him and to seek a Medicean restoration were forged and disseminated. "But all this was false, for the Frate held with the people." On January 17th "many citizens began to be scandalized against the Frate, saying, 'This wretched Friar will bring us to a bad end.'"

Still, in spite of evil prophecies, Savonarola's influence grew. On April 1st he preached and testified that "the Virgin Mary had revealed to him how the city of Florence had to be more glorious and more wealthy than she had ever seen before, but after many troubles; this he promised absolutely. And he said all these things as a prophet, and the greater part of the people believed him, especially those who were free from party passion." There were many sermons and many processions, in which the image of the Virgin in Santa Maria Impruneta was carried through the streets. Finally the popular party prevailed, and Savonarola's views of a perfect Constitution were adopted by the city, which elected, on June 7th, a Consiglio Grande. Immediately after this triumph of his policy, Savonarola went to meet Charles VIII. on his return from Naples, and told him that God willed he should favor Florence. "Such was the esteem and devotion toward the Frate that there were many men and women who, if he had said to

them 'Go into the fire,' would have obeyed him." But no practical results followed from the interview of Savonarola with the French King. Pisa was not restored to Florence, and the enemies of the Frate, said, "There, believe in your Frate who says that he has Pisa in his hand."

The League against France was joined by all the Italian Powers except Florence, which, through fear of a restoration of the Medici, held by its alliance with France, and built the "Sala Grande" in the Palazzo Pubblico to accommodate its new Council and be a sign of its determination to keep its popular constitution. But France did not restore Pisa, and the disappointment increased the number of Savonarola's enemies. In January 1495 "men went by night round San Marco, crying out reproaches, 'This hog of a friar should be burned in his house,' and such like; and some wished to set fire to San Marco." But still the moral influence of Savonarola was powerful. Boys were formed into guilds for the promotion of morality. Loungers in the streets and gamblers fled when they heard the cry "Here come the boys of the Frate." Profligacy and vice were driven to lurk in darkness. "It was a holy time," says Landucci, "but it was short. The evil have been more powerful than the good. God be praised that I saw this short time of holiness. I pray God that he would restore to us that holy and shamefast life." The Carnival of 1496 marked the highest point of Savonarola's moral reform. Rude joking was laid aside. Religious processions took the place of the ribaldry to which Lorenzo de' Medici had accustomed the Florentine people. The youth of Flor-

ence sang Lauds in the streets, bearing olive branches in their hands. "We seemed to see the crowds of Jerusalem who accompanied Christ on Palm Sunday crying 'Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord.' And well could one recall the words of Scripture, 'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise.' There were reckoned six thousand youths or more, all between the ages of six and sixteen. I saw these things and felt much pleasure, and some of my sons were among those blessed and shamefast bands." Special banks of seats were erected in the Duomo for these children, who were trained into a choir. "They sang with such sweetness that every one wept, and chiefly those of good intent, saying, 'This thing is from the Lord.' And note the wonder, that one could not keep any boy in bed the mornings that the Frate preached. All ran before their mothers to the preaching. Truly the Church was filled with angels." Landucci draws a beautiful picture of the power of moral earnestness working on the conscience of a people which had been awakened by calamity. But the anomalous position of Florence in Italian politics was difficult to maintain. The Powers of Italy were bent on severing the last tie between France and Italy, and the attitude of Florence was felt to depend entirely on the influence of Savonarola. Accusations of treachery were preferred against him. "The poor Frate has so many enemies," exclaims Landucci piteously. How he himself bears witness to the truth of this may be shown on a future occasion. —*Saturday Review*.

POST MORTEM.

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

I.

IT is not then enough that men who give
 The best gifts given of man to man should feel,
 Alive, a snake's head ever at their heel:
 Small hurt the worms may do them while they live—
 Such hurt as scorn for scorn's sake may forgive.
 But now, when death and fame have set one seal
 On tombs whereat Love, Grief, and Glory kneel,
 Men sift all secrets, in their critic sieve,

Of graves wherein the dust of death might shrink
 To know what tongues defile the dead man's name
 With loathsome love, and praise that stings like shame.
 Rest once was theirs, who had crossed the mortal brink :
 No rest, no reverence now : dull fools undress
 Death's holiest shrine, life's veriest nakedness.

II.

A man was born, sang, suffered, loved, and died.
 Men scorned him living : let us praise him dead.
 His life was brief and bitter, gently led
 And proudly, but with pure and blameless pride.
 He wrought no wrong toward any ; satisfied
 With love and labor, whence our souls are fed
 With largesse yet of living wine and bread.
 Come, let us praise him : here is naught to hide.
 Make bear the poor dead secrets of his heart,
 Strip the stark-naked soul, that all may peer,
 Spy, smirk, scoff, snap, snort, snivel, snarl, and sneer :
 Let none so sad, let none so sacred part
 Lie still for pity, rest unstirred for shame,
 But all be scanned of all men. This is fame.

III.

" Now, what a thing it is to be an ass ! " *
 If one, that strutted up the brawling streets
 As foreman of the flock whose concourse greets
 Men's ears with bray more dissonant than brass,
 Would change from blame to praise as coarse and crass
 His natural note, and learn the fawning feats
 Of lapdogs, who but knows what luck he meets ?
 But all in vain old fable holds her glass.
 Mocked and reviled by men of poisonous breath,
 A great man dies : but one thing worst was spared ;
 Not all his heart by their base hands lay bared.
 One comes to crown with praise the dust of death ;
 And lo, through him this worst is brought to pass.
 Now, what a thing it is to be an ass !

IV.

Shame, such as never yet dealt heavier stroke
 On heads more shameful, fall on theirs through whom
 Dead men may keep inviolate not their tomb,
 But all its depths these ravenous grave-worms choke.
 And yet what waste of wrath is mine, to invoke
 Shame on the shameless ? Even their natural doom,
 The native air such carrion breaths perfume,
 The nursing darkness whence the vermin broke,
 The cloud that wraps them of adulterate ink,
 Hath no sign else about it, wears no name,
 As they no record in the world, but shame.
 If thankfulness nor pity bids them think
 What work is this of theirs, and pause betimes,
 Not Shakespeare's grave would scare them off with rhymes.

—*Fortnightly Review.*

* *Titus Andronicus*, Act iv., Scene 2.

EARTHQUAKE WEATHER.

BY RICHARD PROCTOR.

THE world in general and Europe in particular has been lately visited by a marked and unusual spell of tempestuous earthquake weather. During the last twelve months, the unstable crust of this respectable and usually quiet planet, commonly but most untruthfully described as *terra firma* and the solid earth, has been thrown into a state of spasmodic commotion, shaking and quaking in a tremulous manner quite unworthy of its years and experience; for, as the astronomers have often told us, planets as they grow older, ought, properly speaking, to grow progressively steadier, and leave off the undignified pranks and junketings of their fast and fiery adolescence. The past year, however, has been more than ordinarily distinguished by the frequency and scale of its volcanic and seismic phenomena. Without mentioning such common everyday occurrences as an eruption of Vesuvius, and a shake or so at Agram, which may be looked upon as normal, two great plutonic events have illustrated the history of poor old quavering 1883, the Java catastrophe and the earthquake at Ischia. But, besides these two very big things in the volcanic line, there have been lots of minor tremblings everywhere, of purely local interest, some of them apparently connected together in very strange and interesting ways. All Switzerland has been tottering about feebly from time to time; the heart of sentimental Germany has been deeply moved; and Asia Minor has been shaken, literally, to its very base. As if all this were not enough, Signor Bertelli of Florence, and other Italian investigators, have been recently taking the trouble to prove with great persistence that whenever you don't happen to feel an earthquake, you ought to be feeling one; that the fault is all in your own defective human senses; that the earth is in a perpetual state of gentle imperceptible tremor everywhere; and that the soil of Italy, even in districts far removed from volcanic centres like Vesuvius or Etna, goes on vibrating without any intermission all the year

round and all day long. If only we were as delicately organized as a seismometer (which, thank goodness, is not usually the case), we might feel ourselves in the full enjoyment of regular earthquake weather from year's end to year's end.

Anybody who has ever lived for any length of time at a stretch in a region where earthquakes are common objects of the country and the seaside, knows perfectly well what earthquake weather in the colloquial sense is really like. You are sitting in the piazza, about afternoon tea-time let us say, and talking about nothing in particular with the usual sickly tropical languor, when gradually a sort of faintness comes over the air, the sky begins to assume a lurid look, the street dogs leave off howling hideously in concert for half a minute, and even the grim vultures perched upon the housetops forget their obtrusive personal differences in a common sense of general uneasiness. There is an ominous hush in the air, with a corresponding lull in the conversation for a few seconds, and then somebody says with a yawn, "It feels to me very much like earthquake weather." Next minute, you notice the piazza gently raised from its underpropping woodwork by some unseen power, observe the teapot quietly deposited in the hostess's lap, and are conscious of a rapid but graceful oscillating movement, as though the ship of state were pitching bodily and quickly in a long Atlantic swell. Almost before you have had time to feel surprised at the suddenness of the interruption (for the earth never stops to apologize) it is all over; and you pick up the teapot with a smile, continuing the conversation with the greatest attainable politeness, as if nothing at all unusual had happened meanwhile. With earthquakes, as with most other things and persons, familiarity breeds contempt.

It is wonderful, indeed, how very quickly and easily one gets accustomed at last to these little mundane accidents. At first, when you make your earliest ac-

quaintance with an earthquake country, there is something unspeakably appalling and awesome in the sense of utter helplessness which you feel before the contemplation of a good shivering earthquake. It isn't so much that the thing in itself is so very alarming—nine earthquakes out of ten in any given place do nothing worse than bring down a bit of your plaster ceiling, or wake you up with a sound shaking in your bed at night; it is the consciousness that the one seemingly stable and immovable element in one's whole previous personal experience, the solid earth that we are accustomed to contrast so favorably with stormy seas and fitful breezes, has at last played us false, and failed visibly beneath our very feet. Then, again, there is the suddenness of the shock which goes to increase one's general sense of painful insecurity. For all other calamities we are more or less prepared beforehand; but the earthquake comes without a moment's warning, and passes away almost before you have had time to realize the veritable extent of its devastations. Yet, for all that, a very short acquaintance with earthquakes as frequent visitors enables you to regard their occasional arrival with a tolerable imitation of equanimity. You even learn to laugh at them, when they come in moderation; though of course there are earthquakes that are no laughing matter to anybody on earth, but quite the opposite. That irreverent Mark Twain once set forth a San Francisco almanac—"Frisco, of course, is a well-known centre of "seismic activity"—in which he ventured to predict the year's weather, after the fashion so courageously and imperturbably set by the Meteorological Office, his predictions varying from "severe shocks" in December to "mild and balmy earthquakes" in the best and warmest part of July. Indeed, there is a western story of a fond mother who sent her two dear boys to spend a fortnight with a friend up-country, on the ground that an earthquake was shortly expected; but before the first week was well over, she received a telegram from the distracted friend, "Please take back your boys, and send along the earthquake."

The origin of earthquakes, like the cosmogony or creation of the world (in

the "Vicar of Wakefield") has "puzzled the philosophers of all ages;" and it must be frankly admitted that they have "broached a medley of opinions upon it" quite equal to those so learnedly quoted by the astute possessor of the green spectacles. The theory that earthquakes are due to abortive wobbling on the part of the tortoise who supports the elephant who supports the world, is now entirely abandoned by most modern seismologists; and the hypothesis that they are produced by the writhing efforts of Antæus, Balder, or any other suffering subterranean hero has also fallen into deserved contempt. Indeed, no single explanation seems quite sufficient to cover all known cases. The truth about the matter seems to be that there are earthquakes and earthquakes. It is now known, by an ingenious method of which I shall have more to say farther on, that earthquakes originate at very different depths—sometimes quite near the surface, and sometimes at a very considerable distance below it. The great shock which affected Central Europe in 1872 had its centre or point of origin nine and a half miles down in the earth; while that at Beluno in the same year only came from a depth of four miles. Apparently no earthquake ever starts from a greater distance than thirty miles down in the bowels of the earth; which of course shows that they are, comparatively speaking, mere external surface phenomena. Science moves so fast nowadays, and the conceptions that till yesterday prevailed upon this subject even among scientific men were so very erroneous, that it may be worth while to take a brief glance at the present state of the question. It must needs be brief, of course, or else before we have fairly got to the end of it, science may have moved on again to a new standpoint, and our pretty little theory upon the subject be itself shaken down.

Till very lately, then, it was always taken for granted that the crust of the earth was the only solid portion of this planet, and that the whole centre was an incandescent mass of liquid fire, on which the crust gathered lightly like a thin film of floating ice on a pool of water. So long as this conception was rife, and so long as accurate facts about the

depth of earthquakes were wanting, it was easy enough to suppose that they were caused by the collapse of a bit of the crust upon the imaginary liquid interior. Quite recently, however, people have begun to discover from a vast number of converging proofs that the earth is not really liquid inside; that it couldn't well remain liquid under the enormous pressure of its own heavy outer mass; that it doesn't behave at all as a mainly liquid globe ought to behave in its relations with surrounding bodies; but that on the contrary it gives every indication of being intensely solid and rigid to the very centre. At the same time, the central portion of the earth is almost certainly at such a white heat that it would be in a molten condition were it not for the enormous pressure of the immense mass that crushes it down from outside; and so, if this pressure is anywhere removed (as it seems to be at volcanic vents) the material at such points would doubtless liquefy, and might be squeezed up through a hole to the surface as a molten outflow.

Now, it is quite certain that some earthquakes have a good deal to do with volcanic eruptions. Such eruptions are generally ushered in by a series of premonitory tremblings, just by way of warning the inhabitants, as it were, to look out for squalls in the immediate future; and there is very little doubt that earthquakes of this sort are due to essentially volcanic explosive action. In all probability, the internal heat causes some subterranean reservoir of water to flash suddenly into steam with rapid violence, much as when a kettle or a boiler bursts; and this simple outbreak would be quite sufficient to produce all the known effects of an ordinary earthquake. For earthquakes, in spite of the apparent mystery that surrounds their origin and nature, are at bottom nothing more than waves of motion, from whatever cause, propagated through the solid material of the earth; and their phenomena do not differ in any way, except sometimes in magnitude, from those produced by ordinary explosions of gas in mines, or of gunpowder in magazines. In all three cases a wave is set up through the rocks or clay of the earth, and this wave travels in every direction outward, with about the same absolute

rate of motion, and affects the same substances in exactly the same way. For example, the waves move fastest through solid granite, and slowest through loose sand. The Java earthquake undoubtedly belonged to this originally volcanic class, and was connected with great internal disturbances, which ejected vast quantities of pumice and ashes, altered the outline of Krakatoa Island, and threw up a whole line of new small craters on a crack opened in the seabed between Java and Sumatra. The connection of the Ischia calamity with volcanic action is not quite so unmistakable, but the proximity of the island to Vesuvius is alone enough to suggest that obvious explanation; and Casamicciola, has indeed long been known as a seething centre of volcanic activity. Nay, Professor Rossi, who with Professor Palmieri of Vesuvius takes charge of volcanoes and earthquakes in Italy, much as the *New York Herald* does of storms in England, had proposed a short time before the catastrophe to have a meteorological observatory erected at Casamicciola, so as to take observations upon the temperature of the hot baths and the activity of the fumaroles or natural chimneys for letting out the smoke and steam from the subterranean fires, and thus predict the probable occurrence of tremors; but the good hotel-keepers of the gay little town objected to this natural measure of precaution, because, they said, the observatory might give an appearance of danger, and therefore frighten away the cosmopolitan visitors, after the manner of the ostrich, and also of the mayors and corporations of English watering-places, *in re* typhoid fever and drainage operations!

In some other cases, however, earthquakes undoubtedly originate in places remote from any volcanic region, and at comparatively shallow depths below the surface. In such instances we must have recourse to some other explanation than that easy *deus ex machina* of the popular mind—volcanic action. (There are a great many people, by the way, who think anything on earth can be explained by simply referring it to volcanic action, just as there are others who swear entirely by "electricity" as a sort of universal solvent, and just as some

young ladies wisely opine, whenever they see anything they can't understand, that "there are springs in it.") Springs, indeed, have very likely something to do with it, too; for small local earthquakes are probably often due to mere collapses in the roofs of natural tunnels and caverns formed in the rocks by the slow action of trickling water. In bigger non-volcanic earthquakes we must look for some more deep-seated cause; and this is doubtless to be found, as Professor Geikie observes, in the sudden snapping of rocks in the interior subjected to prolonged and intense strains. It is certain that the weight of the crust, pressing upon the heated central mass, does really produce such strains, often to an extent hardly to be measured by our poor little human units of force; and a fracture so produced would undoubtedly spread on every side a wave of movement, which would become visible at the surface as an earthquake. In fact, wherever railway tunnels are driven through the heart of a mountain, among rocks much compressed by the side thrusts of surrounding masses, explosive noises, like a big gun going off, are often heard, and are the result of the relief afforded by such a snap, exactly as when an overbent bow breaks in the middle with a loud report. The rocks have been for ages in a state of strain, and the tunnel allows them here and there to relieve themselves by a shock or sudden break. Big blocks so rent have been sometimes found in quarries. If this can happen even quite near the surface, where the strain is comparatively small, it can happen a great deal more at enormous depths, where the strain is practically incalculable.

It doesn't much matter to the people who have been upset by an earthquake, however, what its particular origin may have been; and indeed, whatever the origin, the earthquake itself behaves in pretty much the same uproarious way under all circumstances. The one common practice of all earthquakes is that they diffuse themselves concentrically and spherically in every direction; starting from a central point they spread out, not only sideways—like wavelets in a pond when a stone is thrown in—but also up and down and obliquely as well, exactly as light diffuses itself from a

lamp or candle. The natural consequence is that, if you happen to be sitting just on top of the spot where the original explosion or snap has taken place, you feel the shock like a bump or thrust from below; in the cheerful language of the technical seismologists (who are really not so bad at long words as most other scientific people) over the centre of origin of an earthquake the movement is perceived as a vertical up-and-down motion. A ball placed on the ground at such a spot will be jerked up into the air several times over, exactly as a good player tosses a shuttle-cock. The present writer has experience this vertical movement in his own person, and he candidly confesses that he didn't like it. Fortunately the shock was a comparatively gentle one, and did no more damage than just snapping off the laths in the wall, which to people who really go in for earthquakes is a small matter scarcely worth mentioning. But when the shock is at all severe, it may throw up paving stones straight into the air as if they were pebbles, turn them over topsy-turvy with a bold somersault, and bring them down again upon the ground bottom upward. The central point of each earthquake is determined (when determined at all) by observing at what place objects have been thus flung vertically upward into the air.

As we recede in each direction, however, from this central point, the waves come to the surface more and more obliquely with each remove, and are felt as an undulatory motion, exactly like the ground swell of the sea heaving and tossing under the beam of a small boat. If you are seated writing at a table under such circumstances (as the present narrator also once happened to be in a minor shock), the effect is that your hand is jerked three or four times over the sheet in a regular symmetrical fashion, gradually dying away as the shock subsides. "Pray excuse apparent carelessness," you add parenthetically, "we have just had our usual little fortnightly earthquake;" and then, if you are a seasoned hand, without further apology you go on as before with the general thread of your correspondence. (One can get used to anything in time. That courageous paper, the *Panama Star and Herald*, in the same volcanic region, keeps a little

stereotyped heading on hand for casual emergencies, "Our Periodical Revolution.") Well, it naturally happens that the farther you get away from the central source sideways, the more obliquely do the waves come to the surface; and you can measure the amount of obliquity by noticing the way in which buildings, walls, and so forth are shattered by the shock as it emerges. Even in a very gentle earthquake—one of the "mild and balmy" sort—where no big buildings are dislocated, the plaster on the walls of rooms usually serves as a satisfactory indication of the direction of the wave; a fact which, however agreeable to men of science, plasterers and paperhangers, is apt to render earthquakes in the concrete a decided nuisance from the consumer's point of view. On the average of cases, the cracks or fissures, as that great authority on earthquakes Mr. Mallet has shown, run at right angles to the path of emergence. Where the shock emerges obliquely, it doesn't toss things straight up into the air, as is the case directly above the centre of disturbance, but rocks them backward and forward with a more or less violent oscillatory motion, so as to produce the characteristic undulating effect.

It is by means of observations on the lines of emergence (mostly conducted afterward, of course; for only very practised hands, like Professor Palmieri, have *sang-froid* enough calmly to watch the direction of an earthquake while it is actually in progress) that the depth at which the disturbance originated can be approximately determined. You find out at a great many points along its course what was the angle at which the wave emerged—in other words, you observe the direction of the rents in buildings; then you draw straight lines (in imagination only) perpendicular to these till they cut the vertical line, where the earthquake showed itself as a simple up and down movement; and the place at which all the lines so cut the vertical is the point of origin of the disturbance. In the Ischia disaster, the angle at which the waves emerged diminished very rapidly as one receded from the centre of the disturbance (which lay directly under the village of Casamenella); and therefore the origin or focus (as the seismologists call it) must have been at a

very shallow depth indeed. For the same reason, the area affected by the wave was very small, so that the shock was hardly felt even just across the bay at Naples. On the other hand, the Herzogenrath impulse in 1873 started from a depth of something like fifteen miles; and as to distance, the tremor produced by the great Lisbon earthquake of 1755 shook a region four times as big as all Europe put together. This very respectable shake had its origin under the bed of the North Atlantic, and was felt from the north of Africa on the one hand to the coasts of Norway and Sweden on the other, besides disturbing the philosophical Puritans of distant New England at their sober and metaphysical tea-tables. Earthquakes in the Andes also stretch over enormous distances along the axis of the mountain-chain; one in 1868 extended over some two thousand miles in a straight line, without advancing very far into the surrounding districts on either side.

The noises that accompany earthquakes are not due, it would seem, to the actual earth-wave itself, but to the wave in the air which it sets up. Generally, the sound is likened to the roll of distant thunder, or to big guns as heard by persons in full retreat from the field of a battle. At the Ischian earthquake, the sound was said to be something like a loud boob—boob—boob, repeated at measured intervals. The present writer has only once experienced an earthquake which made a noise, and on that occasion he was too much preoccupied by deep and abstruse thought (concentrated chiefly on the abstract stability of his bungalow roof—regarded merely, of course, as an interesting question of practical physics) to form any personal opinion as to what it sounded like. He only now remembers that he thought it extremely disagreeable, and felt his philosophical faculty considerably freer and easier as soon as it was over. But, then, he can only pretend to be a very modest amateur seismologist. He doesn't go out on purpose to hunt up earthquakes; he is quite satisfied with making dilettante observations upon those that happen to drop in casually upon him for an afternoon call.

Besides the air-wave, earthquakes also give rise to a sea-wave, which is often

far more destructive to life and property than the earthquake itself. This was certainly the case in the Java calamity, where the effects of the enormous tidal wave were extremely disastrous. In some South American earthquakes, the wall of water raised by the first shock has reached the almost incredible height of two hundred feet; and successively smaller walls have rapidly followed to the shore in a gradual diminuendo, till at last the undulations died away to a mere ripple. Occasionally these big waves have radiated outward right across the entire face of the Pacific, to be recorded in Japan (according to Professor Milne) twenty-five hours afterward, at a distance of nearly nine thousand miles from the original centre of disturbance—not bad time as ocean travelling goes. The Java wave not only affected the entire coasts of India, but ran up the Hooghly half-way to the ghats of Calcutta, and even made itself distinctly felt in the port of Aden. It was also noted in South Africa and at Mauritius. Curiously enough, the great earthquake of Lisbon produced no visible effect on land in England, but it jarred and shook all the rivers, lakes, and canals, so that the water in them oscillated violently for some time from no visible external reason. Loch Lomond rose and fell two and a half feet with every wave for five minutes; Coniston Water dashed itself wildly about as if it expected it was going to be made into a reservoir for the supply of still infantile Manchester; and the barges on the Godalming Canal were only prevented from supposing that a steam-launch had just passed over the course by considerations of historical propriety (highly praiseworthy in men of their profession), owing to the fact that steam-launches themselves had not yet begun their much-objurgated existence. This curious effect is of course due to the greater mobility of liquids, just as a very slight jar which would not visibly affect the substance of the table will make the water in the finger-glasses rise and fall with a slight rhythmical motion. Indeed, it was similarly noticed at the time of the Lisbon catastrophe, that in distant places where no other effect was produced, chandeliers, and even rows of tallow candles hung up in shops, began to swing to and fro

slowly, after the fashion of a pendulum, about the time when the earthquake might be expected to have reached their neighborhood. The fact that they were hanging freely from above made them easily susceptible to the slightest tremor which would not otherwise have been perceptible. Ardent seismologists might improve this hint by practising as much as possible upon the trapeze.

Earthquakes and other similar jars travel at different rates of speed through different substances. Mr. Mallett found that the shock of gunpowder explosions moved fastest through solid granite, where it went at the rate of 1640 feet a second, and slowest through sand, where it only made 951 feet in the same time. The Visp earthquake of 1855 travelled north to Strasburg with the enormous rapidity of 2861 feet per second; but southward toward Turin, influenced no doubt by the bad example of the Italian railways (or else, perhaps, by the nature of the soil), it attained less than half the speed it had shown in going northward. The nature of the materials also has a great deal to do with the amount of damage done by a shock. Port Royal, Jamaica, which was almost all destroyed by the great earthquake of 1692, is the classical example of this modifying influence of soil and underlying geological features. The town is built on a low peninsula of solid white limestone, joined to the mainland by a long and sultry isthmus of sweltering sand; and a large sandy belt has also gathered all around the central limestone patch, so that only the very core of the old town had its foundations on the solid rock. When the earthquake came, the houses on the limestone merely oscillated violently, but were left standing in the end; whereas the city that was built on the sand fell bodily to pieces at once, owing to the loose inelastic nature of the subsoil. To this day, the terror of the tradition of that great calamity has not yet wholly died away in modern Jamaica; and the visitor who goes to church on his first Sunday in the island notices still with a certain solemn awe and apprehension the ominous addition to the deprecations in the litany, "From earthquake, hurricane, and sudden tempest, Good Lord deliver us." There is a curious monu-

ment, by the way, at a place called Green Bay, not far from Port Royal, to a French Huguenot refugee, whose name the epitaph anglicizes, after the custom of the time, into "Lewis Galdy, Esq." This M. Galdy was swallowed up by the first gulp of the earthquake, but disgorged again at the second shock, and cast into the sea, where he escaped by swimming to a neighboring boat. Local tradition declares that this is the only case on record of a man having been thus restored after being once swallowed. Anyhow, M. Galdy lived to the ripe old age of eighty, and survived his little adventure forty-seven years. How tired he must have got of telling the story!

We in England are fortunately all but quite out of it in the matter of earthquakes. Of course, from the very nature of the case, no district in the world is really absolutely safe against such visitations, and an earthquake may drop in even upon us any day unawares. But as the visits of angels are proverbially few and far between, so earthquakes in Great Britain are practically speaking of very rare occurrence; and when they do come, only the very wakefullest people ever notice them at all. To be sure, there is one place in Scotland, Comrie to wit, which always gets a shaking whenever there is any shaking going on about; but then Comrie is believed to stand above a line of dislocation in the rocks composing the top crust of the earth just in that neighborhood—there is a break or crack there apparently; and the reason for the shaking is not, in all probability, that there are any more earthquakes at that particular spot than elsewhere, but that the break stops the wave short, so to speak, and throws it back, much as when a wave of water (for example) beats against the edge of one's tub if one happens to tilt it or knock against it. In the earth, as a whole, earthquakes are most frequent, of course, in volcanic regions; everybody knows that they come exceptionally often in the Andes, in Java and Sumatra, in Japan, and in other familiar centres of plutonic action. The great European earthquake belt pretty nearly coincides with the basin of the Mediterranean and its subsidiary seas—the Euxine, Caspian, and Aral; and it is

apparently connected with the range of scattered and now rather feeble or dormant volcanoes which begins with Pico in the Azores, runs along through Vesuvius, Stromboli, and Etna, and stretches away as far as the basaltic plateaus of India on the extreme east.

Earthquake weather in the meteorological or climatic sense seems to be mainly connected with such volcanic disturbances. It indicates some change of conditions in the air, some curious upsetting of the ordinary circumstances under which we live, giving rise to very indefinable but perfectly recognizable sensations, not only in man, but in the lower animals as well. A sudden feeling of awe seems to come over one for no particular assignable reason; the birds leave off singing; the dogs forget to howl; the black people drop for a moment from their perpetual high monotone of shouting and quarrelling; and in a minute the shock is upon one. Perhaps the vague sense of discomfort may be due to electrical conditions (electricity, as usual, comes in handy, and is much in demand just at present); perhaps it may be owing to mere vapors of sulphur or liberated gases in the air; perhaps it may be pure superstition; but almost everybody who has ever lived in an earthquake country is tolerably certain that he himself always feels it. It is clear at any rate that sundry premonitory signs and tokens do really usher in the advent of a volcanic earthquake. Before the Casamicciola disaster, wells dried up suddenly, subterranean thunder was heard, and slight oscillations of the earth took place as a sort of warning of the coming catastrophe. "Strangest and most significant of all, as showing the presence of odd deranging circumstances in the atmosphere, or powerful electrical disturbances, the big clock in the Sala Belluzzi stopped twenty minutes before the actual approach of the earthquake. The hot springs also underwent sudden changes of temperature, another indication of the way in which earthquake weather may be produced. Anybody who has ever lived at Bath, and whose own nerves are worth anything as sensitive meteorological instruments (a state of body by no means to be coveted), must have noticed how often in the trough of

the valley by the Pump Room he experienced on certain sultry summer days, or on close muggy winter mornings, a singular sinking depression, prompting him at once, according to temperament, either to fling himself into the Avon, to take a glass of the waters, or to turn into the club for a brandy and seltzer. That feeling is the nearest possible English equivalent to the peculiar sensation of earthquake weather.

Though earthquakes are now one of the most terrible forms in which the internal energies of the earth usually manifest themselves, it has not always been so, and it may not always be so in future. There have been geological catastrophes in the history of our planet immeasurably more awful than any actual or possible earthquake—catastrophes compared to which even the eruption of Vesuvius that overwhelmed Herculaneum and Pompeii was but a small and unimportant episode. Professor Geikie, following many distinguished American geologists, has shown that the vast basalt plains of Western America, as well as the region about the Giant's Causeway in north-eastern Ireland, have been produced by a peculiar form of volcanic action which he calls fissure-eruptions. In these cases it seems that molten sheets of lava of enormous size poured forth bodily in a vast flood from huge rents in the earth's crust, and overwhelmed many hundred square miles

together with their devastating inundation. The lava spreads to a depth of some hundreds of feet, and has rolled around the feet of mountains and filled up their valleys exactly as a flood of water might have done. These terrific "massive eruptions" or direct outflows of incandescent molten matter are probably the most frightful cataclysms that have ever visited the face of the earth. Nervous people, however, may console themselves by the consideration that the chances of their being overwhelmed in such an outflow are practically infinitesimal. In all probability, if a man were to have an infinity of lives, one after another, he would have to get killed in a railway accident eight hundred and ninety-two times over, not to mention several hundred thousand natural deaths meanwhile, before he ever once got himself caught in a fissure-eruption. The fear of it may be relegated to the same ingenious people who don't much trouble themselves about the typhoid and the scarlatina germs that are forever flitting around us, but are terribly afraid every passing comet has a sinister intention of running full tilt at this one particular insignificant little planet. Curiously enough, one never hears of anybody who has abstract fears lest a comet might interfere with the domestic astronomical arrangements of Jupiter and Saturn.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

OLD LADY MARY:

A STORY OF THE SEEN AND THE UNSEEN.

I.

SHE was very old, and therefore it was very hard for her to make up her mind to die.

I am aware that this is not at all the general view, but that it is believed, as old age must be near death, that it prepares the soul for that inevitable event. It is not so, however, in many cases. In youth we are still so near the unseen out of which we came, that death is rather pathetic than tragic—a thing that touches all hearts, but to which, in many cases, the young hero accommo-

dates himself sweetly and courageously. And amid the storms and burdens of middle life there are many times when we would fain push open the door that stands ajar, and behind which there is ease for all our pains, or at least rest, if nothing more. But Age, which has gone through both these phases, is apt, out of long custom and habit, to regard the matter from a different view. All things that are violent have passed out of its life—no more strong emotions, such as rend the heart—no great labors, bringing after them the weariness which is unto death, but the calm of an exist-

ence which is enough for its needs, which affords the moderate amount of comfort and pleasure for which its being is now adapted, and of which there seems no reason that there should ever be any end. To passion, to joy, to anguish, an end must come; but mere gentle living, determined by a framework of gentle rules and habits—why should that ever be ended? When a soul has got to this retirement and is content in it, it becomes very hard to die: hard to accept the necessity of dying, and to accustom one's self to the idea, and still harder to consent to carry it out.

The woman who is the subject of the following narrative was in this position. She had lived through almost everything that is to be found in life. She had been beautiful in her youth, and had enjoyed all the triumphs of beauty; had been intoxicated with flattery, and triumphant in conquest, and mad with jealousy and the bitterness of defeat when it became evident that her day was over. She had never been a bad woman, or false, or unkind; but she had thrown herself with all her heart into those different stages of being, and had suffered as much as she enjoyed, according to the unfailing usage of life. Many a day during these storms and victories, when things went against her, when delights did not satisfy her, she had thrown out a cry into the wide air of the universe and wished to die. And then she had come to the higher table-land of life, and had borne all the spites of fortune—had been poor and rich, and happy and sorrowful; had lost and won a hundred times over; had sat at feasts and kneeled by death-beds, and followed her best-beloved to the grave, often, often crying out to God above to liberate her, to make an end of her anguish, for that her strength was exhausted and she could bear no more. But she had borne it and lived through all—and now had arrived at a time when all strong sensations are over, when the soul is no longer either triumphant or miserable, and when life itself, and comfort, and ease, and the warmth of the sun, and of the fireside, and the mild beauty of home were enough for her, and she required no more. That is, she required very little more—a useful routine of

hours and rules, a play of reflected emotion a pleasant exercise of faculty, making her feel herself still capable of the best things in life—of interest in her fellow-creatures, kindness to them, and a little gentle intellectual occupation, with books and men around. She had not forgotten anything in her life—not the excitements and delights of her beauty, nor love, nor grief, nor the higher levels she had touched in her day. She did not forget the dark day when her first-born was laid in the grave, nor that triumphant and brilliant climax of her life when every one pointed to her as the mother of a hero. All these things were like pictures hung in the secret chambers of her mind, to which she could go back in silent moments, in the twilight seated by the fire, or in the balmy afternoon, when languor and sweet thoughts are over the world. Sometimes at such moments there would be heard from her a faint sob, called forth, it was quite as likely, by the recollections of the triumph as by that of the death-bed. With these pictures to go back upon at her will she was never dull, but saw herself moving through the various scenes of her life with a continual sympathy, feeling for herself in all her troubles—sometimes approving, sometimes judging that woman who had been so pretty, so happy, so miserable, and had gone through everything that life can go through. How much that is looking back upon it! passages so hard that the wonder was how she could survive them—pangs so terrible that the heart would seem at its last gasp, but yet would revive and go on.

Besides these, however, she had many mild pleasures. She had a pretty house full of things which formed a graceful *entourage* suitable, as she felt, for such a woman as she was, and in which she took pleasure for their own beauty—soft chairs and couches, a fireplace and lights which were the perfection of tempered warmth and illumination. She had a carriage, very comfortable and easy, in which, when the weather was suitable, she went out; and a pretty garden and lawns, in which, when she preferred staying at home, she could have her little walk or sit out under the trees. She had books in plenty, and all the newspapers of everything that was need-

ful to keep her within the reflection of the busy life which she no longer cared to encounter in her own person. The post rarely brought her painful letters; for all those impassioned interests which bring pain had died out, and the sorrows of others, when they were communicated to her, gave her a luxurious sense of sympathy yet exemption. She was sorry for them; but such catastrophes could touch her no more; and often she had pleasant letters, which afforded her something to talk and think about, and discuss as if it concerned her—and yet did not concern her—business which could not hurt her if it failed, which would please her if it succeeded. Her letters, her papers, her books, each coming at its appointed hour, were all instruments of pleasure. She came down-stairs at a certain hour, which she kept to as if it had been of the utmost importance, although it was of no importance at all; she took just so much good wine, so many cups of tea. Her repasts were as regular as clockwork—never too late, never too early. Her whole life went on velvet, rolling smoothly along, without jar or interruption, blameless, pleasant, kind. People talked of her old age as a model of old age, with no bitterness or sourness in it. And, indeed, why should she have been sour or bitter? It suited her far better to be kind. She was in reality kind to everybody, liking to see pleasant faces about her. The poor had no reason to complain of her; her servants were very comfortable; and the one person in her house who was nearer to her own level, who was her companion and most important minister, was very comfortable too.

This was a young woman about twenty, a very distant relation, with "no claim," everybody said, upon her kind mistress and friend—the daughter of a distant cousin. How very few think anything at all of such a tie! but Lady Mary had taken her young namesake when she was a child, and she had grown up as it were at her godmother's footstool, in the conviction that the measured existence of the old was the rule of life, and that her own trifling personality counted for nothing, or next to nothing, in its steady progress. Her name was Mary too—always called

"little Mary" as having once been little, and not yet very much in the matter of size. She was one of the pleasantest things to look at of all the pretty things in Lady Mary's rooms, and she had the most sheltered, peaceful, and pleasant life that could be conceived. The only little thorn in her pillow was, that whereas in the novels, of which she read a great many, the heroines all go and pay visits and have adventures, she had none, but lived constantly at home. There was something much more serious in her life, had she known, which was that she had nothing, and no power of doing anything for herself; that she had all her life been accustomed to a modest luxury which would make poverty very hard to her; and that Lady Mary was over eighty, and had made no will. If she did not make any will, her property would all go to her grandson, who was so rich already that her fortune would be but as a drop in the ocean to him; or to some great-grandchildren of whom she knew very little—the descendants of a daughter long ago dead who had married an Austrian, and who were therefore foreigners both in birth and name. That she should provide for little Mary was therefore a thing which nature demanded, and which would hurt nobody. She had said so often; but she deferred the doing of it as a thing for which there was "no hurry." For why should she die? There seemed no reason or need for it. So long as she lived, nothing could be more sure, more happy and serene, than little Mary's life; and why should she die? She did not perhaps put this into words; but the meaning of her smile, and the manner in which she put aside every suggestion about the chances of the hereafter away from her, said it more clearly than words. It was not that she had any superstitious fear about the making of a will. When the doctor or the vicar or her man of business, the only persons who ever talked to her on the subject, ventured periodically to refer to it, she assented pleasantly—Yes, certainly, she must do it—some time or other.

"It is a very simple thing to do," the lawyer said. "I will save you all trouble; nothing but your signature will be wanted—and that you give every day."

"Oh, I should think nothing of the trouble!" she said.

"And it would liberate your mind from all care, and leave you free to think of things more important still," said the clergyman.

"I think I am very free of care," she replied.

Then the doctor added, bluntly, "And you will not die an hour the sooner for having made your will."

"Die!" said Lady Mary, surprised. And then she added, with a smile, "I hope you don't think so little of me as to believe I would be kept back by that?"

These gentlemen all consulted together in despair, and asked each other what should be done. They thought her an egotist—a cold-hearted old woman, holding at arm's-length any idea of the inevitable. And so she did; but not because she was cold-hearted—because she was so accustomed to living, and had survived so many calamities, and gone on so long—so long; and because everything was so comfortably arranged about her—all her little habits so firmly established, as if nothing could interfere with them. To think of the day arriving which should begin with some other formula than that of her maid's entrance drawing aside the curtains, lighting the cheerful fire, bringing her a report of the weather; and then the little tray, resplendent with snowy linen and shining silver and china, with its bouquet of violets or a rose in the season, the newspaper carefully dried and cut, the letters—every detail was so perfect, so unchanging, regular as the morning. It seemed impossible that it should come to an end. And then when she came down-stairs, there were all the little articles upon her table always ready to her hand; a certain number of things to do, each at the appointed hour; the slender refreshments it was necessary for her to take, in which there was a little exquisite variety—but never any change in the fact that at eleven and at three and so forth something had to be taken. Had a woman wanted to abandon the peaceful life which was thus supported and carried on, the very framework itself would have resisted. It was impossible (almost) to contemplate the idea that at a given

moment the whole machinery must stop. She was neither without heart nor without religion, but on the contrary a good woman, to whom many gentle thoughts had been given at various portions of her career. But the occasion seemed to have passed for that as well as other kinds of emotion. The mere fact of living was enough for her. The little exertion which it was well she was required to make produced a pleasant weariness. It was a duty much enforced upon her by all around her, that she should do nothing which would exhaust or fatigue. "I don't want you to think," even the doctor would say; "you have done enough of thinking in your time." And this she accepted with great composure of spirit. She had thought and felt and done much in her day; but now everything of the kind was over. There was no need for her to fatigue herself; and day followed day, all warm and sheltered and pleasant. People died, it is true, now and then out of doors; but they were mostly young people, whose death might have been prevented had proper care been taken—who were seized with violent maladies, or caught sudden infections, or were cut down by accident—all which things seemed natural. Her own contemporaries were very few, and they were like herself—living on in something of the same way. At eighty-five all people under seventy are young; and one's contemporaries are very, very few.

Nevertheless these men did disturb her a little about her will. She had made more than one will in the former days during her active life; but all those to whom she had bequeathed her possessions were dead. She had survived them all, and inherited from many of them, which had been a hard thing in its time. One day the lawyer had been more than ordinarily pressing. He had told her stories of men who had died intestate, and left trouble and penury behind them to those whom they would have most wished to preserve from all trouble. It would not have become Mr. Furnival to say brutally to Lady Mary—"This is how you will leave your godchild when you die." But he told her story after story, many of them piteous enough.

"People think it is so troublesome a business," he said, "when it is nothing at all—the most easy matter in the world. We are getting so much less particular nowadays about formalities. So long as the testator's intentions are made quite apparent—that is the chief matter, and a very bad thing for us lawyers."

"I dare say," said Lady Mary, "it is unpleasant for a man to think of himself as 'the testator.' It is a very abstract title, when you come to think of it."

"Pooh!" said Mr. Furnival, who had no sense of humor.

"But if this great business is so very simple," she went on, "one could do it, no doubt, for one's self?"

"Many people do—but it is never advisable," said the lawyer. "You will say it is natural for me to tell you that. When they do, it should be as simple as possible. I give all my real property, or my personal property, or my shares in so-and-so, or my jewels, or so forth, to—whichever it may be. The fewer the words the better, so that nobody may be able to read between the lines, you know; and the signature attested by two witnesses; but they must not be witnesses that have any interest—that is, that have anything left to them by the document they witness." Lady Mary put up her hand defensively with a laugh. It was still a most delicate hand, like ivory, a little yellowed with age, but fine, the veins standing out a little upon it, the finger-tips still pink. "You speak," she said, "as if you expected me to take the law in my own hands. No, no, my old friend; never fear, you shall have the doing of it."

"Whenever you please, my dear lady—whenever you please. Such a thing cannot be done an hour too soon. Shall I take your instructions now?"

Lady Mary laughed, and said, "You were always a very keen man for business. I remember your father used to say, Robert would never neglect an opening."

"No," he said, with a peculiar look. "I have always looked after my six-and-eightpences; and in that case it is true the pounds take care of themselves."

"Very good care," said Lady Mary; and then she bade her young companion bring that book she had been reading, where there was something she wanted to show Mr. Furnival. "It is only a case in a novel—but I am sure it is bad law; give me your opinion," she said.

He was obliged to be civil, very civil. Nobody is rude to the Lady Marys of life; and besides, she was old enough to have an additional right to every courtesy. But while he sat over the novel, and tried with unnecessary vehemence to make her see what very bad law it was, and glanced from her smiling attention to the innocent sweetness of the girl beside her, who was her loving attendant, the good man's heart was sore. He said many hard things of her in his own mind as he went away.

"She will die," he said, bitterly. "She will go off in a moment when nobody is looking for it, and that poor child will be left destitute."

It was all he could do not to go back and take her by her fragile old shoulders and force her to sign and seal at once. But then he knew very well that as soon as he found himself in her presence, he would of necessity be obliged to subdue his impatience, and be once more civil, very civil, and try to suggest and insinuate the duty which he dared not force upon her. And it was very clear that till she pleased she would take no hint. He supposed it must be that strange reluctance to part with their power which is said to be common to old people, or else that horror of death, and determination to keep it at arm's-length, which is also common. Thus he did as spectators are so apt to do, he forced a meaning and motive into what had no motive at all, and imagined Lady Mary, the kindest of women, to be of purpose and intention risking the future of the girl whom she had brought up, and whom she loved—not with passion, indeed, or anxiety, but with tender benevolence; a theory which was as false as anything could be.

That evening in her room, Lady Mary, in a very cheerful mood, sat by a little bright unnecessary fire, with her writing-book before her, waiting till she should be sleepy. It was the only point in which she was a little hard upon her

maid, who in every other respect was the best-treated of servants. Lady Mary, as it happened, had often no inclination for bed till the night was far advanced. She slept little, as is common enough at her age. She was in her warm wadded dressing-gown, an article in which she still showed certain traces (which were indeed visible in all she wore) of her ancient beauty, with her white hair becomingly arranged under a cap of cambric and lace. At the last moment, when she had been ready to step into bed, she had changed her mind, and told Jervis that she would write a letter or two first. And she had written her letters, but still felt no inclination to sleep. Then there fluttered across her memory somehow the conversation she had held with Mr. Furnival in the morning. It would be amusing, she thought, to cheat him out of some of those six-and-eightpences he pretended to think so much of. It would be still more amusing, next time the subject of her will was recurred to, to give his arm a little tap with her fan, and say, "Oh, that is all settled, months ago." She laughed to herself at this, and took out a fresh sheet of paper. It was a little jest that pleased her.

"Do you think there is any one up yet, Jervis, except you and me?" she said to the maid. Jervis hesitated a little, and then said that she believed Mr. Brown had not gone to bed yet; for he had been going over the cellar, and was making up his accounts. Jervis was so explanatory that her mistress divined what was meant. "I suppose I have been spoiling sport, keeping you here," she said, good-humoredly; for it was well known that Miss Jervis and Mr. Brown were engaged, and that they were only waiting (everybody knew but Lady Mary, who never suspected it) the death of their mistress to set up a lodging-house in Jermyn Street, where they fully intended to make their fortune. "Then go," Lady Mary said, "and call Brown. I have a little business-paper to write, and you must both witness my signature." She laughed to herself a little as she said this, thinking how she would steal a march on Mr. Furnival. "I give and bequeath," she said to herself playfully, after Jervis

had hurried away. She fully intended to leave both of these good servants something, but then she recollected that people who are interested in a will cannot sign as witnesses. "What does it matter?" she said to herself gayly; "if it should ever be wanted, Mary would see to that." Accordingly she dashed off in her pretty old-fashioned handwriting, which was very angular and pointed, as was the fashion in her day, and still very clear, though slightly tremulous, a few lines, in which, remembering playfully Mr. Furnival's recommendation of "few words," she left to little Mary all she possessed, adding, by the prompting of that recollection about the witnesses, "She will take care of the servants." It filled one side only of the large sheet of note-paper, which was what Lady Mary habitually used. Brown, introduced timidly by Jervis, and a little overawed by the solemnity of the bedchamber, came in and painted solidly his large signature after the spidery lines of his mistress. She had folded down the paper, so that neither saw what it was.

"Now I will go to bed," Lady Mary said, when Brown had left the room. "And Jervis, you must go to bed too."

"Yes, my lady," said Jervis.

"I don't approve of courtship at this hour."

"No, my lady," Jervis replied, deprecating and disappointed.

"Why cannot he tell his tale in daylight?"

"Oh, my lady, there's no tale to tell," cried the maid. "We are not of the gossiping sort, my lady, neither me nor Mr. Brown." Lady Mary laughed, and watched while the candles were put out: the fire made a pleasant flicker in the room—it was autumn and still warm, and it was "for company" and cheerfulness that the little fire was lit; she liked to see it dancing and flickering upon the walls—and then closed her eyes amid an exquisite softness of comfort and luxury, life itself bearing her up as softly, filling up all crevices as warmly, as the downy pillow upon which she rested her still beautiful old head.

If she had died that night! The little sheet of paper that meant so much

lay openly, innocently, in her writing-book, along with the letters she had written, and looking of as little importance as they. There was nobody in the world who grudged old Lady Mary one of those pretty placid days of hers.

Brown and Jervis, if they were sometimes a little impatient, consoled each other that they were both sure of something in her will, and that in the mean time it was a very good place. And all the rest would have been very well content that Lady Mary should live forever. But how wonderfully it would have simplified everything, and how much trouble and pain it would have saved to everybody, herself included, could she have died that night!

But naturally there was no question of dying on that night. When she was about to go down-stairs next day, Lady Mary, giving her letters to be posted, saw the paper which she had forgotten lying beside them. She had forgotten all about it, but the sight of it made her smile. She folded it up and put it in an envelope while Jervis went down-stairs with the letters; and then, to carry out her joke, she looked round her to see where she would put it. There was an old Italian cabinet in the room with a secret drawer, which it was a little difficult to open, almost impossible for any one who did not know the secret. Lady Mary looked round her, smiled, hesitated a little, and then walked across the room and put the envelope in the secret drawer. She was still fumbling with it when Jervis came back, but there was no connection in Jervis's mind then, or ever after, between the paper she had signed and this old cabinet, which was one of the old lady's toys. She arranged Lady Mary's shawl, which had dropped off her shoulders a little in her unusual activity, and took up her book and her favorite cushion, and all the little paraphernalia that moved with her, and gave her lady her arm to go down-stairs; where little Mary had placed her chair just at the right angle, and arranged the little table, on which there were so many little necessities and conveniences, and was standing smiling, the prettiest object of all, the climax of the gentle luxury and pleasantness, to receive her godmother,

who had been her providence all her life.

But what a pity! oh, what a pity, that she had not died that night!

II.

Life went on after this without any change. There was never any change in that delightful house; and if it was years or months, or even days, the youngest of its inhabitants could scarcely tell, and Lady Mary could not tell at all. This was one of her little imperfections—a little mist which hung like the lace about her head over her memory. She could not remember how time went, or that there was any difference between one day and another. There were Sundays, it was true, which made a kind of gentle measure of the progress of time; but she said, with a smile, that she thought it was always Sunday—they came so close upon each other. And Time flew on gentle wings, that made no sound and left no reminders. She had her little ailments like anybody, but in reality less than anybody, seeing there was nothing to fret her, nothing to disturb the even tenor of her days. Still there were times when she took a little cold, or got a chill, in spite of all precautions, as she went from one room to another. She came to be one of the marvels of the time—an old lady who had seen everybody worth seeing for generations back—who remembered as distinctly as if they had happened yesterday, great events that had taken place before the present age began at all, before the great statesmen of our time were born. And in full possession of all her faculties, as everybody said, her mind as clear as ever, her intelligence as active, reading everything, interested in everything, and still beautiful in extreme old age. Everybody about her, and in particular all the people who helped to keep the thorns from her path, and felt themselves to have a hand in her preservation, were proud of Lady Mary; and she was perhaps a little, a very little, delightfully, charmingly proud of herself. The doctor, beguiled by professional vanity, feeling what a feather she was in his cap, quite confident that she would reach her hundredth birthday,

and with an ecstatic hope that even, by grace of his admirable treatment and her own beautiful constitution she might (almost) solve the problem and live forever, gave up troubling about the will which at a former period he had taken so much interest in. "What is the use?" he said; "she will see us all out." And the vicar, though he did not give in to this, was overawed by the old lady, who knew everything that could be taught her, and to whom it seemed an impertinence to utter commonplaces about duty, or even to suggest subjects of thought. Mr. Furnival was the only man who did not cease his representations, and whose anxiety about the young Mary, who was so blooming and sweet in the shadow of the old, did not decrease. But the recollection of the bit of paper in the secret drawer of the cabinet, fortified his old client against all his attacks. She had intended it only as a jest, with which some day or other to confound him, and show how much wiser she was than he supposed. It became quite a pleasant subject of thought to her, at which she laughed to herself. Some day, when she had a suitable moment, she would order him to come with all his formalities, and then produce her bit of paper, and turn the laugh against him. But oddly, the very existence of that little document kept her indifferent even to the laugh. It was too much trouble; she only smiled at him, and took no more notice, amused to think how astonished he would be—when, if ever, he found it out.

It happened, however, that one day in the early winter the wind changed when Lady Mary was out for her drive: at least they all vowed the wind changed. It was in the south, that genial quarter, when she set out, but turned about in some uncomfortable way, and was a keen north-easter when she came back. And in the moment of stepping from the carriage she caught a chill. It was the coachman's fault, Jervis said, who allowed the horses to make a step forward when Lady Mary was getting out, and kept her exposed standing on the step of the carriage, while he pulled them up; and it was Jervis's fault, the footman said, who was not clever enough to get her lady out, or even to

throw a shawl round her, when she perceived how the weather had changed. It is always some one's fault, or some unforeseen unprecedented change, that does it at the last. Lady Mary was not accustomed to be ill, and did not bear it with her usual grace. She was a little impatient at first, and thought they were making an unnecessary fuss. But then there passed a few uncomfortable feverish days, when she began to look forward to the doctor's visit as the only thing there was any comfort in. Afterward she passed a night of a very agitating kind. She dozed and dreamed, and awoke and dreamed again. Her life seemed all to run into dreams—a strange confusion was about her, through which she could define nothing. Once waking up, as she supposed, she saw a group round her bed, the doctor with a candle in his hand (how should the doctor be there in the middle of the night?) holding her hand or feeling her pulse; little Mary at one side crying—why should the child cry? and Jervis very anxious, pouring something into a glass. There were other faces there which she was sure must have come out of a dream, so unlikely was it that they should be collected in her bed-chamber; and all with a sort of halo of feverish light about them, a magnified and mysterious importance. This strange scene, which she did not understand, seemed to make itself visible all in a moment out of the darkness, and then disappeared again as suddenly as it came.

III.

When she woke again it was morning; and her first waking consciousness was, that she must be much better. The choking sensation in her throat was altogether gone. She had no desire to cough—no difficulty in breathing. She had a fancy, however, that she must be still dreaming, for she felt sure that some one had called her by her name, "Mary." Now all who could call her by her Christian name were dead years ago—therefore it must be a dream. However, in a short time it was repeated—"Mary, Mary! get up; there is a great deal to do." This voice confused her greatly. Was it possible that all that was past had been mere fancy; that she had but dreamed those long,

long years—maturity and motherhood, and trouble and triumph, and old age at the end of all? It seemed to her possible that she might have dreamed the rest, for she had been a girl much given to visions; but she said to herself that she never could have dreamed old age. And then with a smile she mused and thought that it must be the voice that was a dream; for how could she get up without Jervis, who had never appeared yet to draw the curtains or make the fire? Jervis perhaps had sat up late. She remembered now to have seen her that time in the middle of the night by her bedside, so that it was natural enough, poor thing, that she should be late. Get up! who was it that was calling to her so. She had not been so called to, she who had always been a great lady, since she was a girl by her mother's side. "Mary, Mary!" It was a very curious dream. And what was more curious still was, that by and by she could not keep still any longer, but got up without thinking any more of Jervis, and going out of her room came all at once into the midst of a company of people all very busy—whom she was much surprised to find at first, but whom she soon accustomed herself to, finding the greatest interest in their proceedings, and curious to know what they were doing. They, for their part, did not seem at all surprised by her appearance, nor did any one stop to explain, as would have been natural; but she took this with great composure, somewhat astonished perhaps, being used, wherever she went, to a great many observances and much respect, but soon, very soon, becoming used to it. Then some one repeated what she had heard before. "It was time you got up—for there is a great deal to do."

"To do," she said, "for me?" and then she looked round upon them with that charming smile which had subjugated so many. "I am afraid," she said, "you will find me of very little use. I am too old now, if ever I could have done much, for work."

"Oh, no, you are not old—you will do very well," some one said.

"Not old!"—Lady Mary felt a little offended in spite of herself. "Perhaps I like flattery as well as my neighbors," she said with dignity, "but then it must

be reasonable. To say I am anything but a very old woman—"

Here she paused a little, perceiving for the first time with surprise that she was standing and walking without her stick or the help of any one's arm, quite freely and at her ease, and that the place in which she was had expanded into a great place like a gallery in a palace, instead of the room next her own into which she had walked a few minutes ago; but this discovery did not at all affect her mind, or occupy her except with the most passing momentary surprise.

"The fact is, I feel a great deal better and stronger," she said.

"Quite well, Mary, and stronger than ever you were before?"

"Who is it that calls me Mary? I have had nobody for a long time to call me Mary; the friends of my youth are all dead. I think that you must be right, although the doctor, I feel sure, thought me very bad last night. I should have got alarmed if I had not fallen asleep again."

"And then woke up well?"

"Quite well: it is wonderful, but quite true. You seem to know a great deal about me?"

"I know everything about you. You have had a very pleasant life, and do you think you have made the best of it? Your old age has been very pleasant."

"Ah! you acknowledge that I am old, then?" cried Lady Mary, with a smile.

"You are old no longer, and you are a great lady no longer. Don't you see that something has happened to you? It is seldom that such a great change happens without being found out."

"Yes; it is true I have got better all at once. I feel an extraordinary renewal of strength. I seem to have left home without knowing it; none of my people seem near me. I feel very much as if I had just awakened from a long dream. Is it possible," she said, with a wondering look, "that I have dreamed all my life, and after all am just a girl at home?" The idea was ludicrous, and she laughed. "You see I am very much improved indeed," she said.

She was still so far from perceiving the real situation, that some one came toward her out of the group of people

about—some one whom she recognized—with the evident intention of explaining to her how it was. She started a little at the sight of him, and held out her hand, and cried: "You here! I am very glad to see you—doubly glad, since I was told a few days ago that you had—died."

There was something in this word as she herself pronounced it that troubled her a little. She had never been one of those who are afraid of death. On the contrary, she had always taken a great interest in it, and liked to hear everything that could be told her on the subject. It gave her now, however, a curious little thrill of sensation, which she did not understand: she hoped it was not superstition.

"You have guessed rightly," he said—"quite right. That is one of the words with a false meaning, which is to us a mere symbol of something we cannot understand. But you see what it means now."

It was a great shock, it need not be concealed. Otherwise she had been quite pleasantly occupied with the interest of something new, into which she had walked so easily out of her own bed-chamber, without any trouble, and with the delightful new sensation of health and strength. But when it flashed upon her that she was not to go back to her bedroom again, nor have any of those cares and attentions which had seemed necessary to existence, she was very much startled and shaken. Died! Was it possible that she personally had died? She had known it was a thing that happened to everybody; but yet. And it was a solemn matter, to be prepared for, and looked forward to whereas—"If you mean that I too—" she said, faltering a little; and then she added, "it is very surprising," with a trouble in her mind which yet was not all trouble. "If that is so, it is a thing well over. And it is very wonderful how much disturbance people give themselves about it—if this is all."

"This is not all, however," her friend said; "you have an ordeal before you which you will not find pleasant. You are going to think about your life, and all that was imperfect in it, and which might have been done better."

"We are none of us perfect," said

Lady Mary, with a little of that natural resentment with which one hears one's self accused—however ready one may be to accuse one's self.

"Permit me," said he, and took her hand and led her away without further explanation. The people about were so busy with their own occupations, that they took very little notice; neither did she pay much attention to the manner in which they were engaged. Their looks were friendly when they met her eye, and she too felt friendly, with a sense of brotherhood. But she had always been a kind woman. She wanted to step aside and help, on more than one occasion, when it seemed to her that some people in her way had a task above their powers; but this her conductor would not permit. And she endeavored to put some questions to him as they went along with still less success.

"The change is very confusing," she said; "one has no standard to judge by. I should like to know something about—the kind of people—and the—manner of life."

"For a time," he said, "you will have enough to do, without troubling yourself about that."

This naturally produced an uneasy sensation in her mind. "I suppose," she said rather timidly, "that we are not in—what we have been accustomed to call heaven?"

"That is a word," he said, "which expresses rather a condition than a place."

"But there must be a place—in which that condition can exist." She had always been fond of discussions of this kind, and felt encouraged to find that they were still practicable. "It cannot be the—Inferno, that is clear at least," she added with the sprightliness which was one of her characteristics; perhaps—Purgatory? since you infer that I have something to endure."

"Words are interchangeable," he said; "that means one thing to one of us which to another has a totally different signification." There was something so like his old self in this, that she laughed with an irresistible sense of amusement.

"You were always fond of the oracular," she said. She was conscious that

on former occasions, if he had made such a speech to her, though she would have felt the same amusement, she would not have expressed it so frankly. But he did not take it at all amiss. And her thoughts went on in other directions. She felt herself saying over to herself the words of the old north-country dirge, which came to her recollection she knew not how—

"If hosen and shoon thou gavest nane,
The whins shall prick thee intill the bane."

When she saw that her companion heard her, she asked, "Is that true?"

He shook his head a little. "It is too matter of fact," he said, "as I need hardly tell you. Hosen and shoon are good, but they do not always sufficiently indicate the state of the heart."

Lady Mary had a consciousness, which was pleasant to her, that so far as the hosen and shoon went, she had abundant means of preparing herself for the pricks of any road, however rough; but she had no time to indulge this pleasing reflection, for she was shortly introduced into a great building full of innumerable rooms, in one of which her companion left her.

IV.

The door opened, and she felt herself free to come out. How long she had been there, or what passed there, is not for any one to say. She came out tingling and smarting—if such words can be used—with an intolerable recollection of the last act of her life. So intolerable was it that all that had gone before, and all the risings up of old errors and visions long dead, were forgotten in the sharp and keen prick of this, which was not over and done like the rest. No one had accused her, or brought before her Judge the things that were against her. She it was who had done it all—she whose memory did not spare her one fault, who remembered everything. But when she came to that last frivolity of her old age, and saw for the first time how she had played with the future of the child whom she had brought up, and abandoned to the hardest fate—for nothing, for folly, for a jest—the horror and bitterness of the thought filled her mind to overflowing. In the first anguish of that recollection she had to go

forth, receiving no word of comfort in respect to it, meeting only with a look of sadness and compassion, which went to her very heart. She came forth as if she had been driven away, but not by any outward influence, by the force of her own miserable sensations. "I will write," she said to herself, "and tell them—I will go—" And then she stopped short, remembering that she could neither go nor write—that all communication with the world she had left was closed. Was it all closed? Was there no way in which a message could reach those who remained behind? She caught the first passer-by whom she passed, and addressed him piteously. "Oh, tell me—you have been longer here than I—cannot one send a letter, a message, if it were only a single word?"

"Where?" he said, stopping and listening; so that it began to seem possible to her that some such expedient might still be within her reach.

"It is to England," she said, thinking he meant to ask as to which quarter of the world.

"Ah," he said, shaking his head, "I fear that is impossible."

"But it is to set something right, which out of mere inadvertence, with no ill meaning—" No, no (she repeated to herself), no ill meaning—none! "Oh sir, for charity! tell me how I can find a way. There must—there must be some way."

He was greatly moved by the sight of her distress. "I am but a stranger here," he said; "I may be wrong. There are others who can tell you better; but"—and he shook his head sadly—"most of us would be so thankful, if we could, to send a word, if it were only a single word, to those we have left behind, that I fear, I fear—"

"Ah!" cried Lady Mary, "but that would be only for tenderness; whereas this is for justice and for pity, and to do away with a great wrong which I did before I came here."

"I am very sorry for you," he said; but shook his head once more as he went away. She was more careful next time, and chose one who had the look of much experience and knowledge of the place. He listened to her very gravely, and answered Yes, that he was one of the officers, and could tell her

whatever she wanted to know ; but when she told him what she wanted, he too shook his head. " I do not say it cannot be done," he said. " There are some cases in which it has been successful, but very few. It has often been attempted. There is no law against it. Those who do it do it at their own risk. They suffer much, and almost always they fail."

" No, oh no. You said there were some who succeeded. No one can be more anxious than I. I will give—anything—everything I have in the world ! —"

He gave her a smile, which was very grave nevertheless, and full of pity. " You forget," he said, " that you have nothing to give ; and if you had, that there is no one here to whom it would be of any value."

Though she was no longer old and weak, yet she was still a woman, and she began to weep, in the terrible failure and contrariety of all things ; but yet she would not yield. She cried : " There must be some one here who would do it for love. I have had people who loved me in my time. I must have some here who have not forgotten. Ah ! I know what you would say. I lived so long I forgot them all, and why should they remember me ?"

Here she was touched on the arm, and looking round, saw close to her the face of one whom, it was very true, she had forgotten. She remembered him but dimly, after she had looked long at him. A little group had gathered about her, with grieved looks, to see her distress. He who had touched her was the spokesman of them all.

" There is nothing I would not do," he said, " for you and for love." And then they all sighed, surrounding her, and added, " But it is impossible—impossible !"

She stood and gazed at them, recognizing by degrees faces that she knew, and seeing in all that look of grief and sympathy which makes all human souls brothers. Impossible was not a word that had been often said to be in her life ; and to come out of a world in which everything could be changed, everything communicated in the twinkling of an eye, and find a dead blank before her and around her, through

which not a word could go, was more terrible than can be said in words. She looked piteously upon them, with that anguish of helplessness which goes to every heart, and cried, " What is impossible ? To send a word—only a word—to set right what is wrong ? Oh, I understand," she said, lifting up her hands. " I understand ! that to send messages of comfort must not be ; that the people who love you must bear it, as we all have done in our time, and trust to God for consolation. But I have done a wrong ! Oh, listen, listen to me, my friends. I have left a child, a young creature, unprovided for—without any one to help her. And must that be ? Must she bear it, and I bear it, forever, and no means, no way of setting it right ? Listen to me ! I was there last night—in the middle of the night I was still there—and here this morning. So it must be easy to come—only a short way ; and two words would be enough—only two words !"

They gathered closer and closer round her, full of compassion. " It is easy to come," they said, " but not to go."

And one added, " It will not be forever ; comfort yourself. When she comes here, or to a better place, that will seem to you only as a day."

" But to her," cried Lady Mary—" to her it will be long years—it will be trouble and sorrow ; and she will think I took no thought for her ; and she will be right," the penitent said, with a great and bitter cry.

It was so terrible that they were all silent, and said not a word ; except the man who had loved her, who put his hand upon her arm, and said, " We are here for that ; this is the fire that purges us—to see at last what we have done, and the true aspect of it, and to know the cruel wrong, yet never be able to make amends."

She remembered then that this was a man who had neglected all lawful affections, and broken the hearts of those who trusted him for her sake ; and for a moment she forgot her own burden in sorrow for his.

It was now that he who had called himself one of the officers came forward again—for the little crowd had gathered round her so closely that he had been shut out. He said, " No one can carry

your message for you ; that is not permitted. But there is still a possibility. You may have permission to go yourself. Such things have been done, though they have not often been successful. But if you will—"

She shivered when she heard him ; and it became apparent to her why no one could be found to go—for all her nature revolted from that step which it was evident must be the most terrible which could be thought of. She looked at him with troubled, beseeching eyes, and the rest all looked at her, pitying and trying to soothe her.

"Permission will not be refused," he said, "for a worthy cause."

Upon which the others all spoke together, entreating her. "Already," they cried, "they have forgotten you living. You are to them one who is dead. They will be afraid of you if they can see you. Oh, go not back ! Be content to wait—to wait ; it is only a little while. The life of man is nothing ; it appears for a little time, and then it vanishes away. And when she comes here she will know—or in a better place." They sighed as they named the better place ; though some smiled too, feeling perhaps more near to it.

Lady Mary listened to them all, but she kept her eyes upon the face of him who offered her this possibility. There passed through her mind a hundred stories she had heard of those who had *gone back*. But not one that spoke of them as welcome, as received with joy, as comforting those they loved. Ah no ! was it not rather a curse upon the house to which they came ? The rooms were shut up, the houses abandoned, where they were supposed to appear. Those whom they had loved best feared and fled them. They were a vulgar wonder—a thing that the poorest laughed at, yet feared. Poor banished souls ! it was because no one would listen to them that they had to linger and wait, and come and go. She shivered, and, in spite of her longing and her repentance, a cold dread and horror took possession of her. She looked round upon her companions for comfort, and found none.

"Do not go," they said ; "do not go. We have endured like you. We wait till all things are made clear."

And another said, "All will be made clear. It is but for a time."

She turned from one to another, and back again to the first speaker—he who had authority.

He said, "It is very rarely successful ; it retards the course of your penitence. It is an indulgence, and it may bring harm and not good ; but if the meaning is generous and just, permission will be given, and you may go."

Then all the strength of her nature rose in her. She thought of the child forsaken, and of the dark world round her, where she would find so few friends ; and of the home shut up in which she had lived her young and pleasant life ; and of the thoughts that must rise in her heart, as though she were forsaken and abandoned of God and man. Then Lady Mary turned to the man who had authority. She said, "If He whom I saw to-day will give me His blessing, I will go—" and they all pressed round her, weeping and kissing her hands.

"He will not refuse His blessing," they said ; "but the way is terrible, and you are still weak. How can you encounter all the misery of it ? He commands no one to try that dark and dreadful way."

"I will try," Lady Mary said.

V.

The night which Lady Mary had been conscious of, in a momentary glimpse full of the exaggeration of fever, had not indeed been so expeditious as she believed. The doctor, it is true, had been pronouncing her death-warrant when she saw him holding her wrist and wondered what he did there in the middle of the night ; but she had been very ill before this, and the conclusion of her life had been watched with many tears. Then there had risen up a wonderful commotion in the house, of which little Mary, her godchild, was very little sensible. Had she left any will, any instructions, the slightest indication of what she wished to be done after her death ? Mr. Furnival, who had been very anxious to be allowed to see her, even in the last days of her illness, said emphatically. No. She had never executed any will, never made any disposition of her affairs, he said, almost

with bitterness, in the tone of one who is ready to weep with vexation and distress. The vicar took a more hopeful view. He said it was impossible that so considerate a person could have done this, and that there must, he was sure, be found somewhere, if close examination was made, a memorandum, a letter—something which should show what she wished; for she must have known very well, notwithstanding all flatteries and compliments upon her good looks, that from day to day her existence was never to be calculated upon. The doctor did not share this last opinion. He said that there was no fathoming the extraordinary views that people took of their own case; and that it was quite possible, though it seemed incredible, that Lady Mary might really be as little expectant of death, on the way to ninety, as a girl of seventeen; but still he was of opinion that she might have left a memorandum somewhere. These three gentlemen were in the foreground of affairs; because she had no relations to step in and take the management. The Earl, her grandson, was abroad, and there were only his solicitors to interfere on his behalf—men to whom Lady Mary's fortune was quite unimportant, although it was against their principles to let anything slip out of their hands that could aggrandize their client; but who knew nothing about the circumstances—about little Mary, about the old lady's peculiarities, in any way. Therefore the persons who had surrounded her in her life, and Mr. Furnival, her man of business, were the persons who really had the management of everything. Their wives interfered a little too, or rather the one wife who only could do so—the wife of the vicar, who came in beneficently at once, and took poor little Mary, in her first desolation, out of the melancholy house. Mrs. Vicar did this without any hesitation, knowing very well that, in all probability, Lady Mary had made no will, and consequently that the poor girl was destitute. A great deal is said about the hardness of the world, and the small consideration that is shown for a destitute dependent in such circumstances. But this is not true; and, as a matter of fact, there is never, or very rarely, such profound need in the

world, without a great deal of kindness and much pity. The three gentlemen all along had been entirely in Mary's interest. They had not expected legacies from the old lady, or any advantage to themselves. It was of the girl that they had thought. And when now they examined everything and inquired into all her ways and what she had done, it was of Mary they were thinking. But Mr. Furnival was very certain of his point. He knew that, Lady Mary had made no will; time after time he had pressed it upon her. He was very sure, even while he examined her writing-table, and turned out all the drawers, that nothing would be found. The little Italian cabinet had *chiffons* in its drawers, fragments of old lace, pieces of ribbon, little nothings of all sorts. Nobody thought of the secret drawer; and if they had thought of it, where could a place have been found less likely? If she had ever made a will, she could have had no reason for concealing it. To be sure they did not reason in this way, being simply unaware of any place of concealment at all. And Mary knew nothing about this search they were making. She did not know how she was herself "left." When the first misery of grief was exhausted, she began, indeed, to have troubled thoughts in her own mind—to expect that the vicar would speak to her, or Mr. Furnival send for her, and tell her what she was to do. But nothing was said to her. The vicar's wife had asked her to come for a long visit; and the anxious people, who were forever talking over this subject and consulting what was best for her, had come to no decision as yet, as to what must be said to the person chiefly concerned. It was too heartrending to have to put the real state of affairs before her.

The doctor had no wife; but he had an anxious mother, who, though she would not for the world have been unkind to the poor girl, yet was very anxious that she should be disposed of and out of her son's way. It is true that the doctor was forty and Mary only eighteen—but what then? Matches of that kind were seen every day, and his heart was so soft to the child that his mother never knew from one day to another what might happen. She had naturally no

doubt at all that Mary would seize the first hand held out to her, and as time went on held many an anxious consultation with the vicar's wife on the subject. "You cannot have her with you forever," she said. "She must know one time or another how she is left, and that she must learn to do something for herself."

"Oh," said the vicar's wife, "how is she to be told? It is heartrending to look at her and to think—nothing but luxury all her life, and now, in a moment, destitution. I am very glad to have her with me; she is a dear little thing, and so nice with the children. And if some good man would only step in—"

The doctor's mother trembled; for that a good man should step in was exactly what she feared. "That is a thing that can never be depended upon," she said; "and marriages made out of compassion are just as bad as mercenary marriages. Oh no, my dear Mrs. Bowyer, Mary has a great deal of character. You should put more confidence in her than that. No doubt she will be much cast down at first, but when she knows, she will rise to the occasion and show what is in her."

"Poor little thing! what is in a girl of eighteen, and one that has lain on the roses and fed on the lilies all her life? Oh, I could find it in my heart to say a great deal about old Lady Mary that would not be pleasant! Why did she bring her up so if she did not mean to provide for her? I think she must have been at heart a wicked old woman."

"Oh no—we must not say that. I daresay, as my son says, she always meant to do it some time—"

"Some time! how long did she expect to live, I wonder?"

"Well," said the doctor's mother, "it is wonderful how little old one feels sometimes within one's self, even when one is well up in years." She was of the faction of the old, instead of being like Mrs. Bowyer, who was not much over thirty, of the faction of the young. She could make excuses for Lady Mary; but she thought that it was unkind to bring the poor little girl here in ignorance of her real position, and in the way of men—who, though old enough

to know better, were still capable of folly, as what man is not when a girl of eighteen is concerned? "I hope," she added, "that the Earl will do something for her. Certainly he ought to, when he knows all that his grandmother did, and what her intentions must have been. He ought to make her a little allowance—that is the least he can do. Not, to be sure, such a provision as we all hoped Lady Mary was going to make for her, but enough to live upon. Mr. Furnival. I believe, has written to him to that effect."

"Hush!" cried the vicar's wife; indeed she had been making signs to the other lady, who stood with her back to the door, for some moments. Mary had come in while this conversation was going on. She had not paid any attention to it; and yet her ear had been caught by the names of Lady Mary and the Earl and Mr. Furnival. For whom was it that the Earl should make an allowance enough to live upon? whom Lady Mary had not provided for, and whom Mr. Furnival had written about? When she sat down to the needlework in which she was helping Mrs. Vicar, it was not to be supposed that she should not ponder these words—for some time very vaguely, not perceiving the meaning of them; and then with a start she woke up to perceive that there must be something meant, some one—even some one she knew. And then the needle dropped out of the girl's hand, and the pinafore she was making fell on the floor. Some one! it must be herself they meant! Who but she could be the subject of that earnest conversation? She began to remember a great many conversations as earnest, which had been stopped when she came into the room, and the looks of pity which had been bent upon her. She had thought in her innocence that this was because she had lost her godmother, her protectress—and had been very grateful for the kindness of her friends. But now another meaning came into everything. Mrs. Bowyer had accompanied her visitor to the door, still talking, and when she returned her face was very grave. But she smiled when she met Mary's look, and said cheerfully, "How kind of you, my dear, to make all those pinafores for

me! The little ones will not know themselves. They never were so fine before."

"Oh, Mrs. Bowyer," cried the girl, "I have guessed something, and I want you to tell me! Are you keeping me for charity, and is it I that am left—without any provision? and that Mr. Furnival has written—"

She could not finish her sentence; for it was very bitter to her, as may be supposed.

"I don't know what you mean, my dear," cried the vicar's wife. "Charity—well, I suppose that is the same as love—at least it is so in the 13th chapter of 1st Corinthians. You are staying with us, I hope, for love, if that is what you mean."

Upon which she took the girl in her arms and kissed her, and cried as women must. "My dearest," she said, "as you have guessed the worst, it is better to tell you. Lady Mary—I don't know why—oh, I don't wish to blame her—has left no will; and, my dear, my dear, you who have been brought up in luxury, you have not a penny." Here the vicar's wife gave Mary a closer hug, and kissed her once more. "We love you all the better—if that was possible," she said.

How many thoughts will fly through a girl's mind while her head rests on some kind shoulder, and she is being consoled for the first calamity that has touched her life! She was neither ungrateful nor unresponsive; but as Mrs. Bowyer pressed her close to her kind breast and cried over her, Mary did not cry but thought, seeing in a moment a succession of scenes, and realizing in a moment so complete a new world, that all her pain was quelled by the hurry and rush in her brain as her forces rallied to sustain her. She withdrew from her kind support after a moment with eyes tearless and shining, the color mounting to her face, and not a sign of discouragement in her, nor yet of sentiment, though she grasped her kind friend's hands with a pressure which her innocent small fingers seemed incapable of giving. "One has read of such things—in books," she said, with a faint courageous smile; "and I suppose they happen—in life."

"Oh, my dear, too often in life. Though how people can be so cruel, so indifferent, so careless of the happiness of those they love—"

Here Mary pressed her friend's hands till they hurt, and cried, "Not cruel, not indifferent. I cannot hear a word—"

"Well, dear, it is like you to feel so—I knew you would; and I will not say a word. Oh, Mary, if she every thinks of such things now—"

"I hope she will not—I hope she cannot!" cried the girl, with once more a vehement pressure of her friend's hands.

"What is that?" Mrs. Bowyer said, looking round. "It is somebody in the next room, I suppose. No, dear; I hope so too, for she would not be happy if she remembered. Mary, dry your eyes, my dear. Try not to think of this. I am sure there is some one in the next room. And you must try not to look wretched, for all our sakes—"

"Wretched!" cried Mary, springing up. "I am not wretched." And she turned with a countenance glowing and full of courage to the door. But there was no one there—no visitor lingering in the smaller room as sometimes happened.

"I thought I heard some one come in," said the vicar's wife. "Didn't you hear something, Mary? I suppose it is because I am so agitated with all this, but I could have sworn I heard some one come in."

"There is nobody," said Mary, who, in the shock of the calamity which had so suddenly changed the world to her, was perfectly calm. She did not feel at all disposed to cry or "give way." It went to her head with a thrill of pain, which was excitement as well, like a strong stimulant suddenly applied; and she added, "I should like to go out a little, if you don't mind, just to get used to the idea."

"My dear, I will get my hat in a moment—"

"No, please. It is not unkindness; but I must think it over by myself—by myself," Mary cried. She hurried away, while Mrs. Bowyer took another survey of the outer room, and called the servant to know who had been calling.

Nobody had been calling, the maid said ; but her mistress still shook her head.

"It must have been some one who does not ring, who just opens the door," she said to herself. "That is the worst of the country. It might be Mrs. Blunt, or Sophia Blackburn, or the curate, or half a dozen people—and they have just gone away when they heard me crying. How could I help crying? But I wonder how much they heard, whoever it was."

VI.

It was winter, and snow was on the ground.

Lady Mary found herself on the road that led through her own village going home. It was like a picture of a wintry night—like one of those pictures that please the children at Christmas. A little snow sprinkled on the roofs, just enough to define them, and on the edges of the roads ; every cottage window showing a ruddy glimmer in the twilight ; the men coming home from their work ; the children, tied up in comforters and caps, stealing in from the slides, and from the pond where they were forbidden to go ; and, in the distance, the trees of the great House, standing up dark, turning the twilight into night. She had a curious enjoyment in it, simple like that of a child, and a wish to talk to some one out of the fulness of her heart. She overtook, her step being far lighter and quicker than his, one of the men going home from his work, and spoke to him, telling him with a smile not to be afraid ; but he never so much as raised his head, and went plodding on with his heavy step, not knowing that she had spoken to him. She was startled by this ; but said to herself that the men were dull, that their perceptions were confused, and that it was getting dark—and went on, passing him quickly. His breath made a cloud in the air as he walked, and his heavy plodding steps sounded into the frosty night. She perceived that her own were invisible and inaudible, with a curious momentary sensation half of pleasure, half of pain. She felt no cold, and she saw through the twilight as clearly as if it had been day. There was no fatigue or sense of weakness in

her ; but she had the strange, wistful feeling of an exile returning after long years, not knowing how he may find those he had left. At one of the first houses in the village there was a woman standing at her door, looking out for her children—one who knew Lady Mary well. She stopped quite cheerfully to bid her good evening, as she had done in her vigorous days, before she grew old. It was a little experiment, too. She thought it possible that Catherine would scream out, and perhaps fly from her ; but surely would be easily reassured when she heard the voice she knew, and saw by her one who was no ghost, but her own kind mistress. But Catherine took no notice when she spoke ; she did not so much as turn her head. Lady Mary stood by her patiently, with more and more of that wistful desire to be recognized. She put her hand timidly upon the woman's arm, who was thinking of nothing but her boys, and calling to them, straining her eyes in the fading light. "Don't be afraid—they are coming, they are safe," she said, pressing Catherine's arm. But the woman never moved. She took no notice. She called to a neighbor who was passing to ask if she had seen the children, and the two stood and talked in the dim air, not conscious of the third who stood between them, looking from one to another, astonished, paralyzed. Lady Mary had not been prepared for this ; she could not believe it even now. She repeated their names more and more anxiously, and even plucked at their sleeves to call their attention. She stood as a poor dependent sometimes stands, wistful, civil, trying to say something that will please while they talked and took no notice ; and then the neighbor passed on, and Catherine went into her house. It is hard to be left out in the cold when others go into their cheerful houses ; but to be thus left outside of life, to speak and not be heard, to stand, unseen, astounded, unable to secure any attention ! She had thought they would be frightened, but it was not they who were frightened. A great panic seized the woman who was no more of this world. She had almost rejoiced to find herself back walking so lightly, so

strongly, finding everything easy that had been so hard; and yet but a few minutes had passed, and she knew, never more to be deceived, that she was no longer of this world. What if she should be condemned to wander forever among familiar places that knew her no more, appealing for a look, a word, to those who could no longer see her, or hear her cry, or know of her presence? Terror seized upon her, a chill and pang of fear beyond description. She felt an impulse to fly wildly into the dark, into the night, like a lost creature; to find again somehow, she could not tell how, the door out of which she had come, and beat upon it wildly with her hands, and implore to be taken home. For a moment she stood looking round her, lost and alone in the wide universe; no one to speak to her, no one to comfort her—outside of life altogether. Other rustic figures, slow-stepping, leisurely, at their ease, went and came, one at a time; but in this place, where every stranger was an object of curiosity, no one cast a glance at her. She was as if she had never been.

Presently she found herself entering her own house.

It was all shut up and silent—not a window lighted along the whole front of the house which used to twinkle and glitter with lights. It soothed her somewhat to see this, as if in evidence that the place had changed with her. She went in silently, and the darkness was as day to her. Her own rooms were all shut up, yet were open to her steps, which no external obstacle could limit. There was still the sound of life below stairs, and in the housekeeper's room a cheerful party gathered round the fire. It was there that she turned first with some wistful human attraction toward the warmth and light rather than to the still places in which her own life had been passed. Mrs. Prentiss, the housekeeper, had her daughter with her on a visit and the daughter's baby lay asleep in a cradle placed upon two chairs outside the little circle of women round the table—one of whom was Jervis, Lady Mary's maid. Jervis sat and worked and cried, and mixed her words with little sobs. "I never thought as I should have had to take another place," she said. "Brown and me, we

made sure of a little something to start upon. He's been here for twenty years, and so have you, Mrs. Prentiss; and me, as nobody can say I wasn't faithful night and day."

"I never had that confidence in my lady to expect anything," Prentiss said.

"Oh, mother, don't say that; many and many a day you've said, when my lady dies—"

"And we've all said it," said Jervis. "I can't think how she did it, nor why she did it; for she was a kind lady, though appearances is against her."

"She was one of them, and I've known a many, as could not abide to see a gloomy face," said the housekeeper. "She kept us all comfortable for the sake of being comfortable herself, but no more."

"Oh, you are hard upon my lady!" cried Jervis, "and I can't bear to hear a word against her, though it's been an awful disappointment to me."

"What's you or me, or any one," cried Mrs. Prentiss, "in comparison of that poor little thing that can't work for her living like we can; that is left on the charity of folks she don't belong to? I'd have forgiven my lady anything if she'd done what was right by Miss Mary. You'll get a place, and a good place; and me, they'll leave me here when the new folks come as have taken the house. But what will become of her, the darling? and not a penny, nor a friend, nor one to look to her? Oh, you selfish old woman! oh, you heart of stone! I just hope you are feeling it where you're gone," the housekeeper cried.

But as she said this, the woman did not know who was looking at her with wide wistful eyes, holding out her hands in appeal, receiving every word as if it had been a blow. Though she knew it was useless, Lady Mary could not help it. She cried out to them, "Have pity upon me! have pity upon me! I am not cruel, as you think," with a keen anguish in her voice, which seemed to be sharp enough to pierce the very air and go up to the skies. And so, perhaps, it did; but never touched the human atmosphere in which she stood a stranger. Jervis was threading her needle when her mistress uttered that cry, but her hand did not tremble, nor

did the threat deflect a hair's-breadth from the straight line. The young mother alone seemed to be moved by some faint disturbance. "Hush!" she said; "is he waking?" looking toward the cradle. But as the baby made no further sound, she too returned to her sewing; and they sat bending their heads over their work round the table, and continued their talk. The room was very comfortable, bright, and warm as Lady Mary had liked all her rooms to be. The warm firelight danced upon the walls; the women talked in cheerful tones. She stood outside their circle, and looked at them with a wistful face. Their notice would have been more sweet to her as she stood in that great humiliation, than in other times the look of a queen.

"But what is the matter with baby?" the mother said, rising hastily.

It was with no servile intention of securing a look from that little prince of life that she was not of this world had stepped aside forlorn, and looked at him in his cradle. Though she was not of this world, she was still a woman, and had nursed her children in her arms. She bent over the infant by the soft impulse of nature, tenderly, with no interested thought. But the child saw her; was it possible? He turned his head toward her, and flickered his baby hands, and cooed with that indescribable voice that goes to every woman's heart. Lady Mary felt such a thrill of pleasure go through her, as no incident had given her for long years. She put out her arms to him as the mother snatched him from his little bed; and he, which was more wonderful, stretched toward her in his innocence, turning away from them all.

"He wants to go to some one," cried the mother. "Oh look, look, for God's sake! who is there that the child sees?"

"There's no one there—not a soul. Now dearie, dearie, be reasonable. You can see for yourself there's not a creature," said the grandmother.

"Oh, my baby, my baby! He sees something we can't see," the young woman cried. "Something has happened to his father, or he's going to be taken from me!" she said, holding the child to her in a sudden passion. The other women rushed to her to console

her—the mother with reason and Jervis with poetry. "It's the angels whispering, like the song says." Oh the pang that was in the heart of the other whom they could not hear! She stood wondering how it could be—wondering with an amazement beyond words, how all that was in her heart, the love and the pain, and the sweetness and bitterness, could all be hidden—all hidden by that air in which the women stood so clear! She held out her hands, she spoke to them, telling who she was, but no one paid any attention; only the little dog Fido, who had been basking by the fire, sprang up, looked at her, and, retreating slowly backward till he reached the wall, sat down there and looked at her again, with now and then a little bark of inquiry. The dog saw her. This gave her a curious pang of humiliation, yet pleasure. She went away out of that little centre of human life in a great excitement and thrill of her whole being. The child had seen her and the dog; but, oh heavens! how was she to work out her purpose by such auxiliaries as these?

She went up to her old bed-chamber with unshed tears heavy about her eyes, and a pathetic smile quivering on her mouth. It touched her beyond measure that the child should have that confidence in her. "Then God is still with me," she said to herself. Her room, which had been so warm and bright, lay desolate in the stillness of the night; but she wanted no light, for the darkness was no darkness to her. She looked round her for a little, wondering to think how far away from her now was this scene of her old life, but feeling no pain in the sight of it—only a kind indulgence for the foolish simplicity which had taken so much pride in all these infantile elements of living.

She went to the little Italian cabinet which stood against the wall, feeling now at least that she could do as she would—that here there was no blank of human unconsciousness to stand in her way. But she was met by something that baffled and vexed her once more. She felt the polished surface of the wood under her hand, and saw all the pretty ornamentation, the inlaid work, the delicate carvings, which she knew so well. They swam in her eyes a little,

as if they were part of some phantasmagoria about her, existing only in her vision. Yet the smooth surface resisted her touch; and when she withdrew a step from it, it stood before her solidly and square, as it had stood always, a glory to the place. She put forth her hands upon it, and could have traced the waving lines of the exquisite work, in which some artist soul had worked itself out in the old times; but though she thus saw it and felt, she could not with all her endeavors find the handle of the drawer, the richly wrought knob of ivory, the little door that opened into the secret place. How long she stood by it, attempting again and again to find what was as familiar to her as her own hand, what was before her, visible in every line, what she felt with fingers which began to tremble, she could not tell. Time did not count with her as with common men. She did not grow weary, or require refreshment or rest, like those who were still of this world. But at length her head grew giddy and her heart failed. A cold despair took possession of her soul. She could do nothing then—nothing; neither by help of man, neither by use of her own faculties, which were greater and clearer than ever before. She sank down upon the floor at the foot of that old toy, which had pleased her in the softness of her old age, to which she had trusted the fortunes of another; by which, in wantonness and folly, she had sinned, she had sinned! And she thought she saw standing round her companions in the land she had left, saying, "It is impossible, impossible!" with infinite pity in their eyes; and the face of Him who had given her permission to come, yet who had said no word to her to encourage her in what was against nature. And there came into her heart a longing to fly, to get home, to be back in the land where her fellows were, and her appointed place. A child lost, how pitiful that is! without power to reason and divine how help will come; but a soul lost, outside of one method of existence, withdrawn from the other, knowing no way to retrace its steps, nor how help can come! There had been no bitterness in the passing from earth to the land where she had gone; but now there came upon her soul, in all the

power of her new faculties, the bitterness of death. The place which was hers she had forsaken and left, and the place that had been hers knew her no more.

VII.

Mary, when she left her kind friend in the vicarage, went out and took a long walk. She had received a shock so great that it took all sensation from her, and threw her into the seething and surging of an excitement altogether beyond her control. She could not think until she had got familiar with the idea, which indeed had been vaguely shaping itself in her mind ever since she had emerged from the first profound gloom and prostration of the shadow of death.

She had never definitely thought of her position before—never even asked herself what was to become of her when Lady Mary died. She did not see, any more than Lady Mary did why she should ever die; and girls, who have never wanted anything in their lives, who have had no sharp experience to enlighten them, are slow to think upon such subjects. She had not expected anything; her mind had not formed any idea of inheritance; and it had not surprised her to hear of the Earl, who was Lady Mary's natural heir; nor to feel herself separated from the house in which all her previous life had been passed. But there had been gradually dawning upon her a sense that she had come to a crisis in her life, and that she must soon be told what was to become of her. It was not so urgent as that she should ask any questions; but it began to appear very clearly in her mind that things were not to be with her as they had been. She had heard the complaints and astonishment of the servants, to whom Lady Mary had left nothing, with resentment. Jervis, who could not marry and take her lodging-house, but must wait until she had saved more money, and wept to think, after all her devotion, of having to take another place; and Mrs. Prentiss, the house-keeper, who was cynical, and expounded Lady Mary's kindness to her servants to be the issue of a refined selfishness; and Brown, who had sworn subdued oaths, and had taken the liberty of representing himself to Mary as "in the

same box" with herself. Mary had been angry very angry at all this; and she had not by word or look given any one to understand that she felt herself "in the same box." But yet she had been vaguely anxious, curious, desiring to know. And she had not even begun to think what she should do. That seemed a sort of affront to her god-mother's memory, at all events, until some one had made it clear to her. But now, in a moment, with her first consciousness of the importance of this matter in the sight of others, a consciousness of what it was to herself, came into her mind. A change of everything—a new life—a new world; and not only so, but a severance from the old world—a giving up of everything that had been most near and pleasant to her.

These thoughts were driven through her mind like the snowflakes in a storm. The year had slid on since Lady Mary's death. Winter was beginning to yield to spring; the snow was over and the great cold. And other changes had taken place. The great house had been let, and the family who had taken it had been about a week in possession. Their coming had inflicted a wound upon Mary's heart; but everybody had urged upon her the idea that it was much better the house should be let for a time "till everything was settled." When all was settled things would be different. Mrs. Vicar did not say, "You can then do what you please," but she did convey to Mary's mind somehow a sort of inference that she would have something to do it with. And when Mary had protested, "It shall never be let again with my will," the kind woman had said tremulously, "Well, my dear!" and had changed the subject. All these things now came to Mary's mind. They had been afraid to tell her; they had thought it would be so much to her—so important, such a crushing blow. To have nothing—to be destitute; to be written about by Mr. Furnival to the Earl; to have her case represented—Mary felt herself stung by such unendurable suggestions into an energy—a determination—of which her soft young life had known nothing. No one should write about her, or ask charity for her, she said to herself. She had gone

through the woods and round the park, which was not large, and now she could not leave these beloved precincts without going to look at the house. Up to this time she had not had the courage to go near the house; but to the commotion and fever of her mind every violent sensation was congenial, and she went up the avenue now almost gladly, with a little demonstration to herself of energy and courage. Why not that as well as all the rest?

It was once more twilight, and the dimness favored her design. She wanted to go there unseen, to look up at the windows with their alien lights, and to think of the time when Lady Mary sat behind the curtains, and there was nothing but tenderness and peace throughout the house. There was a light in every window along the entire front, a lavishness of firelight and lamp-light which told of a household in which there were many inhabitants. Mary's mind was so deeply absorbed, and perhaps her eyes, so dim with tears that she could scarcely see what was before her, when the door opened suddenly and a lady came out. "I will go myself," she said in an agitated tone to some one behind her. "Don't get yourself laughed at," said a voice from within. The sound of the voices roused the young spectator. She looked with a little curiosity, mixed with anxiety, at the lady who had come out of the house and who started, too, with a gesture of alarm, when she saw Mary move in the dark. "Who are you?" she cried out in a trembling voice, "and what do you want here?"

Then Mary made a step or two forward and said, "I must ask your pardon if I am trespassing. I did not know there was any objection—" This stranger to make an objection! It brought something like a tremulous laugh to Mary's lips.

"Oh, there is no objection," said the lady, "only we have been a little put out. I see now; you are the young lady who—you are the young lady that—you are the one that—suffered most."

"I am Lady Mary's goddaughter," said the girl. "I have lived here all my life."

"Oh, my dear, I have heard all

about you," the lady cried. The people who had taken the house were merely rich people; they had no other characteristic; and in the vicarage, as well as in the other houses about, it was said when they were spoken of, that it was a good thing they were not people to be visited, since nobody could have had the heart to visit strangers in Lady Mary's house. And Mary could not but feel a keen resentment to think that her story, such as it was, the story which she had only now heard in her own person, should be discussed by such people. But the speaker had a look of kindness, and, so far as could be seen, of perplexity and fretted anxiety in her face, and had been in a hurry, but stopped herself in order to show her interest. "I wonder," she said impulsively, "that you can come here and look at the place again after all that has passed."

"I never thought," said Mary, "that there could be—any objection."

"Oh, how can you think I mean that? how can you pretend to think so?" cried the other impatiently. "But after you have been treated so heartlessly, so unkindly—and left, poor thing! they tell me, without a penny, without any provision—"

"I don't know you," cried Mary, breathless with quick-rising passion. "I don't know what right you can have to meddle with my affairs."

The lady stared at her for a moment without speaking, and then she said, all at once, "That is quite true—but it is rude as well; for though I have no right to meddle with your affairs, I did it in kindness, because I took an interest in you from all I have heard."

Mary was very accessible to such a reproach and argument. Her face flushed with a sense of her own churlishness. "I beg your pardon," she said; "I am sure you mean to be kind."

"Well," said the stranger, "that is perhaps going too far on the other side, for you can't even see my face to know what I mean. But I do mean to be kind, and I am very sorry for you. And though I think you've been treated abominably, all the same I like you better for not allowing any one to say so. And now, do you know where I was going? I was going to the vicarage—

where you are living, I believe—to see if the vicar, or his wife, or you, or all of you together, could do a thing for me."

"Oh, I am sure Mrs. Bowyer—" said Mary, with a voice much less assured than her words.

"You must not be too sure, my dear. I know she doesn't mean to call upon me, because my husband is a City man. That is just as she pleases. I am not very fond of City men myself. But there's no reason why I should stand on ceremony when I want something, is there? Now, my dear, I want to know—Don't laugh at me. I am not superstitious, so far as I am aware; but—Tell me, in your time was there ever any disturbance, any appearances you couldn't understand, any—Well, I don't like the word ghosts. It's disrespectful, if there's anything of the sort; and it's vulgar if there isn't. But you know what I mean. Was there anything—of that sort—in your time?"

In your time! Poor Mary had scarcely realized yet that her time was over. Her heart refused to allow it when it was thus so abruptly brought before her; but she obliged herself to subdue these rising rebellions, and to answer, though with some *hauteur*. "There is nothing of the kind that I ever heard of. There is no superstition or ghost in our house."

She thought it was the vulgar desire of new people to find a conventional mystery, and it seemed to Mary that this was a desecration of her home. Mrs. Turner, however (for that was her name), did not receive the intimation as the girl expected, but looked at her very gravely, and said, "That makes it a great deal more serious," as if to herself. She paused, and then added, "You see, the case is this. I have a little girl who is our youngest, who is just my husband's idol. She is a sweet little thing, though perhaps I should not say it. Are you fond of children? Then I almost feel sure you would think so too. Not a moping child at all, or too clever, or anything to alarm one. Well, you know, little Connie, since ever we came in, has seen an old lady walking about the house—"

"An old lady!" said Mary, with an involuntary smile.

"Oh yes. I laughed too, the first time. I said it would be old Mrs. Prentiss, or perhaps the charwoman, or some old lady from the village that had been in the habit of coming in the former people's time. But the child got very angry. She said it was a real lady. She would not allow me to speak. Then we thought perhaps it was some one who did not know the house was let, and had walked in to look at it; but nobody would go on coming like that with all the signs of a large family in the house. And now the doctor says the child must be low, that the place perhaps doesn't agree with her, and that we must send her away. Now, I ask you, how could I send little Connie away, the apple of her father's eye? I should have to go with her, of course, and how could the house get on without me? Naturally we are very anxious. And this afternoon she has seen her again, and sits there crying because she says the dear old lady looks so sad. I just seized my hat, and walked out, to come to you and your friends at the vicarage to see if you could help me. Mrs. Bowyer may look down upon a City person—I don't mind that; but she is a mother, and surely she would feel for a mother," cried the poor lady vehemently, putting up her hands to her wet eyes.

"Oh, indeed, indeed she would! I am sure now that she will call directly. We did not know what a—" Mary stopped herself in saying, "what a nice woman you are," which she thought would be rude, though poor Mrs. Turner would have liked it. But then she shook her head and added, "What could any of us do to help you? I have never heard of any old lady. There never was anything—I know all about the house, everything that has ever happened, and Prentiss will tell you. There is nothing of that kind—indeed, there is nothing. You must have—" But here Mary stopped again; for to suggest that a new family, a city family should have brought an apparition of their own with them, was too ridiculous an idea to be entertained.

"Miss Vivian," said Mrs. Turner, "will you come back with me and speak to the child?"

At this Mary faltered a little. "I

have never been there—since the—funeral," she said.

The good woman laid a kind hand upon her shoulder, caressing and soothing. "You were very fond of her—in spite of the way she has used you?"

"Oh, how dare you, or any one, to speak of her so? She used me as if I had been her dearest child. She was more kind to me than a mother. There is no one in the world like her!" Mary cried.

"And yet she left you without a penny. Oh, you must be a good girl to feel for her like that. She left you without—What are you going to do, my dear? I feel like a friend. I feel like a mother to you, though you don't know me. You mustn't think it is only curiosity. You can't stay with your friends forever—and what are you going to do?"

There are some cases in which it is more easy to speak to a stranger than to one's dearest and oldest friend. Mary had felt this when she rushed out, not knowing how to tell the vicar's wife that she must leave her, and find some independence for herself. It was, however, strange to rush into such a discussion with so little warning, and Mary's pride was very sensitive. She said, "I am not going to burden my friends," with a little indignation; but then she remembered how forlorn she was, and her voice softened. "I must do something—but I don't know what I am good for," she said, trembling, and on the verge of tears.

"My dear, I have heard a great deal about you," said the stranger; "it is not rash, though it may look so. Come back with me directly, and see Connie. She is a very interesting little thing, though I say it—it is wonderful sometimes to hear her talk. You shall be her governess, my dear. Oh, you need not teach her anything—that is not what I mean. I think, I am sure, you will be the saving of her, Miss Vivian; and such a lady as you are, it will be everything for the other girls to live with you. Don't stop to think, but just come with me. You shall have whatever you please, and always be treated like a lady. Oh, my dear, consider my feelings as a mother,

and come; oh, come to Connie! I know you will save her; it is an inspiration. Come back! Come back with me!"

It seemed to Mary too like an inspiration. What it cost her to cross that threshold and walk in, a stranger, to the house which had been all her life as her own, she never said to any one. But it was independence; it was deliverance from entreaties and remonstrances without end. It was a kind of setting right, so far as could be, of the balance which had got so terribly wrong. No writing to the Earl now; no appeal to friends—anything in all the world, much more honest service and kindness, must be better than that.

VIII.

"Tell the young lady all about it, Connie," said her mother.

But Connie was very reluctant to tell. She was very shy, and clung to her mother, and hid her face in her ample dress; and though presently she was beguiled by Mary's voice, and in a short time came to her side, and clung to her as she had clung to Mrs. Turner, she still kept her secret to herself. They were all very kind to Mary, the elder girls standing round in a respectful circle looking at her, while their mother exhorted them to "take a pattern" by Miss Vivian. The novelty, the awe which she inspired, the real kindness about her, ended by overcoming in Mary's young mind the first miserable impression of such a return to her home. It gave her a kind of pleasure to write to Mrs. Bowyer that she had found employment, and had thought it better to accept it at once. "Don't be angry with me; and I think you will understand me," she said. And then she gave herself up to the strange new scene.

The "ways" of the large simple-minded family, homely yet kindly, so transformed Lady Mary's graceful old rooms that they no longer looked the same place. And when Mary sat down with them at the big heavy-laden table, surrounded with the hum of so large a party, it was impossible for her to believe that everything was not new about her. In no way could the saddening recollections of a home from which the

chief figure had disappeared have been more completely broken up. Afterward Mrs. Turner took her aside, and begged to know which was Mary's old room, "for I should like to put you there, as if nothing had happened." "Oh, do not put me there!" Mary cried, "so much has happened." But this seemed a refinement to the kind woman, which it was far better for her young guest not to "yield" to. The room Mary had occupied had been next to her godmother's, with a door between, and when it turned out that Connie, with an elder sister, was in Lady Mary's room, everything seemed perfectly arranged in Mrs. Turner's eyes. She thought it was providential, with a simple belief in Mary's powers that in other circumstances would have been amusing. But there was no amusement in Mary's mind when she took possession of the old room "as if nothing had happened." She sat by the fire for half the night, in an agony of silent recollection and thought, going over the last days of her godmother's life, calling up everything before her, and realizing, as she had never realized till now, the lonely career on which she was setting out, the subjection to the will and convenience of strangers in which henceforth her life must be passed. This was a kind woman who had opened her doors to the destitute girl; but notwithstanding, however great the torture to Mary, there was no escaping this room, which was haunted by the saddest recollections of her life. Of such things she must no longer complain—nay, she must think of nothing but thanking the mistress of the house for her thoughtfulness, for the wish to be kind which so often exceeds the performance.

The room was warm and well lighted; the night was very calm and sweet outside. Nothing had been touched or changed of all her little decorations, the ornaments which had been so delightful to her girlhood. A large photograph of Lady Mary held the chief place over the mantelpiece, representing her in the fulness of her beauty—a photograph which had been taken from the picture painted ages ago by a Royal Academician. It was fortunately so little like Lady Mary in her old age that, save as a thing which had always hung there,

and belonged to her happier life, it did not affect the girl; but no picture was necessary to bring before her the well-remembered figure. She could not realize that the little movements she heard on the other side of the door were any other than those of her mistress, her friend, her mother, for all these names Mary lavished upon her in the fulness of her heart. The blame that was being cast upon Lady Mary from all sides made this child of her bounty but more deeply her partisan, more warm in her adoration. She would not, for all the inheritances of the world, have acknowledged even to herself that Lady Mary was in fault. Mary felt that she would rather a thousand times be poor and have to gain her daily bread, than that she who had nourished and cherished her should have been forced in her cheerful old age to think, before she chose to do so, of parting and farewell and the inevitable end.

She thought, like every young creature in strange and painful circumstances, that she would be unable to sleep, and did indeed lie awake and weep for an hour or more, thinking of all the changes that had happened; but sleep overtook her before she knew, while her mind was still full of these thoughts; and her dreams were endless, confused, full of misery and longing. She dreamed a dozen times over that she heard Lady Mary's soft call through the open door—which was not open, but shut closely and locked by the sisters who now inhabited the next room; and once she dreamed that Lady Mary came to her bedside and stood there looking at her earnestly with the tears flowing from her eyes. Mary struggled in her sleep to tell her benefactress how she loved her, and approved of all she had done, and wanted nothing—but felt herself bound as by a nightmare, so that she could not move or speak, or even put out a hand to dry those tears which it was intolerable to her to see; and woke with the struggle, and the miserable sensation of seeing her dearest friend weep and being unable to comfort her. The moon was shining into the room, throwing part of it into a cold full light, while blackness lay in all the corners. The impression of her dream was so strong that Mary's eyes turned

instantly to the spot where in her dream her godmother had stood. To be sure there was nobody there; but as her consciousness returned, and with it the sweep of painful recollection, the sense of change, the miserable contrast between the present and the past, sleep fled from her eyes. She fell into the vividly awake condition which is the alternative of broken sleep, and gradually, as she lay, there came upon her that mysterious sense of another presence in the room, which is so subtle and indescribable. She neither saw anything nor heard anything, and yet she felt that some one was there.

She lay still for some time and held her breath, listening for a movement, even for the sound of breathing, scarcely alarmed, yet sure that she was not alone. After a while she raised herself on her pillow, and in a low voice asked, "Who is there? is any one there?" There was no reply, no sound of any description, and yet the conviction grew upon her. Her heart began to beat, and the blood to mount to her head. Her own being made so much sound, so much commotion, that it seemed to her she could not hear anything save those beatings and pulsings. Yet she was not afraid. After a time, however, the oppression became more than she could bear. She got up and lit her candle, and searched through the familiar room; but she found no trace that any one had been there. The furniture was all in its usual order. There was no hiding-place where any human thing could find refuge. When she had satisfied herself, and was about to return to bed, suppressing a sensation which must, she said to herself, be altogether fantastic, she was startled by a low knocking at the door of communication. Then she heard the voice of the elder girl. "Oh, Miss Vivian—what is it? Have you seen anything?" A new sense of anger, disdain, humiliation, swept through Mary's mind. And if she had seen anything, she said to herself, what was that to those strangers? She replied, "No, nothing; what should I see?" in a tone which was almost haughty in spite of herself.

"I thought it might be—the ghost. Oh, please, don't be angry. I thought I heard this door open, but it is locked.

Oh! perhaps it is very silly, but I am so frightened, Miss Vivian."

"Go back to bed," said Mary; "there is no—ghost. I am going to sit up and write some—letters. You will see my light under the door."

"Oh, thank you," cried the girl.

Mary remembered what a consolation and strength in all wakefulness had been the glimmer of the light under her god-mother's door. She smiled to think that she herself, so desolate as she was, was able to afford this innocent comfort to another girl, and then sat down and wept quietly, feeling her solitude and the chill about her, and the dark and the silence. The moon had gone behind a cloud. There seemed no light but her small, miserable candle in earth and heaven. And yet that poor little speck of light kept up the heart of another—which made her smile again in the middle of her tears. And by and by the commotion in her head and heart calmed down, and she too fell asleep.

Next day she heard all the floating legends that were beginning to rise in the house. They all arose from Connie's questions about the old lady whom she had seen going up-stairs before her, the first evening after the new family's arrival. It was in the presence of the doctor—who had come to see the child, and whose surprise at finding Mary there was almost ludicrous—that she heard the story, though much against his will.

"There can be no need for troubling Miss Vivian about it," he said, in a tone which was almost rude. But Mrs. Turner was not sensitive.

"When Miss Vivian has just come, like a dear, to help us with Connie!" the good woman cried. "Of course she must hear it, doctor; for otherwise, how could she know what to do?"

"Is it true that you have come here—here? to help— Good heavens, Miss Mary, here?"

"Why not here?" Mary said, smiling as best she could. "I am Connie's governess, doctor."

He burst out into that suppressed roar which serves a man instead of tears, and jumped up from his seat, clenching his fist. The clenched fist was to the intention of the dead woman whose fault this was; and if it had ever entered the

doctor's mind, as his mother supposed, to marry this forlorn child, and thus bestow a home upon her whether she would or no, no doubt he would now have attempted to carry out that plan. But as no such thing had occurred to him, the doctor only shewed his sense of the intolerable by look and gesture. "I must speak to the vicar. I must see Furnival. It can't be permitted," he cried.

"Do you think I shall not be kind to her, doctor?" cried Mrs. Turner. "Oh, ask her! She is one that understands. She knows far better than that. We're not fine people, doctor, but we're kind people. I can say that for myself. There is nobody in this house but will be good to her, and admire her, and take an example by her. To have a real lady with the girls, that is what I would give anything for; and as she wants taking care of, poor dear, and petting, and an 'ome—"

Mary, who would not hear any more, got up hastily, and took the hand of her new protectress, and kissed her, partly out of gratitude and kindness, partly to stop her mouth, and prevent the saying of something which it might have been still more difficult to support. "You are a real lady yourself, dear Mrs. Turner," she cried. (And this notwithstanding the one deficient letter; but many people who are much more dignified than Mrs. Turner—people who behave themselves very well in every other respect—say "'ome.")

"Oh, my dear, I don't make any pretensions," the good woman cried, but with a little shock of pleasure which brought the tears to her eyes.

And then the story was told. Connie had seen the lady walk up-stairs, and had thought no harm. The child supposed it was some one belonging to the house. She had gone into the room which was now Connie's room, but as that had a second door, there was no suspicion caused by the fact that she was not found there a little time after, when the child told her mother what she had seen. After this Connie had seen the same lady several times, and once had met her face to face. The child declared that she was not at all afraid. She was a pretty old lady, with white hair and dark eyes. She looked a little

sad, but smiled when Connie stopped and stared at her—not angry at all, but rather pleased—and looked for a moment as if she would speak. That was all. Not a word about a ghost was said in Connie's hearing. She had already told it all to the doctor, and he had pretended to consider which of the old ladies in the neighborhood this could be. In Mary's mind, occupied as it was by so many important matters, there had been up to this time no great question about Connie's apparition; now she began to listen closely, not so much from real interest as from a perception that the doctor, who was her friend, did not want her to hear. This naturally aroused her attention at once. She listened to the child's description with growing eagerness, all the more because the doctor opposed.

"Now that will do, Miss Connie," he said; "it is one of the old Miss Murchisons, who are always so fond of finding out about their neighbors. I have no doubt at all on that subject. She wants to find you out in your pet naughtiness, whatever it is, and tell me."

"I am sure it is not for that," cried Connie. "Oh, how can you be so disagreeable? I know she is not a lady who would tell. Besides, she is not thinking at all about me. She was either looking for something she had lost, or—oh, I don't know what it was!—and when she saw me she just smiled. She is not dressed like any of the people here. She had got no cloak on, or bonnet, or anything that is common, but a beautiful white shawl and a long dress, and it gives a little sweep when she walks—oh no! not like your rustling, mamma; but all soft, like water—and it looks like lace upon her head, tied here," said Connie, putting her hands to her chin, "in such a pretty, large, soft knot."

Mary had gradually risen as this description went on, starting a little at first, looking up, getting upon her feet. The color went altogether out of her face—her eyes grew to twice their natural size. The doctor put out his hand without looking at her, and laid it on her arm with a strong emphatic pressure. "Just like some one you have seen a picture of," he said.

"Oh no. I never saw a picture that was so pretty," said the child.

"Doctor, why do you ask her any more? don't you see, don't you see, the child has seen—?"

"Miss Mary, for God's sake, hold your tongue; it is folly, you know. Now, my little girl, tell me. I know this old lady is the very image of that pretty old lady with the toys for good children, who was in the last Christmas number?"

"Oh!" said Connie, pausing a little. "Yes, I remember; it was a very pretty picture—mamma put it up in the nursery. No, she is not like that, not at all, much prettier; and then my lady is sorry about something—except when she smiles at me. She has her hair put up like this, and this," the child went on, twisting her own bright locks.

"Doctor! I can't bear any more."

"My dear! you are mistaken, it is all a delusion. She has seen a picture. I think now, Mrs. Turner, that my little patient had better run away and play. Take a good run through the woods, Miss Connie, with your brother, and I will send you some physic which will not be at all nasty, and we shall hear no more of your old lady. My dear Miss Vivian, if you will but hear reason! I have known such cases a hundred times. The child has seen a picture, and it has taken possession of her imagination. She is a little below par, and she has a lively imagination; and she has learned something from Prentiss, though probably she does not remember that. And there it is! a few doses of quinine, and she will see visions no more."

"Doctor," cried Mary, "how can you speak so to me? You dare not look me in the face. You know you dare not; as if you did not know as well as I do! Oh, why does that child see her, and not me?"

"There it is," he said, with a broken laugh; "could anything show better that it is a mere delusion? Why, in the name of all that is reasonable, should this stranger child see her, if it was anything, and not you?"

Mrs. Turner looked from one to another with wondering eyes. "You know what it is?" she said. "Oh, you know who it is? Doctor, doctor, is it because my Connie is so delicate? is it a warning? is it—?"

"Oh, for heaven's sake! you will drive me mad, you ladies. Is it this, and is it that? It is nothing, I tell you. The child is out of sorts, and she has seen some picture that has caught her fancy—and she thinks she sees— I'll send her a bottle," he cried, jumping up; "that will put an end to all that."

"Doctor, don't go away: tell me rather what I must do—if she is looking for something! Oh, doctor, think if she were unhappy, if she were kept out of her sweet rest!"

"Miss Mary! for God's sake, be reasonable. You ought never to have heard a word."

"Doctor, think! if it should be anything we can do. Oh, tell me, tell me! don't go away and leave me: perhaps we can find out what it is."

"I will have nothing to do with your findings out. It is mere delusion. Put them both to bed, Mrs. Turner—put them all to bed! As if there was not trouble enough!"

"What is it?" cried Connie's mother; "is it a warning! Oh, for the love of God, tell me, is that what comes before a death?"

When they were all in this state of agitation, the vicar and his wife were suddenly shown into the room. Mrs. Bowyer's eyes flew to Mary, but she was too well-bred a woman not to pay her respects first to the lady of the house, and there were a number of politenesses exchanged, very breathlessly on Mrs. Turner's part, before the newcomers were free to show the real occasion of their visit. "Oh, Mary, what did you mean by taking such a step all in a moment? How could you come here of all places in the world? and how could you leave me without a word?" the vicar's wife said, with her lips against Mary's cheek. She had already perceived, without dwelling upon it, the excitement in which all the party were. This was said while the vicar was still making his bow to his new parishioner—who knew very well that her visitors had not intended to call: for the Turners were dissenters, to crown all their misdemeanors, besides being city people and *nouveaux riches*.

"Don't ask me any questions just now," said Mary, clasping almost hysterically her friend's hand. "It

was providential. Come and hear what the child has seen." Mrs. Turner, though she was so anxious, was too polite not to make a fuss about getting chairs for all her visitors. She postponed her own trouble to this necessity, and trembling, sought the most comfortable seat for Mrs. Bowyer, the largest and most imposing for the vicar himself. When she had established them in a little circle and done her best to draw Mary too into a chair, she sat down quietly, her mind divided between the cares of courtesy and the alarms of an anxious mother. Mary stood at the table and waited till the commotion was over. The newcomers thought she was going to explain her conduct in leaving them; and Mrs. Bowyer, at least, who was critical in point of manners, shivered a little, wondering if perhaps (though she could not find it in her heart to blame Mary) her proceedings were in perfect taste.

"The little girl," Mary said, beginning abruptly. She had been standing by the table, her lips apart, her countenance utterly pale, her mind evidently too much absorbed to notice anything.

"The little girl—has seen several times a lady going up-stairs. Once she met her and saw her face, and the lady smiled at her; but her face was sorrowful, and the child thought she was looking for something. The lady was old, with white hair done up upon her forehead, and lace upon her head. She was dressed"—here Mary's voice began to be interrupted from time to time by a brief sob—"in a long dress that made a soft sound when she walked, and a white shawl, and the lace tied under her chin in a large soft knot—"

"Mary, Mary!" Mrs. Bowyer had risen, and stood behind the girl, in whose slender throat the climbing sorrow was almost visible, supporting her, trying to stop her. "Mary, Mary!" she cried; "oh, my darling, what are you thinking of? Francis! doctor! make her stop, make her stop—"

"Why should she stop?" said Mrs. Turner, rising, too, in her agitation. "Oh, is it a warning, is it a warning? for my child has seen it—Connie has seen it."

"Listen to me, all of you," said Mary, with an effort. "You all know

—who that is. And she has seen her—the little girl—”

Now the others looked at each other, exchanging a startled look.

“My dear people,” cried the doctor, “the case is not the least unusual. No, no, Mrs. Turner, it is no warning—it is nothing of the sort. Look here, Bowyer; you’ll believe me. The child is very nervous and sensitive. She has evidently seen a picture somewhere of our dear old friend. She has heard the story somehow—oh, perhaps in some garbled version from Prentiss, or—of course they’ve all been talking of it. And the child is one of those creatures with its nerves all on the surface—and a little below par in health, in need of iron and quinine, and all that sort of thing. I’ve seen a hundred such cases” cried the doctor—“a thousand such; but now, of course, we’ll have a fine story made of it, now that it’s come into the ladies’ hands.”

He was much excited with this long speech; but it cannot be said that any one paid much attention to him. Mrs. Bowyer was holding Mary in her arms, uttering little cries and sobs over her, and looking anxiously at her husband. The vicar sat down suddenly in his chair, with the air of a man who has judgment to deliver without the least idea what to say; while Mary, freeing herself unconsciously from her friend’s restraining embrace, stood facing them all with a sort of trembling defiance: and Mrs. Turner kept on explaining nervously that—“no, no, her Connie was not excitable, was not over-sensitive, never had known what a delusion was.”

“This is very strange,” the vicar said.

“Oh, Mr. Bowyer,” cried Mary, “tell me what I am to do!—think if she cannot rest, if she is not happy, she that was so good to everybody, that never could bear to see any one in trouble. Oh, tell me, tell me what I am to do! It is you that have disturbed her with all you have been saying. Oh, what can I do, what can I do to give her rest?”

“My dear Mary! My dear Mary!” they all cried in different tones of consternation; and for a few minutes no one could speak. Mrs. Bowyer, as was natural, said something, being unable to

endure the silence; but neither she nor any of the others knew what it was she said. When it was evident that the vicar must speak, all were silent, waiting for him; and though it had now become imperative that something in the shape of a judgment must be delivered, yet he was as far as ever from knowing what to say.

“Mary,” he said, with a little tremulousness of voice, “it is quite natural that you should ask me; but, my dear, I am not at all prepared to answer. I think you know that the doctor, who ought to know best about such matters—”

“Nay, not I. I only know about the physical; the other—if there is another—that’s your concern.”

“Who ought to know best,” repeated Mr. Bowyer; “for everybody will tell you, my dear, that the mind is so dependent upon the body. I suppose he must be right. I suppose it is just the imagination of a nervous child working upon the data which has been given—the picture; and then, as you justly remind me, all we have been saying—”

“How could the child know what we have been saying, Francis?”

“Connie has heard nothing that any one has been saying; and there is no picture.”

“My dear lady, you hear what the doctor says. If there is no picture, and she has heard nothing, I suppose, then, your premises are gone, and the conclusion falls to the ground.”

“What does it matter about premises?” cried the vicar’s wife: “here is something dreadful that has happened. Oh, what nonsense that is about imagination; children have no imagination. A dreadful thing has happened. In heaven’s name, Francis, tell this poor child what she is to do.”

“My dear,” said the vicar again, “you are asking me to believe in purgatory—nothing less. You are asking me to contradict the Church’s teaching. Mary, you must compose yourself. You must wait till this excitement has passed away.”

“I can see by her eyes she did not sleep last night,” the doctor said, relieved. “We shall have her seeing visions too, if we don’t take care.”

“And, my dear Mary,” said the

vicar, "if you will think of it, it is derogatory to the dignity of the—of our dear friends who have passed away. How can we suppose that one of the blessed would come down from heaven, and walk about her own house, which she had just left, and show herself to a—to a—little child who had never seen her before."

"Impossible," said the doctor. "I told you so—a stranger—that had no connection with her; knew nothing about her—"

"Instead of," said the vicar, with a slight tremor, "making herself known, if that was permitted, to—to me, for example; or our friend here."

"That sounds reasonable, Mary," said Mrs. Bowyer; "don't you think so, my dear? If she had come to one of us, or to yourself, my darling, I should never have wondered, after all that has happened. But to this little child—"

"Whereas there is nothing more likely—more consonant with all the teachings of science—than that the little thing should have this hallucination, of which you ought never to have heard a word. You are the very last person—"

"That is true," said the vicar, "and all the associations of the place must be overwhelming. My dear, we must take her away with us. Mrs. Turner, I am sure, is very kind, but it cannot be good for Mary to be here."

"No, no! I never thought so," said Mrs. Bowyer; "I never intended—dear Mrs. Turner, we all appreciate your motives. I hope you will let us see much of you, and that we may become very good friends. But, Mary—it is her first grief, don't you know?" said the vicar's wife, with the tears in her eyes; "she has always been so much cared for, so much thought of all her life—and then all at once! You will not think that we misunderstand your kind motives; but it is more than she can bear. She made up her mind in a hurry without thinking. You must not be annoyed if we take her away."

Mrs. Turner had been looking from one to another while this dialogue went on. She said now, a little wounded, "I wished only to do what was kind; but, perhaps, I was thinking most of my own child. Miss Vivian must do what she thinks best."

"You are all kind—too kind," Mary cried; "but no one must say another word, please. Unless Mrs. Turner should send me away, until I know what this all means, it is my place to stay here."

IX.

It was Lady Mary who had come into the vicarage that afternoon when Mrs. Bowyer supposed some one had called. She wandered about to a great many places in these days, but always returned to the scenes in which her life had been passed, and where alone her work could be done, if it were done at all. She came in and listened while the tale of her own carelessness and heedlessness was told, and stood by while her favorite was taken to another woman's bosom for comfort, and heard everything and saw everything. She was used to it by this time: but to be nothing is hard, even when you are accustomed to it; and though she knew that they would not hear her, what could she do but cry out to them as she stood there unregarded? "Oh, have pity upon me!" Lady Mary said; and the pang in her heart was so great that the very atmosphere was stirred, and the air could scarcely contain her and the passion of her endeavor to make herself known, but thrilled like a harp-string to her cry. Mrs. Bowyer heard the jar and tingle in the inanimate world; but she thought only that it was some charitable visitor who had come in, and gone softly away again at the sound of tears.

And if Lady Mary could not make herself known to the poor cottagers who had loved her, or to the women who wept for her loss while they blamed her, how was she to reveal herself and her secret to the men who, if they had seen her, would have thought her a hallucination? Yes, she tried all, and even went a long journey over land and sea to visit the Earl who was her heir, and awake in him an interest in her child. And she lingered about all these people in the silence of the night, and tried to move them in dreams, since she could not move them waking. It is more easy for one who is no more of this world, to be seen and heard in sleep; for then those who are still in the flesh stand on the borders of the unseen, and

see and hear things which, waking, they do not understand. But alas! when they woke, this poor wanderer discovered that her friends remembered no more what she had said to them in their dreams.

Presently, however, when she found Mary re-established in her old home, in her own room, there came to her a new hope. For there is nothing in the world so hard to believe, or to be convinced of, as that no effort, no device, will ever make you known and visible to those you love. Lady Mary being little altered in her character, though so much in her being, still believed that if she could but find the way, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, all would be revealed and understood. She went to Mary's room with this new hope strong in her heart. When they were alone together, in that nest of comfort which she had herself made beautiful for her child—two hearts so full of thought for each other—what was there in earthly bonds which could prevent them from meeting? She went into the silent room, which was so familiar and dear, and waited like a mother long separated from her child, with a faint doubt trembling on the surface of her mind, yet a quaint joyful confidence underneath in the force of nature. A few words would be enough—a moment, and all would be right. And then she pleased herself with fancies of how, when that was done, she would whisper to her darling what has never been told to flesh and blood; and so go home proud, and satisfied, and happy in the accomplishment of all that she had hoped.

Mary came in with her candle in her hand, and closed the door between her and all external things. She looked round wistful with that strange consciousness which she had already experienced that some one was there. The other stood so close to her that the girl could not move without touching her. She held up her hands, imploring, to the child of her love. She called to her, "Mary, Mary!" putting her hands upon her, and gazed into her face with an intensity and anguish of eagerness which might have drawn the stars out of the sky. And a strange tumult was in Mary's bosom. She stood looking blankly round her, like one who is blind with open eyes, and saw nothing;

and strained her ears, like a deaf man, but heard nothing. All was silence, vacancy, an empty world about her. She sat down at her little table, with a heavy sigh. "The child can see her, but she will not come to me," Mary said, and wept.

Then Lady Mary turned away with a heart full of despair. She went quickly from the house, out into the night. The pang of her disappointment was so keen, that she could not endure it. She remembered what had been said to her in the place from whence she came, and how she had been entreated to be patient and wait. Oh, had she but waited and been patient! She sat down upon the ground, a soul forlorn, outside of life, outside of all things, lost in a world which had no place for her. The morn shone, but she made no shadow in it; the rain fell upon her, but did not hurt her; the little night-breeze blew without finding any resistance in her. She said to herself, "I have failed. What am I that I should do what they all said was impossible? It was my pride, because I have had my own way all my life. But now I have no way and no place on earth, and what I have to tell them will never, never be known. Oh my little Mary, a servant in her own house! And a word would make it right!—but never, never can she hear that word. I am wrong to say never; she will know when she is in heaven. She will not live to be old and foolish like me. She will go up there early, and then she will know. But I, what will become of me?—for I am nothing here, and I cannot go back to my own place."

A little moaning wind rose up suddenly in the middle of the dark night, and carried a faint wail, like the voice of some one lost, to the windows of the sleeping house. It woke the children, and Mary, who opened her eyes quickly in the dark, wondering if perhaps now the vision might come to her. But the vision had come when she could not see it, and now returned no more.

X.

On the other side, however, visions which had nothing sacred in them began to be heard of, and Connie's ghost, as it was called in the house, had various

vulgar effects. A housemaid became hysterical, and announced that she too had seen the lady, of whom she gave a description, exaggerated from Connie's, which all the household were ready to swear she had never heard. The lady, whom Connie had only seen passing, went to Betsy's room in the middle of the night, and told her, in a hollow and terrible voice, that she could not rest, opening a series of communications by which it was evident all the secrets of the unseen world would soon be disclosed. And following upon this, there came a sort of panic in the house—noises were heard in various places, sounds of footsteps pacing, and of a long robe sweeping about the passages; and Lady Mary's costume, and the head-dress which was so peculiar, which all her friends had recognized in Connie's description, grew into something portentous under the heavier hand of the foot-boy and the kitchen-maid. Mrs. Prentiss, who had remained as a special favor to the new people, was deeply indignant and outraged by this treatment of her mistress. She appealed to Mary with mingled anger and tears.

"I would have sent the hussy away at an hour's notice, if I had the power in my hands," she cried; "but, Miss Mary, it is easily seen who is a real lady and who is not. Mrs. Turner interferes herself in everything, though she likes it to be supposed that she has a house-keeper."

"Dear Prentiss, you must not say Mrs. Turner is not a lady. She has far more delicacy of feeling than many ladies," cried Mary.

"Yes Miss Mary, dear, I allow that she is very nice to you; but who could help that? and to hear my lady's name—that might have her faults, but who was far above anything of the sort—in every mouth, and her costume, that they don't know how to describe, and to think that *she* would go and talk to the like of Betsy Barnes about what is on her mind! I think sometimes I shall break my heart, or else throw up my place, Miss Mary," Prentiss said, with tears.

"Oh, don't do that; oh, don't leave me, Prentiss!" Mary said, with an involuntary cry of dismay.

"Not if you mind, not if you mind,

dear," the housekeeper cried. And then she drew close to the young lady with an anxious look. "You haven't seen anything?" she said. "That would be only natural, Miss Mary. I could well understand she couldn't rest in her grave—if she came and told it all to you."

"Prentiss, be silent," cried Mary; "that ends everything between you and me if you say such a word. There has been too much said already—oh, far too much! as if I only loved her for what she was to leave me."

"I did not mean that, dear," said Prentiss; "but—"

"There is no but; and everything she did was right," the girl cried with vehemence. She shed hot and bitter tears over this wrong which all her friends did to Lady Mary's memory. "I am *glad* it was so," she said to herself when she was alone, with youthful extravagance. "I am glad it was so; for now no one can think that I loved her for anything but herself."

The household, however, was agitated by all these rumors and inventions. Alice, Connie's elder sister, declined to sleep any longer in that which began to be called the haunted room. She, too, began to think she saw something, she could not tell what, gliding out of the room as it began to get dark, and to hear sighs and moans in the corridors. The servants, who all wanted to leave, and the villagers, who avoided the grounds after nightfall, spread the rumor far and near that the house was haunted.

XI.

In the mean time Connie herself was silent, and said no more of the Lady. Her attachment to Mary grew into one of those visionary passions which little girls so often form for young women. She followed her so-called governess wherever she went, hanging upon her arm when she could, holding her dress when no other hold was possible—following her everywhere, like her shadow. The vicarage, jealous and annoyed at first, and all the neighbors indignant too, to see Mary metamorphosed into a dependent of the city family, held out as long as possible against the good-nature of Mrs. Turner, and were revolted by

the spectacle of this child claiming poor Mary's attention wherever she moved. But by and by all these strong sentiments softened, as was natural. The only real drawback was, that amid all these agitations Mary lost her bloom. She began to droop and grow pale under the observation of the watchful doctor, who had never been otherwise than dissatisfied with the new position of affairs, and betook himself to Mrs. Bowyer for sympathy and information. "Did you ever see a girl so fallen off?" he said. "Fallen off, doctor! I think she is prettier and prettier every day." "Oh," the poor man cried, with a strong breathing of impatience, "you ladies think of nothing but prettiness! was I talking of prettiness? She must have lost a stone since she went back there. It is all very well to laugh," the doctor added, growing red with suppressed anger, "but I can tell you that is the true test. That little Connie Turner is as well as possible; she has handed over her nerves to Mary Vivian. I wonder now if she ever talks to you on that subject."

"Who? little Connie?"

"Of course I mean Miss Vivian, Mrs. Bowyer. Don't you know the village is all in a tremble about the ghost at the Great House?"

"Oh, yes, I know; and it is very strange. I can't help thinking, doctor—"

"We had better not discuss that subject. Of course I don't put a moment's faith in any such nonsense. But girls are full of fancies. I want you to find out for me whether she has begun to think she sees anything. She looks like it; and if something isn't done she will soon do so, if not now."

"Then you do think there is something to see," said Mrs. Bowyer, clasping her hands; "that has always been my opinion: what so natural—?"

"As that Lady Mary, the greatest old aristocrat in the world, should come and make private revelations to Betsy Barnes, the under housemaid—?" said the doctor, with a sardonic grin.

"I don't mean that, doctor; but if she could not rest in her grave, poor old lady—"

"You think then, my dear," said the vicar, "that Lady Mary, our old

friend, who was as young in her mind as any of us, lies body and soul in that old dark hole of a vault?"

"How you talk, Francis! what can a woman say between you horrid men? I say if she couldn't rest—wherever she is—because of leaving Mary destitute, it would be only natural—and I should think the more of her for it," Mrs. Bowyer cried.

The vicar had a gentle professional laugh over the confusion of his wife's mind. But the doctor took the matter more seriously. "Lady Mary is safely buried and done with. I am not thinking of her," he said; "but I am thinking of Mary Vivian's senses, which will not stand this much longer. Try and find out from her if she sees anything: if she has come to that, whatever she says we must have her out of there."

But Mrs. Bowyer had nothing to report when this conclave of friends met again. Mary would not allow that she had seen anything. She grew paler every day, her eyes grew larger, but she made no confession. And Connie bloomed and grew, and met no more old ladies upon the stairs.

XII.

The days passed on, and no new event occurred in this little history. It came to be summer—balmy and green—and everything around the old house was delightful, and its beautiful rooms became more pleasant than ever in the long days and soft brief nights. Fears of the Earl's return and of the possible end of the Turner's tenancy began to disturb the household, but no one so much as Mary, who felt herself to cling as she had never done before to the old house. She had never got over the impression that a secret presence, revealed to no one else, was continually near her, though she saw no one. And her health was greatly affected by this visionary double life.

This was the state of affairs on a certain soft wet day when the family were all within doors. Connie had exhausted all her means of amusement in the morning. When the afternoon came, with its long, dull, uneventful hours, she had nothing better to do than to fling herself upon Miss Vivian, upon whom she had a special claim. She came to Mary's

room, disturbing the strange quietude of that place, and amused herself looking over all the trinkets and ornaments that were to be found there, all of which were associated to Mary with her godmother. Connie tried on the bracelets and brooches which Mary in her deep mourning had not worn, and asked a hundred questions. The answer which had to be so often repeated, "That was given to me by my godmother," at last called forth the child's remark, "How fond your godmother must have been of you, Miss Vivian! she seems to have given you everything—"

"Everything!" cried Mary, with a full heart.

"And yet they all say she was not kind enough," said little Connie—"what do they mean by that? for you seem to love her very much still, though she is dead. Can one go on loving people when they are dead?"

"Oh yes, and better than ever," said Mary; "for often you do not know how you loved them, or what they were to you, till they are gone away."

Connie gave her governess a hug and said, "Why did not she leave you all her money, Miss Vivian? everybody says she was wicked and unkind to die without—"

"My dear," cried Mary, "do not repeat what ignorant people say, because it is not true."

"But mamma said it, Miss Vivian."

"She does not know, Connie—you must not say it. I will tell your mamma she must not say it; for nobody can know so well as I do—and it is not true—"

"But they say," cried Connie, "that that is why she can't rest in her grave. You must have heard. Poor old lady, they say she cannot rest in her grave because—"

Mary seized the child in her arms with a pressure that hurt Connie. "You must not! you must not!" she cried, with a sort of panic. Was she afraid that some one might hear? She gave Connie a hurried kiss, and turned her face away, looking out into the vacant room. "It is not true! it is not true!" she cried with a great excitement and horror as if to stay a wound. "She was always good, and like an angel to me. She is with the

angels. She is with God. She cannot be disturbed by anything—anything! Oh let us never say, or think, or imagine!" Mary cried. Her cheeks burned, her eyes were full of tears. It seemed to her that something of wonder and anguish and dismay was in the room round her—as if some one unseen had heard a bitter reproach, an accusation undeserved, which must wound to the very heart.

Connie struggled a little in that too tight hold. "Are you frightened, Miss Vivian? what are you frightened for? No one can hear; and if you mind it so much, I will never say it again."

"You must never, never say it again. There is nothing I mind so much," Mary said.

"Oh!" said Connie, with mild surprise. Then as Mary's hold relaxed, she put her arms round her beloved companion's neck. "I will tell them all you don't like it. I will tell them they must not— Oh!" cried Connie again, in a quick astonished voice. She clutched Mary round the neck, returning the violence of the grasp which had hurt her, and with her other hand pointed to the door. "The lady! the lady! Oh, come and see where she is going!" Connie cried.

Mary felt as if the child in her vehemence lifted her from her seat. She had no sense that her own limbs or her own will carried her in the impetuous rush with which Connie flew. The blood mounted to her head. She felt a heat and throbbing as if her spine were on fire. Connie, holding by her skirts, pushing her on, went along the corridor to the other door, now deserted, of Lady Mary's room. "There, there! don't you see her? She is going in," the child cried, and rushed on, clinging to Mary, dragging her on, her light hair streaming, her little white dress waving.

Lady Mary's room was unoccupied and cold—cold, though it was summer, with the chill that rests in uninhabited apartments. The blinds were drawn down over the windows; a sort of blank whiteness, grayness, was in the place, which no one ever entered. The child rushed on with eager gestures, crying "Look! look!" turning her lively head from side to side. Mary, in a still and passive expectation, seeing nothing,

looking mechanically where Connie told her to look, moving like a creature in a dream, against her will, followed. There was nothing to be seen. The blank, the vacancy went to her heart. She no longer thought of Connie or her vision. She felt the emptiness with a desolation such as she had never felt before. She loosed her arm with something like impatience from the child's close clasp. For months she had not entered the room which was associated with so much of her life. Connie and her cries and warnings passed from her mind like the stir of a bird or a fly. Mary felt herself alone with her dead, alone with her life, with all that had been and that never could be again. Slowly, without knowing what she did, she sank upon her knees. She raised her face in the blank of desolation about her to the unseen heaven. Unseen ! unseen ! whatever we may do. God above us, and those who have gone from us, and He who has taken them, who has redeemed them, who is ours and theirs, our only hope ; but all unseen, unseen, concealed as much by the blue skies as by the dull blank of that roof. Her heart ached and cried into the unknown. "O God," she cried, "I do not know where she is, but Thou art everywhere. O God, let her know that I have never blamed her, never wished it otherwise, never ceased to love her, and thank her, and bless her. God ! God !" cried Mary, with a great and urgent cry, as if it were a man's name. She knelt there for a moment before her senses failed her, her eyes shining as if they would burst from their sockets, her lips dropping apart, her countenance like marble—

XIII.

"And *She* was standing there all the time," said Connie, crying and telling her little tale after Mary had been carried away—"standing with her hand upon that cabinet, looking and looking, oh, as if she wanted to say something and couldn't. Why couldn't she, mamma ? Oh, Mr. Bowyer, why couldn't she, if she wanted so much ? Why wouldn't God let her speak ?"

XIV.

Mary had a long illness, and hovered

on the verge of death. She said a great deal in her wanderings about some one who had looked at her. "For a moment, a moment," she would cry ; "only a moment ! and I had so much to say." But as she got better nothing was said to her about this face she had seen. And perhaps it was only the suggestion of some feverish dream. She was taken away, and was a long time getting up her strength ; and in the mean time the Turners insisted that the drains should be thoroughly seen to, which were not at all in a perfect state. And the Earl coming to see the place, took a fancy to it, and determined to keep it in his own hands. He was a friendly person, and his ideas of decoration were quite different from those of his grandmother. He gave away a great deal of her old furniture, and sold the rest.

Among the articles given away was the Italian cabinet which the vicar had always had a fancy for ; and naturally it had not been in the vicarage a day before the boys insisted on finding out the way of opening the secret drawer. And there the paper was found in the most natural way, without any trouble or mystery at all.

XV.

They all gathered to see the wanderer coming back. She was not as she had been when she went away. Her face, which had been so easy, was worn with trouble ; her eyes were deep with things unspeakable. Pity and knowledge were in the lines which time had not made. It was a great event in that place to see one come back who did not come by the common way. She was received by the great officer who had given her permission to go, and her companions who had received her at the first all came forward, wondering, to hear what she had to say : because it only occurs to those wanderers who have gone back to earth of their own will to return when they have accomplished what they wished, or it is judged above that there is nothing possible more. Accordingly the question was on all their lips, "You have set the wrong right—you have done what you desired ?"

"Oh," she said, stretching out her hands, "how well one is in one's own

place! how blessed to be at home! I have seen the trouble and sorrow in the earth till my heart is sore, and sometimes I have been near to die."

"But that is impossible," said the man who had loved her.

"If it had not been impossible, I should have died," she said. "I have stood among people who loved me, and they have not seen me nor known me, nor heard my cry. I have been outcast from all life, for I belonged to none. I have longed for you all, and my heart has failed me. Oh how lonely it is in the world when you are a wanderer, and can be known of none—"

"You were warned," said he who was in authority, "that it was more bitter than death."

"What is death?" she said. And no one made any reply. Neither did any one venture to ask her again whether she had been successful in her mission. But at last, when the warmth of her ap-

pointed home had melted the ice about her heart, she smiled once more and spoke.

"The little children knew me; they were not afraid of me; they held out their arms. And God's dear and innocent creatures—" She wept a few tears, which were sweet after the ice-tears she had shed upon the earth. And then some one, more bold than the rest, asked again, "And did you accomplish what you wished?"

She had come to herself by this time, and the dark lines were melting from her face. "I am forgiven," she said, with a low cry of happiness. "She whom I wronged loves me and blessed me; and we saw each other face to face. I know nothing more."

"There is no more," said all together. For everything is included in pardon and love.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

TRAGEDY IN JAPAN.

BY FRANK ABELL.

THE Japanese have been well called the "French of the East" for not only do they resemble the French in their Epicurean views of life, in their love of pleasure and fun, in their impulsive, enthusiastic, and too often unstable character, in their politeness, in their glad seizure of any excuse for display, festival, and holiday, but in the almost morbid attraction which the Tragic has for them. Just the same taste which leads Frenchmen to load their picture galleries with martyrdoms, murders, and scenes of bloodshed, which attracts them in crowds to the peep-show of horrors, which sends women and children through the doors of the Morgue from morning till night, is found predominant in the character of the Japanese, who are at once the most homely and the most tragedy-loving of Oriental peoples.

So it is not surprising to find that Tragedy occupies such a prominent position in the popular national drama. The *lever de rideau*—generally a farce of the very broadest description—causes laughter and shouts of applause, but the audi-

ence do not settle themselves down to the business of the evening until the green cloth curtain is drawn aside for the first scene of the Tragedy. "The Ink-smearing," the "Malicious Fox Kettle," are all very well, but for real enjoyment give the habitual Japanese playgoer a genuine blood-and-thunder piece like the "Forty-seven Ronins," or the "Story of Sendai."

So while the actors are busily painting and tiring themselves—(there are no actresses in Japan, or were not until comparatively recently)—let us take a look at the theatre itself.

Outwardly there is nothing to distinguish it from a bath-house or a public office but the long strips of wood over the doorway, painted with the actors' names, and the banners of cloth emblazoned with the fantastic emblems of the histrionic art. We pass through a wicket and find ourselves in a large square hall hung with festoons of many-colored lanterns and strips of pictured drapery, and divided pretty much according to the European principle of pit, boxes, and

gallery; the only difference, of course, being that a Japanese audience squats upon mats and makes no use of chairs and seats. From the stage through the midst of the pit to the back of the house runs an elevated platform called the "Hana Michi," or Flower Path, which is used for processions, the entry of crowds, and for feats of juggling and other diversions to occupy the intervals between the acts.

The orchestra (save the mark!) occupy a suspended box at the side of the proscenium, and here they vex the European ear with performances on the "samisen," the "koto," drums, cymbals of metal and wood, fifes and flutes. The stage proper is circular, and by an ingenious arrangement of machinery beneath revolves on its axis, one half of it only being occupied by the scene in operation, the other by the next scene, so that there is none of that pulling and hauling and delay familiar to us at every change of scene. In the regions beyond the stage are the dressing-rooms: separate cells for the principal actors, one long gallery for the subordinates, the carpenters' rooms, property rooms, painting rooms, which we shall explore presently, in spite of an atmosphere of which Cologne or any little Norman town might be proud. The first piece has ended, the due interval has elapsed, and a hideous fantasia on the gong announces that the Tragedy is about to commence.

The theatre is crowded; every one is smoking, laughing, chattering, and sipping tea—(no old Japanese playgoer ever visits the theatre without his own teapot)—but one cannot repress a shudder as one looks around at the flimsy wooden structure with its fluttering decorations, beholds pipes being knocked out and paper lanterns swinging in the draught, and imagines what a real tragedy there would be in case of fire. When a Japanese theatre does catch fire, half or a quarter of the town generally goes with it, and the sacrifice of human life is never known.

At a final bang of the gong, the green curtain is drawn aside from the two wings; the last urchins who have been gambolling on the stage scramble into their places; the orchestra strikes up a hideous discord; the human footlights—men veiled in black and holding long bam-

boos, at the ends of which are fastened tallow candles, which require constant snuffing and smell horribly—creep into their places, and the piece commences.

If we wanted to make out the plot of the play, we should be obliged to come here for another two nights at least, for Japanese plays are of inordinate length, sometimes occupying a week in representation, and the curtain is drawn every night precisely at half-past eleven o'clock, even in the midst of a speech or a scene. But as we are only here as curious visitors, and do not understand one word of the dialogue, it does not much matter. It appears, however, that a young Samourai has made a match with a girl of the people, greatly to the disgust of his own friends and of the girl's, and matters are aggravated by the fact that the damsel is already betrothed to some one else. At any rate, there is a great deal of "talkee talkee" at the opening between the youth and the girl; the youth speaking with natural emphasis and intonation accompanied by much gesticulation and contortion of visage, the girl—a young man with a Japanese-fan style of face—whining her sentences out in that shrill monotone without punctuation or accentuation which is the orthodox dramatic representation of the voice of the gentle sex in Japan.

The scenery is very effective, the action of the play opening in the courtyard of a temple at night, the moon shining behind and shedding a weird light over a thick bank of foliage, the stone lanterns, and the quaint roof of the building.

We have not to wait long for either the blood or the thunder; the moon disappears behind a gauze cloud, and the only light given is that by the animated lamps before alluded to, who are dreadfully in the way but who are evidently regarded as indispensable adjuncts. A dark figure is seen creeping through the foliage; the hero listens and claps his hand to his sword; the girl delivers herself of some extraordinary gutturals expressive of alarm; the would-be assassin springs forward to the accompaniment of a tremendous clapping made on the stage by two individuals at the wings armed with pieces of flat wood. The sword of the young Samourai is whisked from its sheath, twinkles in the air for a moment, descends upon the unfortunate

intruder, who cuts a somersault in the air and conveys himself away behind a black sheet borne by two stage helps, while a gong booms forth and the thunder groans and rattles. The young man indulges in a few horrible grimaces, mutters "Sa sa—sa sa sa," wipes his sword deliberately, and points to the pool of blood on the stage amid the yells and shrieks of the audience—yells and shrieks which represent our modern "Kentish fire."

Presently a young warrior swaggers up the "Flower Path" through the midst of the audience. He is evidently a popular favorite, for the crowd greet him with cries of "Takashimaya!" The grimaces of our Samourai at the sight of this newcomer are perfectly frightful to behold, in fact we could hardly believe even a Japanese face to be capable of being so thoroughly twisted and contorted. The grimaces are not those of pleasure and welcome, so we draw the inference that this is the heroine's *fiancé*, especially as she shrieks and gets behind her husband. There is a long exchange of sentences, which gradually culminate into what a schoolboy would call a "jolly row"; the bamboo clappers at the wings are incessant, the thunder growls, the young Samourai makes a dart at his foe, the latter whistles, and from all parts come in a motley crowd of coolies armed with bamboos, yelling, shrieking, and gesticulating like madmen. The Samourai is evidently going to have a bad time of it, for they surround him with uplifted sticks, and he works himself slowly back with his sword drawn; the sticks quiver in the air, when a tremendous hubbub is heard, a gentleman in full armor followed by a retinue of warriors enters—probably the hero's father—and amid a burst from the orchestra, more bell-booming, thunder-rolling, and bamboo-clapping, the green curtain is drawn across, and scene one is ended. There is a general rising among the audience; boys rush on to the stage and peep under the curtain; the smoke from a hundred pipes fills the air; orange and sweetmeat sellers do a roaring trade; portly citizens go out to get fresh air; thirsty gentlemen go out for a cup of "saki" at the tea-house next door; waitresses from the innumerable restaurants which always surround a Japanese

theatre hand in trays of stewed eels, fried fish, eggs and rice to the occupants of the boxes who are too dignified to go out; every one chatters and laughs and flutters fans, eats, drinks, and smokes, and the curious scene is one of genuine, unadulterated popular enjoyment.

We wend our way along the narrow passage behind the boxes, and, ascending a steep ladder, find ourselves in the actor's dressing-room. Here they are, knights and coolies, priests and damsels, animated foot-lights, members of the orchestra, squatting on mats, the actors before looking-glasses painting their faces, arranging their hair, fitting their costumes, the others talking, laughing, chaffing, sipping tea and smoking. They are a genial jovial set, these Japanese actors; ready to give any information, proud of any attention, and especially proud of having their portraits transferred to our sketch-books. With the great wrestlers they share public popularity, and the proudest nobles of the old *régime* felt no loss of dignity in inviting a famous actor to their castles, while the high salaries they draw allow them to lead a life of considerable *otium cum dignitate* during their leisure time.

We sit here chatting and laughing until the gong below announces the opening of the second scene. While we have been away the public has been amused with the gambols and tricks of a company of jugglers and acrobats, and put into thoroughly good humor by showers of presents distributed from the "Flower Path."

"Now you'll see some bloodshed," says our cicerone as we seat ourselves in our box.

The curtain is drawn aside, and a really effective and picturesque scene is displayed. Half of it represents the interior of a tea-house, the other half a winter night scene. There is thick snow on the ground, on the bushes, on the gate, while a vigorous shower of paper snow is descending from above. Our young Samourai enters. He has evidently been in difficulties, for his face is haggard, his hair unkempt, his clothes soiled and torn. He "comes down," presents us with a variety of grimaces and gutturals: slowly draws forth his Muramasa blade, examines it closely, apparently apostrophizes it, puts a rag

round his hand to enable him to get a fair grip of the hilt, opens the sliding door, and peers forth into the night. The silence in the house is breathless, and every face is bent on the actor as earnestly as if a grave national crisis were impending.

There is a movement among the bushes. Our hero starts, slowly shuts the door, bares his arms, utters a few gutturals, makes a few faces, and stands ready.

Amid a shower of snow a figure comes through the hedge, followed by others. The first man taps at the door, listens for an answer, and, hearing none, enters with the accompanying clap of the bamboos, starts at seeing our hero, who rushes to the door and bolts it. The other men, hearing this, dash themselves at the frail obstacle, break through it, and burst into the tea-house. Surely all is over with our young friend now, we think. Not so: the Japanese playwright does not allow his hero to be disposed of in the second scene out of perhaps fifty; there will be some shamle work now, you may depend upon that, especially as the young man is armed with a sword, and his opponents whose aim is to take him alive, have but thick bamboo poles. The first man advances on our hero; there is a blow and a parry or two, the Samourai makes a sweeping "number five" cut at the man's head; the fellow holds up his bamboo, the blade cleaves through it, and a deluge of blood pours over his face and shoulders. He cuts the orthodox somersault, and glides away behind the black cloth. Number two advances; our young man is ready for him, and at a swoop cuts off his hand. Immediately from a hole in the stage appears a human hand, convulsive and clutching exactly as if it had been cut off. The other men advance in turn. One loses a leg—a huge bleeding leg being rolled on to the stage. Another is cleft in twain through the head, and the audience shriek with delight as they behold a human trunk with a side of the head flapping down on each shoulder lying on the stage; a third is cut clean in half; a fourth loses an arm, at any rate the whole crew are disposed of each in his turn, each one cutting the conventional somersault in token of being killed.

By this time, of course, our hero is like a butcher, and the stage like a slaughter-house; he is faint, as well he may be, and staggers to and fro among the mangled remains of his foes; the audience are delighted, for this is just what they came to see, and yells of approbation greet the actor as he staggers down the "Flower Path" presumably to look for more foemen. And so the piece proceeds; here and there a scene of bloodshed, here and there a long, dismal scene of "talkee talkee."

That there is much force in Japanese tragic acting cannot be denied; the actors throw themselves heart and soul into their parts, and from the highest to the lowest all are "word perfect," such an occurrence as a hitch being almost unknown. But the greatest praise must be given to the scenic effects and the stage tricks; scenic effects and stage tricks with which the Japanese profession has been conversant for hundreds of years, for they are essentially conservative in at least their dramatic instincts, and the plays which command the greatest favor and applause are those which have been handed down from remote ages. To this there is one exception—the famous tragedy of the "Forty-seven Rôlins," written about one hundred and fifty years ago and made familiar to English readers by Mr. Mitford in his "Tales of Old Japan." The quaint quiet burial-place of these forty-seven heroes may yet be seen at Takanawa in the city of Yedo, and is revered as much by the inhabitants of the capital as the play founded upon the story is admired.

Changes, no doubt, have taken place in the Japanese national drama, as in everything else, since the writer was last in a Japanese theatre some nine years ago. Gas was about to be substituted for the old familiar animated footlights; women were announced to take parts; foreign influences were beginning to creep in in the shape of sarcastic farces on the manners and peculiarities of Western nations, but it is very much to be doubted if any amount of innovation can entirely root from the popular mind their allegiance to the old historic forms of drama with their accompaniment of horrors and what seem to us absurdities.—*Belgravia*.

THE SOUDAN AND ITS FUTURE.

BY SIR SAMUEL WHITE BAKER.

"WHAT is the Soudan?" is a question that has frequently been asked since the recent calamity has diverted public attention from the usual course and concentrated all interest upon that distant region. "Is the Soudan worth keeping?" "Why not give it up?" are remarks that have not been uncommon since the overwhelming disaster which has befallen the army under the command of General Hicks.

I shall endeavor to reply to these questions, and to explain the actual condition of those provinces which are included in the general term "Soudan."

The great lake Victoria N'yanza, discovered by the late Captain Speke, is 3400 feet above the sea level—beneath the Equator. The Albert N'yanza is 2700 feet; Gondokoro, 2000 feet; Khartum, 1200 feet, in latitude $15^{\circ} 34'$. The general altitude of the country in the equatorial regions above the two great lakes is about 4000 feet.

Accepting the Albert N'yanza as the general reservoir, from the northern extremity, latitude $2^{\circ} 15'$, the Nile issues to commence its course from an altitude of 2700 feet above the sea level. We therefore discover a fall of 700 feet in a course of about 200 miles, influenced by a succession of cataracts and rapids—while from Gondokoro, latitude $4^{\circ} 54'$, in a winding channel of about 1,400 miles, the fall is about 800 feet to Khartum—or nearly seven inches per mile—a navigable river throughout, with a stream that hardly averages a speed of three miles per hour.

Before the White Nile annexation, the Soudan was accepted in a vague and unsatisfactory definition as representing everything south of the first cataract at Assonan without any actual limitation—but the extension of Egyptian territory to the Equator has increased the value of the term, and the word Soudan, now embraces the whole of that vast region which comprises the deserts of Nubia, Libya, the ancient Meroe, Dongola, Kordofan, Darfur, Senaar, and the entire Nile Basin, bordered on the east

by Abyssinia, and elsewhere by doubtful frontiers. The Red Sea upon the east alone confines the Egyptian limit to an unquestionable line.

Wherever the rainfall is regular, the country is immensely fertile, therefore the Soudan may be divided into two portions—the great deserts which are beyond the rainy zone, and consequently arid, and the southern provinces within that zone, which are capable of great agricultural development.

As the river Nile runs from south to north from an elevation of 3400 feet until it meets the Mediterranean at the Rosetta and Damietta mouths, it flows through the rainy zone to which it owes its birth, and subsequently streams onward through the 1200 miles of sands north of the Atbara River, which is the last tributary throughout its desert course.

Including the bends of this mighty Nile, a distance is traversed of about 3300 miles from the Victoria N'yanza to the Mediterranean; the whole of this region throughout its passage is now included in the name "Soudan."

The thirty-two degrees of latitude intersected by the Nile must of necessity exhibit great changes in temperature and general meteorological conditions.

The comparatively small area of the Egyptian Delta is the natural result of inundations upon the lower level, which by spreading the waters have thereby slackened the current, and allowed a sufficient interval for the deposit of the surcharged mud. That fertilizing alluvium has been brought down from the rich lands of Meroe and portions of Abyssinia by the Atbara River and its tributaries, the Salaam, Angrab, and the greater stream Settite. All those rivers cut through a large area of deep soil, through which in the course of ages they have excavated valleys of great depth; and in some places of more than two miles width. The cubic contents of these enormous cuttings have been delivered upon the low lands of Egypt at the period of inundations.

The Blue Nile, which effects a junc-

tion with the White Nile at Khartum in N. latitude $15^{\circ} 34'$ is also a mud carrier, but not to the same extent as the Atbara. The White Nile on the contrary, is of lacustrine origin, and conveys no mud, but the impurity of its waters is caused by an excess of vegetable matter suspended in the finest particles, and exhibiting beneath the microscope minute globules of green matter, which have the appearance of germs. When the two rivers meet at the Khartum junction, the water of the Blue Nile, which contains lime, appears to coagulate the albuminous matter in that of the White Nile, which becomes too heavy to remain in suspension; it therefore precipitates, and forms a deposit, after which the true Nile, formed by a combination of the two rivers, becomes wholesome, and remains comparatively clear until it meets the muddy Atbara, in latitude $17^{\circ} 40'$. The Sobat River in N. latitude $9^{\circ} 21'$ is a most important tributary, supposed to have its sources in the southern portion of the Galla country. All these powerful streams exhibit a uniform system of drainage from south-east to north-west. The only affluent upon the west is the Bahr Ghazal in latitude $9^{\circ} 20'$, but that river is quite unimportant as a contributor to the great volume of the Nile.

The rainy zone extends to about 15° North latitude, but the rainfall is dependent upon peculiarities of elevation, and physical conditions of localities.

Wherever the rainfall is dependable, the natural fertility of the soil is at once exhibited by enormous crops, in the neighborhood of villages, where alone a regular system of cultivation is pursued.

The gentle slope from the Equator to the Mediterranean—from the Victoria N'yanza source of the Nile 3400 feet in a course of about the same number of miles—may be divided into two portions by almost halving the thirty-two degrees of latitude in a direct line. Fifteen will include the rainy zone north of the Equator, and the remaining seventeen to Alexandria comprise the vast deserts which are devoid of water.

The enormous extent of burning sand which separates the fertile portion of the

Soudan from Lower Egypt would, in the absence of the camel, be like an ocean devoid of vessels, and the deserts would be a barrier absolutely impassable by man. Nature has arranged the various fauna according to the requirements and conditions of the earth's surface; we, therefore, possess the camel as the only animal that can with impunity support a thirst that will enable it to traverse great distances without the necessity of water. This invaluable creature will travel during the hottest months a distance of 120 miles with a load of 400 lbs., without drinking upon the journey until the fourth day. It is necessary that before starting, the camel shall drink its fill. This may be in the evening of Monday. It will then travel thirty miles a day, and by Friday P. M. it will have completed four days, or 120 miles, and will require water. A certain amount of dhurra (sorghum vulgare) must be given during a forced march, as the animal will have no time to graze upon the scanty herbage of the desert.

The desert of Korosko is 230 miles across to Abou Hamed, and this journey is performed in seven days, the camels drinking once only upon the road at the bitter wells of Mourâhd. Horses can be taken across such deserts only through the aid of camels, which transport the water required for the less enduring animals.

Although the camel is apparently indigenous to the African and Arabian deserts, it is a curious fact that we have never heard of such an animal in a state of Nature. Not even the ancient writers mention the camel as existing in a wild state in any portion of the globe. In this we find an exception to all other animals, whose original progenitors may be discovered in occupation of those wild haunts from which they must have been captured to become domesticated.

As the camel is the only means of communication between the Soudan and Lower Egypt, we at once recognize the reality of separation effected by the extent of desert, which reduces the value of those distant provinces to nil, until some more general means of transport shall be substituted.

The fertile provinces of the Soudan, irrespective of the White Nile margin, are those between the Atbara River and the

Blue Nile, in addition to all those lands between Cassala and Gallabat, together with the country traversed by the rivers Rahad and Dinder, opposite Senaar. The latter province between the Blue and the White Niles is the Granary of Khartum.

It is well known that the Soudan was annexed by Mehemet Ali Pacha, grandfather of the ex-Khedive Ismail Pacha, and by a stern rule the discordant elements of rival Arab tribes were reduced to order.

Khartum, at the confluence of the Blue and White Niles, became the capital, and Shendy, Berber, and Dongola represented towns of importance upon the river margin. Souakim and Massawa were ports upon the Red Sea, well adapted for commercial outlets. Cassala was fortified, and became the strategic point in Taka near the Abyssinian frontier. Gallabat, which was an Abyssinian town at the date of my visit in 1861, was subsequently added to Egyptian rule. In 1869—1875, the Khepive Ismail Pacha annexed the entire Nile Basin to the Equator.

This enormous territory comprises a great variety of tribes. Those north of the Equator to the Blue Nile are more or less of the negro type, but the deserts are peopled by Arabs of distinct origin, some of whom arrived as conquerors from the east coast of the Red Sea at a period so remote that authority is merely legendary.

The inhabitants of Dongola possess a language of their own, while all other Arab tribes, excepting the Haddendowas, speak Arabic. The deserts from Cairo to the Blue Nile comprise the following tribes: Bedouins, Bishareens, Haddendowas, Jahleens, Dabainas, Shookeereaks, Beni Amers, Kunanas, Rufars, Hamadas, Hamrans, Halhongas, and Abbabdiehs. The west borders of the Nile contain the Bagaras, Kabbabeesh, Dongolawas, and some others. All these people were well in hand, and subservient to the Egyptian Government within my knowledge of the country from 1861 to 1874.

The White Nile tribes from Khartum to the Equator, including the inhabitants of Darfur and Kordofan, are beyond enumeration.

The occupations of these various races

depend mainly upon the conditions of their localities. Those lands which are well watered by a periodical rainfall, are cultivated with dhurra (sorghum), samé, cotton, and a variety of native produce; while the desert Arabs are mainly employed in pastoral pursuits, breeding camels, sheep, goats, and cattle, which they exchange for the necessary cereals.

It may be readily imagined that an immense area of wild desert is required for the grazing of such flocks and herds. The stunted shrubs, and the scant herbage which are found within the hollows, where the water from an occasional thunderstorm has concentrated, and given sustenance to a wiry vegetation, are quickly devoured by the hungry animals that rove over the barren wilderness.

The Arabs must continually move their camps in search of fresh pasturage, and the sufferings of the half-starved beasts are intensified by the distance from water which of necessity increases as they wander farther from the wells. I have seen many places where the cattle drink only upon alternate days, and must then march twenty miles to the watering-place. I have always considered that the Arabs are nomadic from necessity, and not from an instinctive desire to wander, and that a supply of water for irrigation would attract them to settle permanently as cultivators of the soil. There are certain seasons when it becomes imperative to remove the cattle from rich lands into the sandy deserts, at the approach of the periodical rains, to avoid the mud, and more especially to escape from the dreaded scourge, the fly; but an exodus of the camels and stock, together with their attendants, would not affect those who remained behind to cultivate corn and cotton during the favorable time.

The fertile area of the Soudan north of the Blue Nile is almost unlimited, but there cannot be any practical development until the means of transport shall be provided. At the present moment there would be no possibility of extending the area of cultivation with a view to export, as the supply of camels would be insufficient for the demand. In 1873, Moomtaz Pacha, an energetic Circassian, was Governor of Soudan, and he insisted that every vil-

lage should cultivate a certain amount of cotton in proportion to the population; this was simply experimental. The quantity produced was so extraordinary that the camel owners seized the opportunity to strike for higher rates, as they well knew the absolute necessity of crop-time. An immense amount of cotton remained ungathered, and fell upon the ground like snow, as the unfortunate cultivators had no means of conveying it to market. Moomtaz Pacha was declared to be insane, but on the contrary he had proved the great producing power of the soil and population, though at the same time he had demonstrated the utter futility of agricultural extension until railway communication should insure the means of transport.

The Soudan must be regarded in the light of a rich country to which there is practically no access. It would be of the greatest value if developed by modern engineering, but it will remain as a millstone upon the neck of Egypt unless such means of transport are encouraged without delay.

There is probably no other country so eminently adapted for the cultivation of cotton as the Soudan. The soil is extremely rich; the climate is perfection, as there is a perfect dryness in the atmosphere, which during the process of ripening and gathering is indispensable, the cotton can be dried, cleaned, and packed without a moment's hindrance from adverse weather; and, were railway communication established to Souakim, the crop would be shipped direct to Liverpool within three weeks by steamer.

The cultivation of flax and hemp is entirely neglected, but these valuable commodities could be produced to any extent upon the fat soil bordering the Atbara River, between Sofi and Kadarif.

In England we are so fully occupied with the affairs of every day life, and our food supply is delivered with such unbroken regularity, that few persons consider the danger of a sudden interruption that would be caused during a time of war in which we might be ourselves engaged. We are a hungry nation, dependent upon foreign shores for our supply of wheat, and our statesmen should devote particular attention to insure that supply under any circum-

stances; otherwise the democratic power which they are about to raise will be exerted in a manner that may surprise the Ministers of the day, when the high price of wheat shall have doubled the cost of the quarter loaf.

There is no portion of the world that will be better guarded in time of war than the route from Egypt to Great Britain. With Cyprus, Malta, and Gibraltar, in our possession, the Mediterranean will be secured from Alexandria to the Straits.

It is accordingly important to provide a food supply that would be transported through the well protected route. The Soudan would supply England with the two great commodities required—cotton and wheat.

The development of the Soudan should be encouraged and positively undertaken by England now that events are driving us to assume a responsible control. There is no possibility of internal improvement without the employment of foreign capital; and there will be no investment of such capital until confidence in the stability of the administration can be established. Of this, there can be no hope, until Egypt shall be in the acknowledged position of being the protected ally of England. If that should be accomplished, we should quickly see reforms in the Soudan that would within two or three years exhibit an extraordinary change both in the people and in the resources of the country. At present it is in a state of nature. Nothing has been done by the Government to encourage the industry of the people; on the contrary, they have been ill-treated and oppressed. Before the rainy season, the surface of the earth, parched and denuded of all semblance of vegetation by the burning sun, is simply scratched by a small tool similar to an inferior Dutch hoe, and a few grains of dhurra are dropped into a hole, hardly one inch in depth. This is repeated at distances of about two feet. The rain commences toward the end of May, and in a few days the dhurra shoots appear above the ground. The extreme richness of the soil, aided by plenteous rains and a warm sun, induces a magical growth, which starts the hitherto barren wilderness into life. The surface of the country which in the

rainless months appeared a desert incapable of producing vegetation, bursts suddenly into a brilliant green, and the formerly sun-burned area assumes the appearance of rich velvet, as it becomes carpeted throughout with the finest grass. Dhurra that first threw up delicate shoots above the hardened and ill-tilled soil, grows with extreme rapidity to the height of nine or ten feet, and the produce can be imagined from the fact that I once counted 4840 grains in only one head of this prolific sorghum. Cotton, and all other vegetation, grows with similar vigor immediately after the commencement of the rains.

This picture of abundance is confined to those districts which are beneath the influence of the rainy zone, but there are other lands equally rich and capable of production which must be cultivated by artificial irrigation. In the absence of any organized method such as exists in Lower Egypt by the extension of a canal system, the banks of rivers including the Rahad, Blue Nile, and Main Nile, are alone watered by the ordinary cattle-wheels (sakeeyahs); the cultivation is accordingly restricted to a comparatively small area that is within the power of irrigation by the simple machinery of the inhabitants.

If any person will study the map of the Soudan, he will at once observe the natural facilities for a general plan of irrigation that would combine the supply of water with the means of transport by canals. As the uniform drainage is from S.E. to N.W., the rivers Rahad, Dinder, Blue Nile, and Atbara, traverse the rich lands of the Soudan exactly in the same direction. These rivers are impetuous torrents, which by their extreme velocity quickly exhaust themselves after the termination of the rains in Abyssinia. A series of weirs upon the Rahad, Dinder, and Atbara, would thoroughly control the waters, that would thus be kept at higher levels, and would enable them to be conducted by canals throughout the fertile lands which at present are neglected in the absence of sufficient moisture. As those rivers are unnavigable, the weirs might be constructed in the most simple manner, as there is no traffic to require special adaptation.

A railway has been suggested from

Souakim to Berber. This would be a half measure, and a mistake, as Berber is below the last cataract of the Nile, and common-sense would dictate that the river terminus should be above the most southern obstruction. Although with good pilotage a steamer can ascend the Shendy cataract without much danger, there are many reasons that would be in favor of a terminus where the river is navigable throughout the Blue and the White Niles, which would enable the produce of the interior to be transported by vessels from the Equatorial regions without the slightest hindrance.

The south wind blows regularly for six months every year and thus it would be impossible for sailing vessels, after having delivered their cargoes at Berber, to reascend the river to Khartum, unless by the difficult and tedious process of towing against the rapid current.

A railway from Souakim might be constructed with no great difficulty, excepting the total absence of limestone for preparing the mortar necessary for bridges. The lime would either be brought from Egypt, or it must be burned at Souakim from the coral reefs. It might be cheaper and better if sent direct from Marseilles.

There is a perplexing necessity in bridging countless torrent beds throughout the desert route in the absence of one drop of water. Nevertheless, this precaution is absolutely necessary, as occasional storms of extreme violence would tear down and destroy any works that were not adequately protected. Another drawback to the construction of the railway would be the want of water, except at long intervals of two days' march. The first preliminary work should be devoted to an exploration of the substrata by boring apparatus that might discover springs in places as yet unexplored. I have no doubt that water exists in very many localities beyond the search of the desert Arabs, who are ill-provided with tools, and are contented with wells at intervals of twenty-four hours' march. It is quite possible that Artesian wells might be the result of boring at depths far below any that could be attained except by aid of the machine. Force-pumps should be arranged, which might be worked by camels, and the route from

Souakim would probably be supplied with water without much difficulty.

If the railway should be carried from Souakim to the Nile above the last cataract, the distance would be about 340 miles. The bridge that would cross the Atbara River should combine the "bar-rage," which would control the stream by means of sluice-gates, and the water would be led into canals for irrigation; at the same time those channels would convey the produce of the cultivated area direct to the several stations on the railway.

If the waters of the Atbara and other rivers were thus confined, instead of being permitted to waste their volume by the impetuosity of their streams, we should be enabled to store a supply for agricultural purposes to be in readiness for the various stages of cultivation.

Nothing should be lightly undertaken, and no contracts should be entered upon for any line of railway until a competent commission shall have decided upon a general plan of agricultural development for the Soudan. The first railway will be the parent of other lines, and the harmony of the whole system will depend upon a careful plan that shall have been pre-arranged, to include irrigation and canal traffic as feeders to the main artery.

There can be little doubt that eventually the entire Nile will be controlled by a system of masonry weirs similar to the "bhunds" which are the great engineering works upon the rivers of India. Such a system would render the Nile navigable throughout its course from Khartum to Cairo, and would insure irrigation at all seasons of the year, irrespective of the usual period of inundation. In the flood-time of the high Nile the surplus waters would be led into natural depressions that would form vast reservoirs, from which canals would lead the required volume to distant districts at a lower level. The water-power at every successive dam would be enormous, and could be used for driving the machinery that is necessary for the cleaning of cotton, prior to the operation of packing for exportation.

The English who have visited the Soudan may be counted upon the fingers, and yet we hear a cry from the lips

of ignorance, "Give up the Soudan, and confine the limits of Egypt to the first cataract of Assouan!"

The spirit of England appears to have undergone a lamentable change. The instant that a severe reverse startles the trembling nerves of pessimists, there is a sudden yell for retreat from the dangerous position. Candahar was abandoned. From the Transvaal there was a general skedaddle. If the unfortunate General Hicks had succeeded in Kordofan England would loudly have proclaimed the victory under British leadership; but a serious reverse at once inverts the picture, and the roar of the British lion is thundered for retreat! Such a cry respecting the Soudan would be a proof of the most cowardly ignorance. It is the unfortunate fashion of modern times for those who know absolutely nothing of a subject to become most positive in the expression of opinion—especially upon foreign affairs. The same person who as a stranger to the locality would not presume to argue upon the neighborhood of Richmond or the river Thames, will audaciously advance his views upon the Soudan and the sources of the Nile. People who are hardly respected upon the local board of a county town, are firm in their opinions upon Tonquin and Afghanistan. Certain newspapers are equally presumptuous, and reflect the ignorance of their subscribers.

If the Soudan were abandoned, the following consequences would assuredly ensue, which would ultimately endanger the existence of the more civilized country—Lower Egypt.

The entire Soudan, which is inhabited by many and various races, would relapse into complete anarchy and savagery. A constant civil war would be waged; cultivation would be interrupted; trade would cease. The worst elements of debased human nature (which must be seen, to be understood, in those regions) would be uncontrolled, and the whole energies of the population would be concentrated in the slave-trade. The White Nile—where General Gordon has devoted the best years of his life, and where I laid the foundation before him, in the hope that the seeds then sown would at some future day bear fruit—would become the field for every atroc-

ity that can be imagined. Even those naked savages believed our promises: "that England would protect them from slavery." They would be abandoned to every conceivable outrage, and the slave-hunting would recommence upon a scale invigorated by the repression of the last thirteen years, but suddenly withdrawn.

The anarchy of the Soudan would call upon the scene another power—Abyssinia. The march from Gallabat upon Khartum is the most certain movement, and could hardly be resisted, if well organized.

A portion of the Soudan would certainly be annexed by Abyssinia. Other portions after long civil conflict would have determined themselves into little kingdoms, and the whole would be hostile forces beyond the Egyptian frontier. The state of tension would entail the necessity of a military force in Egypt that would be a crushing burden upon her revenue. A sensible communication from H. H. Prince Ibrahim Hilmy Pacha to the *Times* a few days since directed public attention to the fact, that one of the great works of His Highness Ismail Pacha, the Khedive, was the establishment of the Nilometer at Khartum, together with the telegraph. Every day throughout the year the height of the Nile is telegraphed to Cairo, and during the period of threatened inundation the Government at Lower Egypt is kept informed of the approaching flood which is hurrying toward the Delta. Twenty or twenty-four days must elapse before the volume of Soudan water can reach Egypt, and thus time is allowed for the strengthening of embankments to resist an invasion which formerly arrived without warning, and devastated the most fertile provinces of the country. There cannot be a more striking example of the results of scientific development; the few minutes of time occupied by the telegraphic message through a course of 1400 miles, paralyzes the attack of an enemy whose advance was formerly overwhelming.

Should the Soudan be lost to Egypt, the control of the river will have ceased. There will be no scope for future extension. The commerce of the interior will be ruined. The prestige of the country will have departed. The success of a

Southern insurrection will be a dangerous example for the Northern provinces, and for the Arab tribes from Syria to Arabia. No Government can afford to lose a province through insurrection; it is the first wrench which precedes a general dislocation.

It has been frequently asked, For what object is this rebellion headed by the Mahdi? What is the desired aim? Why is a population that was hitherto so docile and easily governed suddenly exasperated into revolt? On March 25th, 1882, when opinions differed concerning the movements of Arabi Bey, and long before the British Government had framed a policy, the *Times* published a letter from myself which included the following paragraphs:

"The movement of Arabi Bey resolves itself into one of two questions: It is either sanctioned by the ruling powers, the Sultan and the Khedive, or it is adverse to those powers. If it is sanctioned by those authorities, it is contrary to the spirit of the firman which granted the powers of control to Europe. If it is adverse to the rulers of Egypt, it is rebellion.

"The results will be quickly visible. A period of mistrust and disturbance will be seized upon as an excuse for the non-payment of taxes. The revenue will diminish, while military expenses will increase. Abyssinia has long coveted a port upon the Red Sea, and has claimed a considerable portion of the Soudan. Should the patronage of England be withdrawn from Egypt, there may be extreme danger of an invasion from Abyssinia. *A very slight encouragement would induce a general rising of the Arab tribes of the Soudan.* Should the declaration against the slave-trade [Arabi's] be sincere, there will assuredly be difficulties with the Arab slave-traders and with the provinces of Darfur and Upper Egypt. I am no alarmist, neither am I a holder of Egyptian stocks under the control of Arabi Bey, but I foresee trouble and dislocation in the affairs of Egypt, which were prosperous and well organized until the reformer intruded himself upon the scene."

This forecast of a disastrous future has been terribly verified by events, although as usual the prophecy was unheeded at the time of utterance. It may be asked, upon what grounds were those words of warning raised at a time when England was deaf to such a cry? Look back to the frightful picture described in "Ismailia"—pp. 22-23—in the first month of 1870, for a reply, and Englishmen will form their own opinion of the merits of the case. I had returned to the Upper Nile, which I had left flourishing in 1864:

"Khartum was not changed externally; but I had observed with dismay a frightful change in the features of the country between Berber and the capital since my last visit. The rich soil on the banks of the river, which had a few years since been highly cultivated, had been abandoned. Now and then a tuft of neglected date-palms might be seen, but the river's banks, formerly verdant with heavy crops, had become a wilderness. Villages once crowded had entirely disappeared; the population was gone. Irrigation had ceased. The night, formerly discordant with the creaking of countless water-wheels was now silent as death. There was not a dog to howl for a lost master. Industry had vanished; oppression had driven the inhabitants from the soil.

"This terrible desolation was caused by the Governor-general of the Soudan, who although himself an honest man, trusted too much to the honesty of others, who preyed upon the inhabitants.

"The population of the richest province in the Soudan fled from oppression and abandoned the country; the greater portion betook themselves to the slave-trade of the White Nile, where in their turn they could trample upon the rights of others; where, as they had been plundered, they would be able to plunder; where they could reap the harvest of another's labor; and where, free from the restrictions of a government, they might indulge in the exciting and lucrative enterprise of slave-hunting.

"Thousands had forsaken their homes and commenced a life of brigandage upon the White Nile."

This was the state of the country for a distance of 200 miles, from Berber to Khartum! and the miserable picture was an example of the general condition of the Soudan.

The exasperation of the people was subsequently intensified by the vigorous attack upon the slave-trade of the White Nile. It may be readily imagined that the suppression of that traffic, in which so many thousands were engaged, was an additional incentive to rebellion. The armed gangs of Akād attacked the troops under my command; and subsequently General Gordon was involved in conflicts of considerable duration. The crushing defeats of the slave-hunters in those several engagements quenched their spirit for the moment; but the fire still slumbered, and was ready to blaze afresh upon a favorable opportunity. The English element had been withdrawn from the Soudan on the retirement of General Gordon. His excellent lieutenant Gessi had succumbed to fever and exhaustion, consequent upon his exer-

tions in the baneful climate of the White Nile regions. Arabi Bey commenced a revolt in Egypt Proper. The power of the Khedive was overthrown, and a direct movement was commenced against all authority. Egypt was in arms against herself, as there was no other foe. The Mahdi—or rather a dervish named Mahomet Achmet—who had long been known to the Khedive H. H. Ismail Pasha, who thoroughly understood the management of such fanatics, took advantage of the general confusion of affairs and gathered a small surrounding of malcontents. A series of gross acts of mismanagement on the part of the Soudan authorities increased the influence of this extraordinary character, and a succession of defeats of the Government forces at the hands of badly armed Arabs produced a contempt for the Egyptian troops, of whom the population had hitherto stood in awe. It was a natural consequence that Darfur and Kordofan, already discontented owing to the operations enforced against the slave-trade, should seize the opportunity for revolt. The rich province of Senaar followed the example, and again the Government forces were defeated, while the strong garrisons both in Darfur and Kordofan were invested in their fortified positions. Those distant provinces west of the White Nile were lost; and should have been abandoned to their fate.

The English invasion of Egypt had resulted in the overthrow of Arabi and the restoration of the Khedive. General Hicks, with a staff of British officers, was dispatched to Khartum with specified instructions from General V. Baker Pasha to operate against Senaar. That province being situated between the Blue and White Niles offered favorable conditions for attack.

Abd-el-Kader Pasha, the Governor of Khartum, was to ascend the Blue Nile with a large force and give battle to the enemy, while general Hicks with 6000 men was to command the White Nile upon the west; he would patrol the river with numerous steamers, destroy all boats, and intercept the fugitives should the rebels be defeated by Abd-el-Kader; in which case they would attempt the passage of the White Nile to retreat upon Kordofan.

These operations were successfully carried out. Abd-el-Kader defeated the Mahdi's people in Senaar, and General Hicks, having disembarked his force at the appointed station, was in time to intercept the beaten rebels who were on the march to the White Nile. It does not appear that the enemy had been demoralized by their defeat in Senaar, as they assumed the offensive upon the approach of Hicks Pasha's forces, and attacked them with such determination that it was necessary to form a square. Although General Hicks was victorious, and the enemy retired with a loss of 500 killed, it was impossible to follow up the victory in the absence of cavalry. Such a battle could hardly have been accepted as decisive, and Senaar should have been occupied by a line of fortified posts until the power of the Government should have been thoroughly re-established.

At that period the military organization of the Soudan was transferred from General V. Baker Pasha's department to that of the Minister of War. Counter instructions were given to General Hicks to fall back on Khartum, and to collect an army for the invasion and conquest of Kordofan. For this purpose General Hicks was promoted to the chief command.

An advance of 230 miles through an enemy's country, devoid of supplies and almost waterless, in a climate of intense heat, the march of necessity through sandy desert, with a force of 7000 men and 6000 transport camels, was a most perilous undertaking, and it has terminated in frightful disaster. The unfortunate General Hicks and his entire army have been sacrificed to the usual absurd instructions that would be issued by Egyptian authorities. Kordofan and Darfur should have been abandoned, and the Government should have consolidated its power throughout the entire Soudan. If the Mahdi had been left unmolested in Kordofan, he would have quickly experienced the difference between pulling down and building up.

His forces have been united by the presence of a common enemy, but in the absence of the Government troops they would have gradually dissolved. Jeal-

ousies would have arisen among the chiefs, and discontent (the certain accompaniment of inaction) would have divided the ranks of his followers. In a short time they would have quarrelled among themselves, and the fascination of the Mahdi would have disappeared.

The success that he has now achieved enhances the danger of a general uprising of the Arab tribes throughout the Soudan, and the relapse of Senaar into the anarchy that had been quelled by the victories of General Hicks and Abd-el-Kader Pasha. Fortunately, the Oriental character is prone to delay, and the Mahdi has not followed up his attack on Hicks by an immediate advance on Dongola, to which there is a direct caravan route through the desert from Kordofan. Between that country and Dongola the desert is occupied by the Kabbabeesh tribe of Arabs, who are large owners of camels well known for their size and strength.

There should be no loss of time in arranging an organization that would protect Khartum (the capital), Dongola, Berber, and Senaar. It would be impossible for a stranger to comprehend a plan of operations for this purpose without reference to a map, but the movements would be simple, provided that the troops can be supplied. The loss of the capital would be fatal to the Government—therefore Khartum must be supported. To effect this, it will be necessary to secure Dongola by British troops sent by the Nile. These would occupy Dongola, but would go no farther. The moral effect of 3000 British soldiers stationed in that position would insure the fidelity of the Kabbabeesh Arabs, who could fall back with their herds for protection should the Mahdi's forces advance across the desert. The Kabbabeesh could be employed to fill up the wells upon the route toward Kordofan. Egyptian troops, with as many black regiments as possible, should march from Korosko across the desert 230 miles to Abou Hamed on the Nile, and thence along the river's bank to Berber, 143 miles. From Dongola to Berber a line of posts would be established. The great Sheik of the Korosko desert, Hussein Bey Halifa, can always be depended upon. He should be charged with the transport of the troops

across the desert. He should also raise those Arab tribes that are faithful to the Government—the Bishareens, Dabainas, and the Shookereeyahs from the borders of the Atbara. An Arab army should advance upon Kokreb, half way between Berber and Souakim. This is the principal oasis, which should be defended by a redoubt. When the wells from Berber to Kokreb shall have been secured, a detachment of troops should march to occupy this central position. From that point the friendly Arabs would seize all wells eastward upon the route toward Souakim, and thus by degrees advance in that direction. A force of 4000 Indian troops occupying Souakim would, in the mean time, prepare for an advance through the mountains, now occupied by the enemy who have already inflicted three defeats upon the Egyptian forces. Communication should be established between the Arabs under Hussein Halifa marching from Kokreb and the force at Souakim, in order to advance simultaneously from east and west. The enemy would thus be attacked in front and rear. When the route from Souakim to Berber shall have been cleared, and the wells occupied throughout, the Indian troops will have marched to Berber. Supports can then be sent forward from Souakim when required. From Berber the Nile is navigable for steamers to Khartum, 200 miles distant. Troops can therefore be transported with ease in thirteen days from Souakim. There would be by this arrangement two bases of operation—Souakim from the Red Sea, and Cairo on the Nile. The advance by the Nile would be upon both sides simultaneously—from Korosko to Berber on the east, and to Dongola through to Berber upon the west. Troops would be converging upon Berber from three different points—Souakim, Dongola, and Korosko; and Berber would then become the base for the support of Khartum and Senaar, both of which are situated upon the navigable Blue Nile.

Under a capable administration I do not see any supreme difficulty in the reorganization of the Soudan. There has been a total want of confidence between the governing power and those who were governed, and a general and radical reform is necessary. The first

consideration should be the actual requirements of the people. "What do you really want?" is the question that must be answered. The simple reply will be "JUSTICE."

Unless under British supervision this will never be attained—the Egyptian officials are hopeless.

It is impossible to obtain good service unless those who are employed receive their due amount of salary. The sheiks of Arab tribes should be liberally and punctually remunerated if their loyalty is to be relied upon. Hussein Halifa Bey should be made a Pasha if he proves faithful to the Government in their necessity. A few decorations distributed among the prominent sheiks of various tribes would be highly prized, and would produce good service.

A British High Commissioner should be sent to Berber to inquire into the actual demands and necessities of the people. He will be appalled at the hosts of grievances; he will also be disgusted with the shameful facts of extortion and oppression.

Although the revolt must be crushed with an iron hand to prevent a recurrence of such insurrections, I sympathize with a down-trodden people, whom, if I had been an Arab, I should have been the first to lead. Much good might be effected by an impartial judgment, and the wild inhabitants of the deserts have a keen sense of right and wrong according to the just precepts of the Koran. If force alone shall be used, the rebellion may be stunned; but the spirit of discontent will rankle in the hearts of the population. There should be a combination of force together with diplomacy, and a resolve on the part of the authorities to administer pure justice.

A rectification of frontier will be absolutely necessary before any development of internal resources can be expected. The White Nile should be the boundary of Egypt upon the West as far as the station of Fashoda. An arrangement must be entered into with Abyssinia; a well-defined boundary line must be agreed upon, and be occupied by a chain of Government forts.

The encroachments of Egypt upon Abyssinia have been continual, though by slow degrees, and were only checked

by the total destruction of three corps d'armée, which suffered the usual fate of Egyptian military enterprises. These victories have encouraged the hopes of Abyssinia, which lays claim to a considerable portion of the Soudan, and have increased the danger of an invasion during an opportunity when general disturbance has paralyzed the power of Egypt. A dog-in-the-manger policy has been pursued toward her neighbor which is adverse to the interests of both countries. Egypt should benefit by commercial relations with Abyssinia; instead of which she has destroyed all power of development by excluding that unfortunate country from the sea-border. After the succession of defeats which Egypt suffered in her invasion, it would be impossible for her to assume the initiative in proposing a rectification of frontier and a commercial treaty. Such an invitation can only be given through the medium of England. Masawa might be offered to Abyssinia as an outlet for her commerce under certain stipulated conditions, together with the province of Boghos, which was originally Abyssinian. An excellent frontier line might be arranged from Gallabat along the Atbara to Tomat near Sofi, at the junction of the Settite River, and the Mareb or Gash in the south of Cassala. Thence along the mountains, including Boghos to Masawa.

If Abyssinia were thus generously encouraged, a most important development would be the immediate result. The highlands of that country are remarkably healthy; coffee is a natural production, which at the present moment finds its way through Gallabat for the supply of Khartum and the entire Soudan, in exchange for cotton, and Maria Theresa dollars. If Abyssinia possessed a seaport, we should quickly experience the benefit of a new outlet both for British manufactures, and for the general productions of that country.

The important question still remains unanswered, How are the necessary changes and reforms in the Soudan to be carried out?

First of all, it has to be reconquered. After that, it must be reorganized. It must then be governed upon Liberal principles. Who is to do all this?

Much as I deplore the necessity, I

believe the task must be undertaken by Great Britain, if we intend to reconstruct the shattered administration of the Khedive. But no half-measures will be effective. No pea-and-thimble tricks will gain the confidence of natives—no sudden disappearance of the pea of British responsibility from one thimble to the other; we must either become responsible for the whole or nothing. The Soudan and Egypt cannot be separated—they are as necessary to each other as England and Scotland. It is not indispensable that they shall be administered by the same laws; the races of the Soudan are a strong contrast to those of the lower delta, and they require a paternal government; somewhat after the model of our Indian Viceroy and Council. Any Radical programme including a representative assembly would be utterly absurd. The Oriental mind concentrates its respect upon the individual representative of *power*, which means government. The present attitude of England in Egypt does not represent *power*, but simply *obstruction*.

The policy of withdrawal of our military force produced consternation in the minds of all those who had real experience of the country. Had this been carried out, the Khedive would have been dethroned within a month. Events most calamitous have suddenly awakened our authorities to the true aspect of the situation: the Soudan in widespread insurrection; the provinces of Kordofan and Darfur lost; the routes of communication in the hands of the enemy; a total want of confidence in the British administration in Lower Egypt; Alexandria still in ruins, as no Europeans have the courage to re-build, *because England intends to evacuate the country*; the Egyptian army destroyed, excepting the small force of Sir Evelyn Wood, which apparently is not allowed to move: a deficit in the revenue of more than two millions and a half, and four millions due for indemnities at Alexandria; bankruptcy staring us in the face; the preference stock at 86, which stood at 96 a week after the battle of Tel-el-Kebir! This is the state of Egypt after the benefit of fifteen months of British interference! And this is the result of a half-hearted policy of half-measures, which means ruin alike

in private affairs and in public administration. England must become the determined ally and the adviser of Egypt. This position, represented by a perma-

nent military force, will change the scene and assure the prosperity of the country.—*Contemporary Review*.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF GAMBETTA.

BY AN ENGLISH LADY.

THE first anniversary of the death of Gambetta should not pass unnoticed in the country for which he had so deep a respect and regard. He was in constant communication with England, following closely the career of her statesmen and watching the course of her politics with the keenest interest. Gambetta had a great admiration for the freedom of our political life, which he described as "a peaceful arena of contradiction, of dialectics, where progress is the conquest of reason and soon becomes that of the majority." He once said to me: "I very much wish to visit England incognito, for as Gambetta I should see nothing, but have to endure the weariness of banquets and receptions. I should like to land in the north of Scotland, travel southward under an assumed name, visit your great manufacturing towns, and particularly your rural and agricultural districts, study your national characteristics, and get as much information as possible on every subject, only putting aside my incognito when I arrived in London."

Gambetta's early life was much influenced by his mother and aunt, both remarkable women, descended from a family of gentle birth. Orissa Massabie, his mother, and her two sisters, Jeanne and Armande, were very poor. Orissa married M. Gambetta to secure a home for herself and sisters; she had two children by her marriage, Bernadine, the elder, now Mdme. L  ris, who has lately added the name of Gambetta to her own, and L  on Michel. The father wished him to become a priest, but the young man objected, and his mother sided with him; though her own brother was a priest. He went to Paris at eighteen to study law; his lame aunt Jeanne accompanied him, and gave up everything to become his housekeeper, companion, and counsellor. She had a

keen woman's instinct which told her who were Gambetta's friends and who were his foes; often to his annoyance she would deny admittance to visitors whose expression she disliked. The young meridional Republican flung himself earnestly into the intellectual and political movement going on around him, specially distinguishing himself among his companions by his extraordinary eloquence. During his lifetime detractors unable to deny him the gift of eloquence hoped to lessen him as a statesman by exaggerating him as an orator; but Gambetta never regarded eloquence as other than a means to an end. "I appreciate eloquence at its just value," he once said to me; "words are little as compared with deeds; I do not believe in power which is only revealed in words." Eloquent he undoubtedly was by nature and temperament, but also by careful training and study. No diffidence ever tempered the passionate energy and robust sincerity which burst forth on almost every occasion; his ardent impetuosity and glowing enthusiasm were so communicative that he poured into the hearts of his listeners something of his own passionate transport; often the opposition, carried away by the torrent of his eloquence, rose like one man, giving full expression to their admiration of the orator, though they were bitterly opposed to the statesman. In all his speeches Gambetta took the highest point of view from whence he could survey the question at issue in all its bearings, impatient to reach some principle of morality, liberty, right, or justice. He never lingered over details; figures and statistics do not encumber his speeches; they would have impeded his progress. Patriotism, liberty of suffrage, education, absolute right to opinion—these were subjects his noble eloquence loved to clothe in majestic

amplitude of speech. Dignity was a signal quality of his eloquence. "Populo" was an epithet he liked to give himself, and certainly he never forgot, or wished others to forget, that he was one of the people, though he raised himself above them by his genius and cultivation, belonging thus to the "aristocracy of the best." From the people he took much of the color and individuality of his language. Who shall say that any orator of this century excelled the power of Gambetta to stir patriotic passion, awaken enthusiasm for liberty, or rouse in men's hearts that love of freedom which makes them free? Gambetta objected to being styled only a Republican. "It never occurred," he said, "to the men of the Convention even to call themselves Republicans—they called themselves patriots. All the men of to-day should remember this."

Gambetta can hardly be said to have prepared his speeches. He modified the order and even the general plan of his argument to suit the occasion, but when he expected some important debate he so far prepared himself by reviewing in his memory or re-reading all the documents relating to the question; he then gained complete mastery over the subject by discussing it with friends, answering their objections, seizing upon and assimilating their suggestions. His powerful memory gave him so fast a hold upon the past that it seemed to endow him with an almost prophetic insight into the future; he foresaw what his adversaries would say, and spread his toils accordingly. There was a great deal of strategy about Gambetta, though he trusted to the inspiration of the moment to shape and color the material he had in his mind. I have often heard his friends regret that he had not made in the tribune speeches he had poured forth to them in the privacy of conversation. Even a few days before his death, excited by remarks in the papers, which he insisted on reading to the last, he raised himself up in his bed, and, to a friend who had watched him through the night, delivered one of his most impressive and comprehensive speeches on the present and future policy of his country. Driving one day with a young deputy from Paris to Versailles, he said, "Do not speak to me :

I have a long and important speech to make, which I have not even had time to think over." The silence, therefore, remained unbroken, and on looking round his friend saw that he was not deep in thought, but fast asleep, nor did he wake till they reached Versailles; he laughed and shrugged his shoulders when reminded of the speech he had intended to prepare, and which he made that afternoon as brilliant and finished as though he had taken voluminous notes and committed them to memory. The only adversary Gambetta really enjoyed fighting was the Duc de Broglie. "The ablest plotter in existence; a Machiavelli for scheming, it is a pleasure to wrestle with him: he is supple and escapes one's grasp, he glides away and slips back; he is a cat. With Fourtou it is quite another matter; he hides behind every hair of his beard." But, though great as an orator, Gambetta was essentially a statesman. France during the past year has had but too much reason to regret her leader. Nothing could better have revealed the place Gambetta held in his country than the series of unfortunate mistakes and difficulties which France has plunged into since his death. Gambetta alone could temper and restrain the Republic, which felt in him her founder and leader.

Possessed in a supreme degree of governmental instinct and political foresight, he knew better than any one how to work the machinery of the State: master of every department, he saw how the whole might be made to work harmoniously, but the inefficiency of the only men he could get to act with him, and the secret enmity of M. Grévy, made the odds too great against him. His opponents bitterly accused him of aiming at dictatorship. On my remarking to him that he was accused of desiring his own aggrandizement, that he wished to reign, "What a miserable ambition that would be!" he answered; "I have seen all the littleness of so-called greatness. I will be otherwise great." He disliked being called Opportunist; but Burke's notion of political method is not a bad definition of Opportunism, and one which Gambetta would surely not have disclaimed. Circumstances give in reality to every political principle its distinguishing color

and discriminating effect; the circumstances are what render every civil and political scheme beneficial or obnoxious to mankind. Every problem, for Gambetta, allowed of a positive solution, not necessarily an absolute solution, but the best under the circumstances. I remember hearing a friend who had just come from him thus describe the manner in which Gambetta had that morning received disastrous political news. For a minute he appeared fury-possessed—beat the table with his fist, shouting fierce denunciations against the folly of his party and the treachery of his foes; then as suddenly he became quite calm, walked to the window, remaining there some time softly drumming the pane. When he turned round the storm was over; he was quite composed; he had seen a way out of the difficulty. Good-humored magnanimity was a great characteristic of Gambetta's; he never showed bitter rancor or personal resentment. "I have no time for ill-will," he would say; and when pressed to refute or resent calumny he merely shrugged his shoulders, saying, with serene contempt, "*Le silence suffit.*" But generous as he was to his enemies, and quick to forget offence, the attitude of France toward him latterly, the ingratitude and desertion of so many, wounded him deeply. The morning of his death he said to a friend, Mr. E., "I begin to grow weary of struggling." Some of this weariness came over him after his defeat on the question of the *scrutin de liste*, when in vain he protested against the accusations of the Chambers, and appealed to their gratitude and their conscience in a speech of pathetic grandeur, in which he unrolled before them their future and his past.

After his mother's death in July, Gambetta grew more silent, and sometimes showed signs of melancholy, so contrary to his powerfully joyous nature—perhaps, also, a physical foreshadowing of death already hung over him, checking his overflowing hopefulness and hilarity—his joyousness came fitfully and seemed to sit superficially upon him. One day, in August, 1882, a friend went to breakfast with him in his poor and comfortless home, in the Rue St. Didier. Gambetta talked earnestly

and eloquently, and after the déjeuner, as was his wont, flung himself on a low couch. As he sometimes snatched a few minutes' sleep in the day, his friend, seeing him lying back very still, thought he was sleeping, and, taking up a newspaper, went to the window, when, stealing another glance at Gambetta, he saw two big tears roll down his face. Knowing Gambetta's courage and manly endurance, with mingled pain and surprise he went up to him, and said, "You must not grieve unreasonably; the thought of your mother ought to be a tender recollection, and not a bitter sorrow; besides, you have work to do, you are not at liberty to yield to grief." Then Gambetta turning his face away, said, "Oh, my friend, these private and public sorrows are at times more than I can bear." Then looking up his eyes rested on a beautiful picture by Henner, given to him by the ladies of Alsace, representing a young peasant girl beneath which was written "*Alsace.*" "You are right," he said, pointing to the picture; "there is my duty," and he added, "*un devoir qui console de tout.*" Undoubtedly that was his dream, but he had the fine judgment and the good taste rarely in private or public to touch upon this delicate subject; he knew too well that the *Revanche* could only be obtained by the regeneration of France, by patience and self-control. "For the sake of our dignity," he exclaimed, "let us never speak of regaining Alsace and Lorraine, but let it be understood that it is ever in our thoughts." Mme. Leris, his sister, told me how passionately warm were his family affections. During his last illness he sent his father the little money there was in the house, a few hundred francs, "to buy himself," he said, "a New Year's present." When Gambetta seemed a little better, and not till then, would he allow his friends to write to his father. "Spare him as much anxiety as possible; write him a reassuring letter."

I once asked Gambetta what quality he most admired. "Moral courage," he replied; "for with moral courage a man will *dare* to do right—even though it be against his interest," he added, smiling. At the meeting of the Chamber in January, 1882, which was a scene

of meaningless uproar and confusion, he said to me on coming out, "Well, this is not an impressive scene; they behave like a heap of unruly schoolboys." On my asking him if he did not feel profound contempt for these men who required to be pulled by strings like puppets. "You must not think," he said, "that I despise men. I am not cynical. I recognize the greatness, the high intelligence, the devotion of men; it is only for certain individuals that I feel contempt." "I wish I had known you when your future was as yet uncertain," I once said to him. "When I was unknown. . . . Well, I am just the same; I have not changed at all; the times, the course of events, people have changed, but I remain the same, notwithstanding all accusations to the contrary."

In January, 1880, speaking of Ireland, he said: "She has many imaginary woes, but she has also real grievances, and there lies her force." "What would you do for Ireland now?" I asked. "Well, since the country is on fire you must send for the pompiers. Nothing can be done till the flames are extinguished. How could you build in a conflagration? You should only be careful not to add fuel to the fire, which it seems to me you are doing." Of free trade he said: "That would be the key to the prosperity of France, but I shall never live to see it; all that I can hope for are good commercial treaties. You English are great free-traders, but unfortunately we are not."

I asked him whether he considered England very much in advance of France. He replied: "About ten years' difference, not more; but there is one thing you will have in England long before us—woman's suffrage." "Do you approve?" I asked. "For England, yes; but here in France, no; because with you there is greater independence of thought. You are Protestants; the women of England are better educated—I speak chiefly of the people. Our women of the same class have little or no instruction, and what would render female suffrage impossible is their religion; it would certainly be petticoats voting, but the petticoats worn by men—that is to say, the priests." Gambetta was well versed in the history

of the Popes. When at last he went to Rome he made a collection of the photographs of all the cardinals, he knew their names, characteristics, and histories, and picked out the photograph of Cardinal Pecci, saying, "That is the man who will be Pope." After his death among his most private papers was found, neatly folded and wrapped in tissue paper, the faded red silk cap of a cardinal. I once said to Gambetta, "If you had been Pope what wonderful reforms you would have made in the Church; you would have revolutionized Roman Catholicism." "Oh, no," he replied; "that would be quite impossible, for the Pope can reform nothing. If I were Pope and attempted reforms I should die a very sudden death, and a wiser Pope would succeed me."

Gambetta greatly delighted in sunshine and flowers; no heat seemed too great for him. He would walk out in the full noonday sun of August through the burning streets, and not understand any one's finding it too hot. On a friend's declaring that the heat was unendurable, "Do not say one word against it," he cried; "I will not allow any one to speak disrespectfully of the sun." Though he enjoyed hot weather, he always, on sultry days, had a fan put by his plate at dinner. He dearly loved flowers. On one occasion, visiting the cemetery of Père Lachaise, he could not resist gathering the flowers he saw, though it was against the regulations, and making a big nosegay. "I know it is very wrong," he said, laughing; "but when I see flowers I cannot withstand the temptation; I *must* pick them." Gambetta was able to enjoy without having the slightest desire to possess. He could delight in Nature without owning fine parks; in art, without longing to cover his own walls with costly paintings; in literature, without coveting priceless copies in faultless bindings. His thirst for knowledge was insatiable; every new book that appeared passed through Gambetta's hands. He saw all the reviews and his rooms were littered with the newspapers of the day. The leading foreign newspapers he had translated for him. He enjoyed nothing better than visiting exhibitions and gal-

series of pictures : he prided himself on his knowledge of art, and boasted of having been the first to appreciate the great French painter Millet. He often expressed a desire to have his portrait painted by Meissonier, but he could never afford the time. He hoped to found in Paris a museum and institution answering to our South Kensington Museum. He did not at all care for music. At a friend's house, where he sometimes spent the evening, as soon as music commenced he went into an adjoining room and played at billiards ; he liked sitting with his friends talking till early dawn ; when toward 3 A.M. their conversational power seemed to flag. Gambetta would exclaim, "Is it possible that you are already sleepy? On ne sait plus causer aujourd' hui," and reluctantly he would rise, saying, "Well, I suppose I must go ; five hours' rest and then to work again."

Now the work is over, and the long rest has come. Speaking of his own career, Gambetta might have said with Burke, "I can shut the book ; I might wish to read a page or two more, but this is enough for my measure ; I have not lived in vain." But we who sorrow at his death may wish that the book had not been closed so soon ; for Gambetta's great achievements during the past gave promise of great achievements for the future, not merely in the remote possibility of restoring to France her lost provinces, but as a leader of Democracy in Europe, and one who had made liberty more of a fact and less of a name, created the established Republic out of what had seemed but a revolutionary dream, and to whom looked, not France alone, but all nations eager for social progress and free political institutions.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

OLD WRITERS AND MODERN READERS.

FIELDING, in his "History of Tom Jones," after describing "the outside of Sophia," his charming heroine, continues : "Nor was this beautiful frame disgraced by an inhabitant unworthy of it." Here, however, his description stops short. Her bodily charms he had painted, for he had no other way of bringing them before his reader's eyes. But with her character he dealt in quite another way. "As there are," he writes, "no perfections of the mind which do not discover themselves in that perfect intimacy to which we intend to introduce our reader with this charming, young creature, so it is needless to mention them here ; nay, it is a kind of tacit affront to our reader's understanding, and may also rob him of that pleasure which he will receive in forming his own judgment of her character."

If to introduce a character with a minute description is an affront to the reader's understanding, it is one that has of late years been very commonly offered. Perhaps our modern novelists assume that their readers have no understanding ; in many cases we should not be prepared to say that in this assumption they are wrong. Be that as

it may, neither authors nor readers seem to know anything of that pleasure which Fielding mentions. In fact, to the reading world in general it has, we fear, lost most of its relish. We see that, as regards some of the pleasures of the body, there is on the part of many persons willingness enough to add to their enjoyment by taking a share in the preparations that they need. At no time, perhaps, has there been a greater liking for roughing it, as it is called. A great number of people every year spend their holidays in camping out, and before they eat their dinner sometimes catch it, and very often cook it. Before they can sleep they must pitch their tent and arrange their own couch. Before they can breakfast, they must light their own fire and boil their own kettle. But with all this activity of the body, there has come an indolence of the mind even in respect of enjoyments. The reader of the present day does not wish, in Lamb's pleasant words, "to cry halves to anything that he finds." He has not indeed any wish—we still borrow the thought from *Elia*—to "find." All that he asks is that the author should "bring." He would have every writer like the "true Caledonian," who

"brings his total wealth into company, and gravely unpacks it." He wants to have all trouble spared him, so that he may make his way through a book with as little effort as is made by an idle man who on a summer's day, without laying hand to oar, is carried in his boat down some stream, as quick-flowing as it is shallow. He knows nothing of that pleasure which Fielding describes which comes to us as we form our own judgment of the character of a hero or a heroine. He asks in all things for the direction of the court. He requires that the judge should sum up before the facts have been set forth, and even before the trial has fairly begun. He would have all the characters labelled like the Greek pictures of old—and carefully labelled too. Each story must begin with a full descriptive catalogue. He must be told what he must look for and what he will find, just as if he were going to spend a day at the Fisheries Exhibition.

No doubt there have been in most ages, if not perhaps in all, readers of this indolent disposition. One of them complained to Johnson that he found Richardson very tedious. "Why, sir," Johnson answered, "if you were to read Richardson for the story, your impatience would be so much fretted that you would hang yourself. But you must read him for the sentiment, and consider the story as only giving occasion to the sentiment." He used to say of "Clarissa" that "it was the first book in the world for the knowledge it displays of the human heart." Now to enter into this sentiment, to master this knowledge, an effort, and a long effort, must be made. To the author's reason the reader must bring an understanding. He must bring patience also. One of Richardson's novels is not to be swallowed down in an afternoon. The sentiment of a long story cannot be seized by one who reads and skips, nor without some trouble can the human heart be studied. There is one great advantage that is afforded by a novel that is written on Fielding's method. It supplies so many more interesting subjects of conversation. When each reader is left to form his own judgment of the hero or heroine there must always be a considerable variety of opinion. Eager

discussions can be raised, and characters can be fought over with as much ardor as if they had lived either on the world's great stage or in the next parish. Thus there are many Sophias. There is Fielding's Sophia and there is Tom Jones's Sophia. "But I also have my Sophia," each reader may say; "and you, my dear sir, you also have yours. Yours is not the real Sophia; not, if I may so express myself, Sophia's Sophia; but as a study of character it is not uninteresting." Round a story told on such a plan as this rise much the same discussions as those which endlessly rise round Hamlet. Was the Prince of Denmark wholly mad? Was he partly mad, and partly feigning to be mad? Was he wholly sane? What a loss of interest would there have been had Shakespeare in his *dramatis personæ* entered Hamlet as a mad prince, or a sane prince, or a prince sometimes sane, sometimes mad, and sometimes feigning madness! Fielding, in his "Journey from this World to the Next," pleasantly describes how he saw "Shakespeare standing between Betterton and Booth, and deciding a difference between those two great actors concerning the placing an accent in one of his lines." In reciting "Put out the light and then put out the light," where was the emphasis to be laid? Being appealed to, Shakespeare said: "Faith, gentlemen, it is so long since I wrote the line, I have forgot my meaning." In much the same way we could well believe that if Fielding, not in the next world, but in this, had been asked for his own judgment of Sophia's or Jones's character, and if he had given it and then had been pressed with some apparent contradiction in some particular incident, he might have replied: "Faith, gentlemen, it is so long since I wrote down the incident that you mention that I have forgotten it. When I did write it, it seemed to me no doubt what the lady or the gentleman would in the circumstances have done. But I leave every one free to form his own judgment. You have all the facts before you, and you are each of you quite as capable as I am of arriving at a just estimate of the characters of my hero and heroine." When we thus take the trouble to form

our own judgment, we have moreover this further pleasure, that we are convinced that we are right, and that those who differ from us are wrong. Our self-esteem is pleasantly flattered. But what chance have we of being pleased with our own sagacity when nothing is left by the writer on which it can be exercised? In every work of fancy and imagination a partnership must be established between the author and the reader. But if one does all and leaves nothing for the other to do, it will, we fear, too often prove on the reader's part a kind of sleeping partnership.

In works of a very different order from novels the reader of our time shows the same indolence. As regards these he is too restless to remain contentedly in entire ignorance, and too lazy to arrive at any real knowledge. Hence we have in shoals these handbooks of literature and abridgments of great authors. A man may pass very well through life and know nothing of Pepys, nothing of Boswell nothing of Horace Walpole's Letters, and nothing of Madame D'Arblay's Diary. But if such works as these are to be known they must be read. They cannot be reduced to an essence. It may be an objection to whipped cream that it takes up so much space; but by any method of compression it would cease to be whipped cream. The common excuse is made that in so busy an age as this there is no time to read such long books. We do not know that this age is so much busier than those that have gone before it. The complaint is a very old one, and even in the present day a good deal of time seems to be rather killed than lived. Be that as it may, if there is not time to read big books big books cannot be read. But then let us not be tricked into the belief that we can still either enjoy them or know them. A little knowledge, if not a dangerous thing, is in such cases a foolish thing. At all events it often leads its possessor into folly. It tempts him to make a display of knowledge of which he has not the reality. But if there is not time for original works that are big there is at least time for those that are small. If a man is frightened by the size of Boswell, there can be nothing to scare him in the

Autobiography of Gibbon. If he dare not try the nine big volumes of Walpole's Letters, he may with good heart attempt the two small ones which contain Swift's Letters to Stella. If in "Tom Jones" and "Sir Charles Grandison," the beginning seems separated by too great a space from the end, a summer day or a winter's evening will be long enough for accompanying either Joseph Andrews or Evelina from their birth to their marriage.

Among all the evils that follow in the train of a regular system of examinations, we know of none greater than a certain habit of indolence which it forms in the mind. It encourages a student—nay, even, in the press of competition it almost forces him—to accept his judgments ready-made. He wants to know what others say of a writer not what the writer himself says. He has no time to take a book home, as it were, and make it part of himself. He never "travels over the mind" of a great author till he becomes as familiar with its beauties and its nooks, its heights, its levels, and its depths as a Cumberland shepherd with the mountains and valleys round about his home. He never looks upon his books as his friends. It is to his head, and not to his heart, that he wishes to take them; and he only cares to keep them there till they have served their purpose at the next examination. How different was the way in which Macaulay and his sister read! "When they were discoursing together," says Mr. Trevelyan, "about a work of history or biography, a bystander would have supposed that they had lived in the times of which the author treated, and had a personal acquaintance with every human being who was mentioned in his pages. Pepys, Addison, Horace Walpole, Dr. Johnson, Madame de Genlis, the Duc de St. Simon (Macaulay, by the way, would have written the Duke of St. Simon), and the several societies in which those worthies moved, excited in their minds precisely the same sort of concern, and gave matter for discussions of exactly the same type, as most people bestow upon the proceedings of their own contemporaries. The past was to them as the present and the fictitious as the actual." Now, though

Macaulay's power is given to few indeed, yet many—perhaps most people—have quite enough understanding and imagination from nature to enable them to live from time to time moments, it may be brief moments, both in the past and in the world of fiction and of fancy. A child in his games, as he fills "his humorous stage" with the different persons, shows how natural this is. It is not so much the growth of years that kills in him the habit as education and the scorn of his elder playfellows. The loss is indeed a great one, and the massacre of these simple feelings is a second massacre of the innocents. There is but one way to retain them. We must choose our books wisely, and when we have chosen them we must make a wise use of them. We cannot hope to live in all the ages that are past. The most that any but the most favored among us can attain is to have one century, or one half-century, in which he has, as it were, his second home, whither he can withdraw himself for a brief space from the troubles and cares of the days in which he lives. But a place of retreat like this is not raised by an idle wish. Effort must be made, and a prolonged effort too. Yet it is a labor that, even while it is being made, is fully repaid. When guides to literature and manuals are all thrown on one side, and we begin "a pleasant loitering journey" through some tract of literature, "thought following thought, and step by step led on," the sense of joyous freedom and of eager curiosity more than supports us. One book leads us to another, and the circle of our friends widens as widens the circle of our

knowledge. Then, too, we have that pleasure of which Fielding wrote. Both in the world of men and in the world of fiction we form our own judgments. We almost feel as if we had some share—however small a one—with a favorite author in a favorite book. For, when we find in how different a light some character appears to other readers, we half suspect that he is partly of our own creation. If the author's claim to the whole were put in, we might each be tempted to say, with a slight change in the poet's line: "That but half of it was his, and one half of it was mine."

Happily, in such a course of reading as this, we need not be greatly deterred by the cost. Works of great excellence can often be picked up at the bookstalls for less money than is asked for some hash of them that has been just served up. A shilling a volume goes a good way in stocking our shelves, if we think nothing of fashion or the run of modern thought, and only ask that in good type and a fair binding we shall have a work of sterling worth. The young reader is naturally dazzled by the brilliant prospect that rises before him as he surveys the various series of literature that are in course of publication. With great epochs and great minds he hopes to become acquainted at the cost for each of two shillings of his money and a few hours of his time. Let him remember that a few warm friends are better than a host of nodding acquaintances, and let him reflect that, whether among the living or the dead, among men or among books, a friend is only made at the cost of much trouble and of much time.—*Saturday Review*.

SCRAPS FROM THE CHRONICLES OF VENICE.

BY AMY LAYARD.

IN the year A.D. 452, when the great hordes of Attila came across the mountains and scattered fire and destruction over all the rich plains of Italy, there fled from Padua, into the dreary lagoons of the Adriatic, a company of despairing men, with their families, trusting themselves rather to the winds and waves than to the tender mercies of the

Huns. Some found a refuge on the island of Torcello, and some on a smaller one, which, from its fancied resemblance to an olive, they named Olivolo; nor were they, tradition tells, the first who had made a home on this lonely spot, for thereon they discovered the vestiges of a castle built by Antenor, the Trojan, who fled thither after the

destruction of the city, for which end he had conspired with Odysseus and Agamemnon.

In course of time, the little colony continuing to flourish, they built a church, which they dedicated to the fisher's patron, St. Peter, and, in memory of its site, called it San Pietro di Castello, and this church eventually became the mother-church of Venice, of which the island of Olivolo forms the most easterly point. Seeing, as one now does, these islands paved, covered with buildings, and connected with each other by bridges, it is difficult to realize what, in those bygone times, must have been the desolation and dreariness of a home upon them. The nearest approach to forming any idea of their ancient appearance is to be attained when, at low tide, Venice is surrounded by a series of flat, marshy-looking islands, the soil of which is bound together by a long green seaweed, and over which wanders here and there some poverty-stricken wretch seeking for any stray article left there by the receding waters. Such must have appeared the whole surrounding scene when these poor fugitives from Padua established themselves on their olive island, poor exchange for their olive-clad plains of home. The prettiest view of the dome-crowned church of San Pietro is to be had by going in a gondola nearly as far as the island of Saint Elena, or, as the Venetian dialect has it, Sant' Eyena. From here the dome shows beautifully against its background of snow-covered mountains, and with its campanile (which leans perilously, as do most of the towers of Venice) casts long, clear reflections over the still water. It was from this church of San Pietro that took place the celebrated robbery of the Brides of Venice, on the 2d of February, 944. On this day, the feast of the Purification of the Virgin, it had been in olden times the habit for all the marriageable maidens to assemble before the Doge, and there the young men chose their brides, those who selected pretty ones paying a certain sum to dower the ugly ones.

But as the city grew, this custom fell into disuse, and after the marriages had been settled by the parents of the young people, the daughters of the city were

wedded on that day at San Pietro, taking with them each their dowry in a little ark. Still later when the Republic had grown rich and great, the ancient custom became further changed; only twelve maidens were married, and these, chosen out of the poorest families of the city, were dowered by the State, and adorned for the occasion with crowns and jewelled breast-plates, from the public treasury, and, as before, each carried her portion in a little ark. The procession must have filed along the Riva dei Schiavoni, under the bright morning sun as all the maids had first to present themselves to the Doge, before going to the church, where they were met by their bridegrooms and friends, all in their gayest attire, and by the crowds of their fellow-citizens assembled to see the ceremony.

The fame of this festival having reached the ears of some pirates of Trieste, they determined, at one bold swoop, to carry off the brides, with the State jewels on them, from the very midst of the bridal-train. Coming across from Trieste the night before the festa, they moored their boats under the island bank, and next morning, clothed, says the old chronicle, in robes of purple and scarlet, but fully armed beneath this festal guise, they mixed with the crowd which awaited the brides, and with them entered the church, where, at a given signal, they drew their swords, and, cutting a way through to the altar, seized the twelve frightened girls and bore them away to their boats, and then fled with all sail up. One scarcely realizes how, amid such a crowd of spectators, there were not found some to prevent this bold plan being carried out; whether they were all unarmed, or too much taken by surprise to effect a rescue, is not told; but no sooner were the pirates fairly off than the whole city seems to have woken to the fact that it would be to her everlasting disgrace if her daughters were not restored safe and sound.

The Doge, Candiano III., ordered out his galleys, and, sending his commands to the masters of the guilds to do likewise, put himself at the head of the little fleet and pursued the robbers, who, foolhardy, or impatient to divide their spoil, had landed on the shore at

Caorle, and were there found by the indignant Venetians, intent on the distribution of the plunder.

The first Venetian boat was manned by some of the cabinet-makers from the parish of Santa Maria Formosa, and these hardy workmen, falling on the pirates, slaughtered them every one, rescuing the maidens. The Doge ordered the dead bodies of the pirates to be thrown into the sea, and then decreed that henceforth that port should bear forever the name of Porto Delle Donzelle, the port of the damsels, and that the day of their rescue should be kept as a festival for all time.

Then the Doge, a man of many sorrows, whose reign, like that of David of old, was troubled by a rebellious son, calling for the cabinet-makers, asked them what reward they would desire for their bravery. Perhaps there was one of the bridegrooms among the party, and he thought the recovery of his bride sufficient reward; be that as it may, the honest workmen only requested that henceforth forever, their serene Prince and his successors should, on the anniversary of that day, pay a visit in state to their parish church, Santa Maria Formosa. But the Doge, desirous they should ask more, feigned to see obstacles, and putting them off, said, "And what if it should rain?" But they, unwilling to be refused, replied, "We will give you hats to cover you." Whereto the Doge further objected, saying, "And if I am thirsty?" They answered, "We will give you drink." So the Prince, marvelling at their modest persistence, agreed to their demand; and every year he, and his successors after him, accompanied by the Signoria in their robes of state, paid a visit to the church on the feast of the Purification of the Virgin, and there were received by the parish priest, who, in remembrance of the promise of his flock, presented the Sovereign with some gilt hats, and flasks of malvoisie, and oranges; and further, to preserve the recollection of the day's events, twelve girls were yearly chosen by ballot, two out of each of the six parishes of the city, and, dressed with great magnificence at the expense of their respective parishes, were carried round the city in open boats, and, with the

Doge and the Signoria in their gilt barges following, went on the octave of the 2d of February, to San Pietro, to thank their God, who had protected the daughters of the city and rescued them from the hands of the oppressor; and then, returning to St. Mark's, were dismissed by the Doge with his blessing, after which they made the tour of the Grand Canal, every window and roof being crowded with spectators, while bands of music were stationed at intervals on the balconies.

The brides were received at the house of one of the richest families, and there fêted and made much of for the space of a week; great banquets, dances, and comedies were given, and such enormous expenses incurred, that the State at last interfered, and passed a law to limit the sums spent, and to reduce the number of the brides from twelve to four, afterward to three, and finally, abuses having crept in, it was decreed that, in future, wooden figures representing the maidens should be carried in their stead, which substitution caused such indignation among the populace that they followed the train with hisses and howls, and at last pelted them with showers of turnips, which, no doubt, then as now, lay handy on every vegetable stall, where to this day they form, both raw and cooked ready for eating, one of the chief articles of sale.

The riot was punished with a fine of one hundred soldi, and from that day, 1272, until 1379, the procession was allowed to take place in peace; but the war at Chioggia breaking out, the State was either too sad or too impoverished to continue the festa, and the custom ceased, never to be revived, the only memorial of it being in the tongue of the people, who still, as a term of abuse, designate a stupid, skinny woman, a "wooden bride."

The church of San Pietro now looks very deserted, grass grows between the great flags of the paved campo before it, and the patriarchal palace is turned into barracks; but the tower, though leaning, is in perfect repair, and, with its facing of white Istrian marble and its arched parapet is one of the finest in the city.

Close to this little island lie the arsenal and dock-yard once renowned, for the

construction of war-galleys, now busy building a great ironclad, and all around stand the houses occupied by the workmen, great high buildings, peopled evidently by countless families, who all hang out their linen to dry at the front windows, the parti-colored garments making curious patches of color on the once scarlet but now peeling walls of these ancient tenements, over the doors of which are to be seen the half-obliterated carven shields of some old family, now perhaps extinct, or, as in the case of the last representatives of some noble houses, reduced to the condition of gondoliers.

It is a matter of wonder how any of the old Venetian stock are still in existence, when the number of deaths which took place during the great plague is considered; for in 1630, in the course of that one year, 80,000 people were swept away in Venice alone. The government did all in its power to prevent the spread of the awful scourge by instituting, not only hospitals for the sick, but quarantine for those who had been in any way in contact with them. The sick were sent to the little island near the Lido, called the Lazaretto, where there is still a hospital, and those who were as yet well, but who had run the chance of contagion, were encamped around the Lazaretto nuovo, the island which is now occupied by the trim gardens and monastery of the Armenian Fathers. No better description of the scene can be given than in Sansovino's own words:

But here came only those who were well, who, having been among the sick, doubting whether they were infected, retired to this place, and there did quarantine for twenty-two days. Which thing I having known in my own person to my grievous loss by the death of my daughter Aurora, at the age of eleven years, and by the grief of Benedetta Misocca, my consort, in the time of the plague, in the year 1576, it pleases me to relate the order in which this work was maintained, for the example of foreign princes, so that they may clearly understand what was the singular charity of our fathers and lords toward the people in its urgent need, and so that they may learn to imitate them with works really worthy of them, and to make perpetual memorial to the glory of this, without doubt, Christian and pious city. There were there from eight to ten thousand persons in three thousand or more boats. To all these, for the most part poor people (although there were also some nobles and citizens who lived at their own expense), who had been despoiled of their

infected property which they left in Venice, was given food at the public expense for two and twenty days. So many boats, small and large (because among them were some hulks of disabled galleys), posted round the Lazaretto, had the appearance of an army besieging a sea city. Above was seen a banner, beyond which it was forbidden to pass, and near by was the force for the punishment of those who disobeyed the commands of the superiors.

In the morning at a proper hour appeared the inspectors, who, going from bark to bark, informed themselves if any had fallen ill, and, finding any such, sent them to the Lazaretto vecchio. Not long after this, arrived other boats laden with bread, cooked meat, fish, and wine, and dispensed the above articles to the amount of fourteen soldi the day per head, in such order, and in such silence, that it could not be surpassed. As the evening fell, there was heard a wonderful harmony of divers voices of those who at the sound of the Ave Maria, praised God, singing, some litanies, and some psalms. At night-time not a sound nor a movement was heard, so that no one would have said that there was a living man there, much less eight or ten thousand persons. But scarcely did the day dawn, when there arrived at least fifty boats, full of people who came into quarantine, the which folk were all received and saluted with mild applause and cheerfulness by every one, protesting to the new comers, that they ought to be of good heart, because here no man labored, and they were in the country of Cockaigne. Meanwhile, with prayers that came from the depth of their heart, they turned toward heaven, and, with joined hands, prayed for the perpetual maintenance of this republic. It was also a marvelous thing to see the number of boats which went to visit their divisions with divers refreshments. And neither was it a small marvel to the lookers-on to see the wooden houses, made by the public on the shores of the Lido, near the water, for the convenience of the people: because from afar it seemed like a new city; and, besides this, it had a cheerful and joyous aspect, although the hearts of the people, so crushed with much suffering, were filled with extreme compassion and grief.

But all these precautions availed but little; the plague held its own, until the Doge and Senate, in despair, vowed to build a magnificent church in honor of our Lady of Health (the Madonna della Salute) if only this plague should cease, and annually to repair in state thereto, in thanksgiving for the answer to their prayers.

In 1631, the plague abating, they immediately took thought to redeem their word, and published a request for plans from architects of all nations, writing orders to their ambassadors at different courts to help them in this object. But meantime, not to put off the day of thanksgiving, a great wooden church

was temporarily erected, on the spot on which now rise the white domes, so well known to all visitors to the queen of the Adriatic. The site chosen, being on the farther side of the Grand Canal, a bridge was built on boats across from the church of San Moïse to the door of the temporary erection, and all adorned with oriental carpets, and from this bridge to the door of St. Mark's the road was covered in with arches, draped with white cloth.

The chief magistrate of the Board of Health made proclamation on the Piazza di San Marco, that God, by the intercession of the Virgin, had in His mercy freed the capital of Venetia, and her provinces from the scourge of the pestilence; and, as he finished speaking, all the bells rang out, every ship in harbor fired off a salute of artillery and the air rang with the shouts of the people. High Mass was then sung by the Patriarch in the great Basilica, and then, in solemn order, the train passed under the white-draped arches, the Doge in his gorgeous robes of cloth of gold, the senators in their crimson brocades, richly furred, the nobles in purple velvet, and all the clergy of the city in full canonicals, making altogether such a grouping of color as now exists only in the pictures of Paolo Veronese.

The Te Deum was sung in the temporary church. But we may well imagine that beneath all this outward show of rejoicing, and in spite of the heartfelt thanksgiving for the cessation of the pestilence, which had more than decimated the city, there must have been many a sore heart; for, amid all that gayly-adorned festal troop, there can have been none in whose family some gap had not been recently made by the enemy which laid low rich and poor alike.

The design chosen for the church which should arise on the site of the temporary fabric, was that of Baldassare Longhena, and the work was soon set in hand, but the building was not consecrated until more than fifty years after the first thanksgiving day. Now, although it is of a corrupt style of architecture, with its monstrous rolled cornices and theatrically-posed statues, it forms one of the most charming features of the Grand Canal, particularly at sunset, when the traveller returning from

the Lido sees the domes rising pearly-gray against the blue and crimson sky, the water rippling gold and violet and emerald green at their feet, the vista of the opening canal stretching away into the dusk, all its inequalities softened into one general beauty in the evening haze. One of the best views of the Rialto is from a little way above the "Volta di Canal," that is, the bend made by the Grand Canal just by the great Foscari palace. The posts which every house has for the convenience of mooring the gondola, with their bright tints (being painted with the owner's colors, his crest, or coat-of-arms on the upper end), add greatly to the cheerfulness of the scene.

The aspect of the Rialto is probably as familiar to most people as their own house-door, so often has it been depicted by artists of all nations; and yet the bridge itself is not, except for the boldness of its great span, really beautiful, being overweighted by the double row of shops on the top. Who does not think of Shylock when the Rialto is mentioned, and of his speech to the merchant?

Signor Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my monies and my usances.

But the Rialto here meant is not the bridge, but the space at the foot of it, where the vegetable market now is, and where in former days the merchants used to walk under the arcades and talk over their business. Here, also, after the death of a member of a patrician house, the men of the bereaved family assembled, dressed in deep mourning, *i.e.* in long training robes of black, with hanging sleeves, and girded with a leathern belt, and received the condolences of friends, who took them solemnly by the hand, murmured a few words of sympathy, and then passed on.

On the open space at the top of the bridge stood for three days Marco Polo, the great traveller, feigning to be mad and turning a wheel, and crying incessantly, "If the Lord pleases, He will come," until, on the back of a beggar in the gazing croud, he recognized the ragged garments in which his treasured jewels were stitched, and which his uncle's wife had unwittingly given away.

Leaving the Rialto behind us, we see

the fish market on our left, and of an early morning it is a very pretty sight, covered with baskets of little silvery fish, something like whitebait, called here "bussichetti," great dogfish with wide mouths, and quantities of the razor shell-fish, "capi lunghi," which are eaten raw, and "capi santi," the pilgrim's cockle, with its pretty yellow and rose-tinted shells. Over all these, the fishermen make awnings with the beautiful golden and scarlet sails of their boats, which lie moored along the edge of the quay.

Almost opposite to the fish market is the opening of the narrow canal which leads to the palace erst belonging to the hapless Marino Faliero, "who," as says the old historian, "being aged eighty years, very rich, of excellent heart and great eloquence, but extraordinary choleric; by this choleric, being moved with great indignation at an insult done to the honor of his name, and not avenged as he desired, conspired against his country, not for lust of lordship, being of the age of eighty years and without children, but by reason of weakness of the brain, he being then so old;" and so, with brief sentence he concludes, "he was decapitated in that place in the which he had received the ducal crown:" this place not being, however, at the head of the Scala dei Giganti, as Byron would, in his drama, lead one to believe, that staircase not having been built until more than a hundred and fifty years after Marino's death.

The house just beyond the bridge, on the right, contains part of the original fabric in which poor Marino Faliero was born, and which, after his death, was confiscated and given as the price of blood to the furrier who had betrayed him, who did not long enjoy his ill-gotten gains, but, being of a grasping and restless character, was exiled by the Government. Over the Byzantine windows, on the second floor, is still visible the stone-carved shield of the Falieri, as well as other ancient carvings, let into the wall.

Returning into the Grand Canal, the gondola passes between many an old palace, each with its story attached. On the right, just before the bend which the canal makes toward the station, is

the great Palazzo Vendramin Calerghi, sometimes called the Palazzo Non Nobis, from the inscription "Non nobis Domine, non nobis," the motto of the family, cut on the stones forming its base. Here, in 1658, took place one of those brutal murders which occasionally occur in the annals of Venice. At that date there lived in this palace Vittore, a priest, Giovanni, and Pietro, three brothers of the house of Grimani, dissolute and factious men, whom the State, tired of their crimes, had sentenced to banishment; but the three brothers braved the law, and remained in their house, surrounding themselves with bravoës, ruffians ready to obey their worst bidding.

Francesco Guerini, a Venetian noble, having in some manner incurred the hatred of the three, they had him seized on the night of the 15th of January, as he was leaving the opera at the theatre then existing in the parish of San Giovanni e Paolo, and brought from thence in a gondola to their own house, taken into the little garden, which lies alongside, bordering on the Grand Canal, and there had him murdered before their eyes. The Senate, indignant at this outrage, cited the brothers to appear before its tribunal; but they, refusing to obey the summons, were again sentenced to banishment, degraded from their rank as nobles, and their goods confiscated, and, furthermore, it was decreed that their palace-door should be built up, the garden, the scene of this dastardly murder, should be laid waste, and a column erected therein bearing this inscription:

L'abb. Vettor, Zuane e Piero, fratelli Grimani, furono banditi per haver contro la pubblica libertà, nelle proprie case barbaramente condotte e con moltissime archibugiate interfetto s. Francesco Querini, fo de Z. Francesco.

[The Abbé Victor, John and Peter, brothers Grimani, were banished for having, against the liberty of the public, barbarously led into their own house, and laid low with many arquebus shots, Messeri Francesco Querini son of Messeri Francesco.]

This decree was carried out; but, in spite of it, we find that some years afterward the sentence of banishment was repealed, the brothers were restored to their former honors, the column of infamy (as these pillars commemorative of a crime were named) was removed,

the garden restored to its former state, and the three murderers so far increased in wealth and prosperity that they added another wing to their already magnificent house. Truly these wicked men flourished like a green bay tree ! It would be interesting to know whether their end was prosperous or whether retributive justice overtook them at last.

Farther up the canal, and at the corner of the Canareggio, the broad canal which, before the days of the railway, was the main route to Mestre, stands the handsome two-storied house called *Ca' (i.e. Casa) Labia*, once belonging to the rich and powerful family of that name, of whom the story goes that their name even was a pun on their riches, "*mi pare che abbia quella casa sempre ricchezza*," says the gondolier (Venetian speech dropping every *l*) who tells the tale, of how so great and wealthy were they, and so proud thereof that they wished to appear even more so, and, therefore, gave magnificent banquets to many gentlemen, every one being served on golden plates, the which, after dinner, the servants had orders to throw from the windows into the canal, as if these things were of but little worth to such as they ; "but," adds the narrator, "mark this, guards were set to watch the spot, and at night, when all was quiet, the heir of the house dived, and recovered all his golden plates which for ostentation had been cast away ; but the end of their pride and vain-glory was, that these who had been so rich and powerful ended their days in misery and poverty." We do not know what gave rise to this tradition, but certain it is that the Labia were very wealthy, for it is recorded that many a time they entertained more than forty gentlemen at banquets, where every one was served on gold ; and on one occasion, Paolo Antonio Labia, on his return from some naval expedition, when the men under his command were disbanded, furnished three hundred of them with new garments and food, and money sufficient to take every man to his own home, be the distance what it might. The richly ornamented Palazzo is now turned into a "*deposito di carrozze*," but, considering that such a thing as a carriage is unknown in

Venice, the business can scarcely be a lucrative one.

Close beside the house rises the campanile of the church of San Geremia. A view of which is to be found among Canaletto's pictures of Venice ; but the church then bore quite a different aspect to its present one, the entire building having since been remodelled.

Beyond the Canareggio bridge rise the tall houses of the Ghetto, the part of Venice which, after many years of total exclusion of the Jews from the city, was, in 1416, at last conceded to them ; under the condition that they should never be seen without, says the ancient decree, a large yellow O, as big as a loaf, on their breasts, and a yellow cap on their heads. The Ghetto of Venice is, contrary to the traveller's usual experience, one of the cleanest parts of the city ; and its inhabitants seem here, as elsewhere, to have been prosperous in money-getting, for some of the finest houses in the Grand Canal now belong to members of the Chosen People.

The stranger in Venice is particularly struck by the curious narrow ways which lead up to some of the best houses, making it almost impossible for him to find his road to them on foot, as the narrow alleys, or "*calle*," as they are called here, twist and turn in the most confusing manner. Neither is the fashion of numbering the houses conducive to ease in finding any given address, as the whole of each parish is numbered through from beginning to end, without any reference to the names of the streets ; the reason of this being, doubtless, that within a few hundred square yards several streets bearing the same name are to be found, "*Calle della Malvasia*" and "*Calle del Magazen*" being the most frequent—the former from the, in ancient times, large number of shops for the sale of the favorite wine, "*Malvasia*," *i.e.* Malvoisie ; and the latter referring to the small taverns called "*magazeni*," where loans of small sums of money were obtainable as well as wine.

Passing from the Campo di San Polo, a large open square, surrounded with handsome houses now falling into decay, through one of the above-mentioned Calle del Magazen, a narrow tortuous

passage, about four feet wide, we reach a little bridge, a modern erection, across which the way leads under low pillars, along the quay of a little canal, the Rielo di S. Polo, to the back or land entrance of the Ca' Capello, not the house from which the famous Bianca Capello fled with her Florentine lover, but a smaller one belonging to another branch of the family, and the front of which was formerly adorned with paintings by Paolo Veronese and his friend Zelotti, but of which works of priceless value no traces now remain. In this palace, on the 9th of February, 1519, the head of the Capelli gave a great fête, and Sanuto tells in his diary how

it was feared that the merry-making would be broken up, a quarrel having arisen among some of the guests; but peace being fortunately re-established, the gentlemen proceeded, each with his lady, under the pillars, above mentioned, into the Campo San Polo, where, having danced till nine o'clock, they returned to the Ca' Capello, where they supped, the banquet being no doubt laid in the great hall, which here, as in most old Venetian palaces, runs through the centre of the house, on the first floor, and from which hall, it may be said in conclusion, these few glimpses of old Venetian customs are taken.—*National Review*.

A VISIT TO PHILISTIA.

BY SIR LEPEL GRIFFIN.

WHETHER the discovery of America by Columbus has been of advantage or loss to the so-called civilized peoples of the Old World would form an interesting thesis for discussion. When we remember the gentle and refined races of Mexico and Peru, trampled beneath the gross feet of Pizarro, Cortes, and the Inquisition; or regard the savage picturesqueness of the Indian tribes that wandered over the North American Continent, cruel, brutal, and happy, uninjured by and uninjuring Western culture, we cannot but look with some doubt and hesitation at America of to-day, the apotheosis of Philistinism, the perplexity and despair of statesmen, the Mecca to which turns every religious or social charlatan, where the only god worshipped is Mammon, and the highest education is the share list; where political life, which should be the breath of the nostrils of every freeman, is shunned by an honest man as the plague; where, to enrich jobbers and monopolists and contractors, a nation has emancipated its slaves and enslaved its freemen; where the people is gorged and drunk with materialism, and where wealth has become a curse instead of a blessing.

America is the country of disillusion and disappointment, in politics, literature, culture, and art; in its scenery,

its cities, and its people. With some experience of every country in the civilized world, I can think of none except Russia in which I would not prefer to reside, in which life would not be more worth living, less sordid and mean and unlovely.

In order that this opinion may not appear harsh, exaggerated, and unfriendly, it is necessary to say a few words on the subject of international criticism. There appears to exist an idea that the friendliness and indeed the amalgamation, social and political, of the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race are so to be desired, that all mutual criticism of politics or manners should be uniformly favorable, even though the praise be undeserved. I will leave others to discuss whether there can be more in uncandid criticism than loss of self-respect; and only inquire whether, if we are unable to say pleasant things of America, it be not better to remain altogether silent. I believe silence to be both harmful and useless. In the first place, America is not an inert mass, devoid of attractive power. It is, to the last degree, energetic, dynamic, and aggressive, while its attractive force is so felt within the orbit of England that a large and increasing number of politicians and publicists are looking to America for the

dawn of a new social and political millennium, and are recommending American remedies for all our national disorders. Each year the democratic tide rises higher and our institutions become more Americanized; while some English statesmen are admittedly careless how high the tide may rise, and what existing institutions it may sweep away. It is as well that Englishmen should understand what is the dream of advanced New York Republicans as represented by the *World*:

"*Ça ira ! Écrasez les infâmes !*"

"The storm of revolution is looming and lowering over Europe which will crush out and obliterate forever the hydra-headed monarchies and nobilities of the Old World. In Russia the Nihilist is astir. In France the Communist is the coming man. In Germany the Social Democrat will soon rise again in his millions as in the days of Ferdinand Lassalle. In Italy the Internationalist is frequently heard from. In Spain the marks of the Black Hand have been visible on many an occasion. In Ireland the Fenian and Avenger terrorize, and in England the Land League is growing. All cry aloud for the blue blood of the monarch and the aristocrat. They wish to see it pouring again on the scaffold. Will it be by the guillotine that cut off the head of Louis XVI.? Or by the headsman's axe that decapitated Charles I.? Or by the dynamite that searched out the vitals of Alexander the Second? Or will it be by the hangman's noose around the neck of the next British monarch?"

"No one can tell but that the coming English *sans-culottes*, the descendants of Wamba the Fool and Gurth the Swineherd, will discover the necessary method and relentlessly employ it. They will make the nobles—who fatten and luxuriate in the castles and abbeys and on the lands stolen from the Saxon, sacrilegiously robbed from the Catholic Church and kept from the peasantry of the villages and the laborer of the towns—wish they had never been born. They will be the executioners of the fate so justly merited by the aristocratic criminals of the past and the present. The cry that theirs is blue blood and that they are the privileged caste will not avail the men and women of rank when the English Republic is born. They will have to expiate their tyrannies, their murders, their lusts, and their crimes in accordance with the law given on Sinai amid the thunders of heaven: 'The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children even unto the third and fourth generations.'"

Even if such ravings as these are dismissed as unworthy of notice, it is not the less certain that the most amiable and intelligent Americans are looking forward to a near future in which the Republican lion, having digested the aristocratic lamb, shall lie down in dig-

nified repose with no one to question his claim to be the first of created beings in a renewed world, the secret of which he pretends to be equality applied to all except himself. For an illustration of this, it is sufficient to refer to one of the latest and most pleasing American books, entitled "*An American Four-in-Hand in Britain*," by Mr. Andrew Carnegie, which describes, with great vivacity, how a party of simple and impressionable Republicans chartered a coach at Brighton and were driven, to their immense satisfaction, through England and Scotland. Throughout this book, which is by a friendly hand, and treats British weaknesses with kindly compassion, runs the strong stream of belief in the triumph of Republicanism in England, and its regeneration "under the purifying influences of equality," which Mr. Carnegie declares is the panacea of all disorders, even a constitutional monarchy. If he would only visit Boss Kelly, surrounded by the gang of Irish thieves who rule and rob New York, and explain to them that he was in every sense their equal, I cannot but think that, during his hurried exit from the presence of the municipal gods, he would modify his somewhat simple political beliefs.

If, then, there be those, like myself, who believe that no greater curse could befall England than for her to borrow political methods, dogmas and institutions from America, there seems every reason why such should explain the grounds, good or bad, for their belief, with which American travel may have furnished them. The good in American institutions is of English origin and descent; what is bad is indigenous, and this she now desires to teach to us. But Britannia, who, since her daughter has become independent and carried her affections elsewhere, has escaped the dreary rôle of chaperone, may surely refuse invitations to see Columbia dance, in fancy dress, to the tune of Yankee Doodle, and may plead her age and figure when asked to learn the new step. There are doubtless in English politics and society many evils and anomalies—privileges which cannot be defended, wrongs and injustice and misery which must be redressed and relieved; but,

nevertheless, the English constitution, with its ordered and balanced society from the throne to the cottage, is the symbol and expression of liberty in the world. Republican institutions have had a trial for a hundred years, and, so far as outsiders can judge, their failure is complete. France under a Republic has become a by-word in Europe for weakness and truculence abroad, and financial imbecility and corruption at home; while America, which boasts of equality and freedom, does not understand that, with the single exception of Russia, there is no country where private right and public interests are more systematically outraged than in the United States. The ideal aristocracy, or government of the best, has in America been degraded into an actual government of the worst, in which the educated, the cultured, the honest, and even the wealthy, weigh as nothing in the balance against the scum of Europe which the Atlantic has washed up on the shores of the New World.

A sketch of contemporary American politics will form the subject of a later paper, and I only desire here to notice a few American characteristics, and, especially, to record the impression which the many distinguished Englishmen who have recently visited the States—such as Lord Coleridge, Mr. Irving, and Mr. Matthew Arnold—seem to have made on American society. Never before have so many Englishmen of note—authors, artists, and members of both Houses of Parliament—been at one time in the States: they have naturally attracted a great deal of attention, and much criticism, friendly and hostile, has been expended upon them.

But international social criticism, which rests on a basis altogether different from political, is very apt, between England and America, to be prejudiced and unjust. Both races are strangely provincial for people who travel so much, and create grievances out of mere differences in habits and manners, while they are so near of kin as to be acutely sensible of departures from their own standard of taste or morals. English travellers are apt to expect too much; and men who travel uncomplainingly in Spain, where night is chiefly distinguished from day by its change of annoy-

ance, or in Bulgaria, where the only procurable bath is a stable bucket, complain bitterly at not finding in the rude hostelrys of the Western States of America the conveniences and the *cuisine* of Bignon or the Bristol. But, apart from unreasonable claims, which, throughout life, make up so large a part of our unhappiness, there exists a fruitful source of irritation to Englishmen travelling in America in the depreciatory attitude to all things English that is taken by the vast majority of Americans. It is a new and doubtless a wholesome experience for Englishmen, for on the continent of Europe, however much we may be disliked, we are regarded with a hostile respect and consideration which is flattering to the national vanity. Our habits and prejudices are indulged and consulted. The splendid hotels of the Rhine, of Switzerland and Italy were built for English travellers and in deference to English tastes and requirements, although of late years our American cousins have shared with us the venal attention of Continental landlords. But in America all this is changed. English tourists are few in number, and are lost in the vast society of travelling Americans. Their habits, when they differ from those of the natives, are considered antiquated or objectionable; and every American usage or institution is held up to admiration, not only as good in itself, but as better than anything to be found in "the old country." The stranger would be far more disposed to accord an ungrudging admiration to the many improvements and conveniences which America has introduced into common life, if it were not demanded so peremptorily with regard to numerous matters on which there may be a reasonable difference of opinion, or on which impartial observers would give the preference to English methods. But whether it be hotels or railway cars, horses or carriage-building, banks or beautiful women, oysters or engineering, the ordinary American loudly asserts his superiority over England, and treats an Englishman as an imbecile creature to whom he was deigning to expound the elementary principles of social and political life. "Mr. Washington Adams in England," a novel by

Mr. R. G. White, amusingly reviewed last October in the *Saturday-Review*, is as good an illustration as could be found of the worst type of American critic—ignorant and presumptuous—who, from the internal evidence of his book, could never have crossed the ocean, discussing English life and manners. It is some consolation to find that Mr. White does not reserve his thunders for a subject of which he knows nothing, and that to the September number of the *North American Review* has contributed an article on "Class Distinctions in the United States," which, for fierce and contemptuous abuse of the mushroom millionaires whose evil example is demoralizing American society, exceeds anything which a partially-informed Englishman could fairly or with propriety write. I do not, however, desire, by criticising American society further than it influences political and national life, to lay myself open to the charges of bad taste or superficiality which may justly be brought against Mr. White; and my friends in New York, Washington, Philadelphia, and the West, whose kindness and hospitality will always be remembered, would, I am sure, be included by Mr. Matthew Arnold in "the remnant" upon which he was inaudibly eloquent in his first New York lecture—the salt which is to purify American society, the examples of sweetness and light which are to illumine and beautify the degenerate western world. But whether writers like Mr. White misunderstand and misrepresent English society, or whether we are as black as we are painted, British equanimity will probably remain unshaken. In either case it is certain that the English are not popular in the United States, although there is a far more friendly feeling between the two nations than existed some years ago. This is most evident in the eastern towns, such as Boston and New York, where the imitation of English manners and amusements has become for the time the fashion. Horse-racing has grown to large proportions, fox-hunting, lawn-tennis, and cricket are making slow progress, and the New York dude might almost compare, for fatuous imbecility, with the London masher. So far and low have English

fashions penetrated, that Mr. Stokes, the affable proprietor of the Hoffman House, keeps no waiters in his employ who will not consent to shave their mustaches and cut their whiskers *à l'Anglaise*. But in the Central and Western States, with the exception of Colorado, which is being largely developed by English settlers and capital, there is little love for England or English ways, and criticism is almost uniformly unfriendly. As an example of this may be mentioned the savage abuse of Western journals, among which raged an epidemic of discourtesy directed against some members of Mr. Villard's North Pacific party for a misapprehension, amply apologized for, which in England, and affecting American guests, would have remained unnoticed. Americans will often say that the sentiment of the country cannot fairly be ascertained from newspapers; but in a country where the press has attained an unprecedented development, and where newspapers are, to all appearance, the only literature of the vast majority, a foreigner must assume that they represent, with some exactness, the popular opinion. There is no reason why the English should be popular in America. They are almost the most disagreeable race extant, and are often unendurable to each other; nor is there any part of Europe, except perhaps Hungary, where they are not more disliked than in the United States. The opinion expressed by the most original of living American poets, the present Minister to the Court of St. James's, represents that of most foreigners, and it is difficult to see that it is essentially unfair:

"Of all the sarse that I can call to mind
England *does* make the most onpleasant kind:
It's you're the sinner ollers, she's the saint:
Wat's good's all English, all that isn't ain't
—She's praised herself ontill she fairly thinks
There ain't no light in Natur' when she winks."

Such characteristics are not amiable, and the laws of heredity have transmitted them to our Transatlantic cousins. It is, indeed, probable that the Americans are, intrinsically, as disagreeable as ourselves; for although, on the continent of Europe, they are comparatively popular, this is probably because they are less known. Annually, a flight of pork-packers and successful tradesmen

cross the Atlantic, with their families, to complete an education, which has in reality not begun, by a contemplation of Paris hotels and Rhine steamboats. But the American pork merchant is silent in the presence of his peacock-voiced wife and daughters; and the complete party, Philistine though it be, is infinitely preferable to the swarm of London shop-boys with their sweethearts, whose uproarious felicity makes hideous all foreign resorts in the near neighborhood of England. In the continental dislike of England is an element of jealousy and suspicion, in which America has no part. We have fought and bullied in every quarter of the world, and, to-day, we stand with crossed swords with Russia in Central Asia and Armenia, with France in China and Egypt. Eight hundred years of victory—for the English never own a defeat—has left much soreness on every side, while the too fortunate Yankee, navyless and armyless, is not regarded, in a city like Paris, as a past or future enemy, but merely as the welcome victim of hungry shopkeepers. If America were as closely connected with Europe as is England, her citizens would be as much disliked as Englishmen. The two nations, however diverse their special characteristics may appear to a superficial observer, are curiously alike. The true Americans are unaffected by the stream of German or Scandinavian or Irish emigration, with which they have never mingled. They are now, and will remain, Englishmen in thought, genius and weakness—the physical type modified by an uncongenial climate mostly in extremes, the commercial spirit intensified by unrivalled opportunities for its successful employment, and the national genius for mechanical invention developed by the high wages of labor, precisely as the monkey developed a prehensile tail.

Another English characteristic, strongly developed and even grotesquely caricatured in America, is the love of big things, which is, after all, a failing akin to virtue, and which will guide America into fair pastures when adversity and Mr. Matthew Arnold shall have chastened and purified Philistia. At present, Americans are satisfied with things because they are large; and if not

large they must have cost a great deal of money. One evening, at the Madison Square Theatre, an American observed to me, "That is the most expensive drop-scene in the world." It was a glorified curtain of embroidery, with a golden crane and a fairy landscape, and might justly have been claimed as the most beautiful drop-scene in the world; but this was not the primary idea in the Yankee mind. The two houses most beautiful architecturally in the Michigan Avenue at Chicago were shown to me as half-a-million-dollar houses. A horse is not praised for his points, but as having cost so many thousand dollars; a man, who certainly may possess no other virtue, as owning so many millions. The habit of making size a reason for admiration is less jarring to an educated taste than that of making money the standard of beauty and virtue.

Full in front of the White House at Washington, as a warning to all future Presidents to avoid the penalties which attach to patriotism, a column of white marble is slowly rising to the memory of Washington. It is intended to eventually appear as an obelisk of six hundred feet, "the highest structure ever raised by man, excepting the Tower of Babel." Whether the design, which would seem to have been framed in the spirit which brought confusion on the builders of its prototype, will ever be completed it is impossible to say. The corner-stone was laid thirty-five years ago, and something more than half the destined height has been already reached. Colonel Casey, in charge of the work, promises its early completion; but if America continues to depart from that standard of free and honest administration which the high-minded, chivalrous, and clean-handed founder of the Republic set up it would seem that for very shame the monument will be left unfinished, to symbolize, as the tower of a shot manufactory or a cotton-mill, the triumph of industrial enterprise rather than of successful patriotism. In no case will it possess any interest beyond its size. Many nations have begged or stolen obelisks from Egypt to decorate, with dubious taste, their capitals. Half a dozen may be found in odd corners in Rome; London, and

Paris, and New York have each their trophy; and modern imitations have been raised in cemeteries and on battlefields in memory of those whom the affection of friends or the gratitude of nations have not thought worth an original design. But the obelisk is a monolithic feature in Egyptian architecture proportional to and in harmony with surrounding buildings, and never placed by itself. On the banks of the Potomac, and to the memory of the most distinguished American, this gigantic obelisk, although embellished with three large windows and a patent elevator for country visitors, is incongruous and absurd. When the next saviour of his country shall have liberated America from the tyranny of Rings and monopolists, as much heavier than that of George III. as were the scorpions of Rehoboam compared with the whips of his father, a grateful people must logically raise a pyramid, greater than that of Cheops, to his memory.

The Metropolitan Opera House at New York, which has been opened this season, is the latest illustration of the American love of big things because they are big. This theatre is said to be the largest in the world, and was built by wealthy New Yorkers who were unable to buy boxes at the original Opera House, as their proprietors did not think fit to die or vacate as quickly as the aspirants made money. The result has been the present house, in which may be nightly seen the miserable and unmusical millionnaires, from Vanderbilt, like royalty, in the centre, to Jay Gould in the depth of his stage-box, like a financial spider waiting to suck the blood of a new victim, feigning a pleasure they do not feel, applauding, with consistent ignorance, at the wrong time and in the wrong place. A similar scene of anguish was surveyed by Satan when, in Milton's song, he rose from the fiery marl and addressed his peers. The new house cannot be compared with those of Paris, Vienna, Moscow, and London, which have all and each their special charm. Its architect visited Europe, and carefully collected for reproduction everything that he could find ugly or inconvenient, and then built the largest, the meanest, the most ill-arranged opera-house, the worst for

sight and sound, to be found in the world. New York, whose opera-going society is hardly a twentieth of that of London in the season, cannot support two opera-houses; and on the six or seven occasions that I have been in the new house it was half empty. But the love of big things has been gratified, although the interests of music and the public have been sacrificed.

Lord Coleridge, in his speech at the Academy of Music in New York, said: "The first question that is almost always put to me is whether I was not amazingly struck by the vast size of the country. It was not size that particularly impressed me. If size were to be regarded, I should say that smallness rather than bigness should be insisted on. Men are great in proportion to their natural advantages. What of the size of your country? You did not make it. It is not size but products that are to be looked to." This argument does not commend itself to the American mind, which but slowly concedes that a pound of dynamite may be more energetic than a barrel of gunpowder, and a drop of prussic acid than a pint of castor-oil.

Although the Lord Chief Justice on this occasion indulged his American friends with a little playful satire, he was not in a position to act the mentor, and still less the critic. He was the guest of the American bar, and no Englishman in recent years has received in the States a more cordial or generous welcome. The high rank and reputation of the Chief Justice, his unblemished character, and the literary distinction connected with his name, combined with his fine presence and courtly manners, impressed and charmed American society. His progress from city to city was almost triumphal, and his opinion of his hosts and their country as expressed in his speeches was doubtless heartfelt and sincere. Guests and hosts were mutually gratified. It may, however, be questioned whether it was altogether consistent with the dignity of the Chief Justice of England to be carried about America like Barnum's "Greatest Show on Earth," as an advertisement of the glory of that remarkable country. Better the dinner of herbs with freedom, than terrapin and

canvas-back ducks with servitude. And it must be admitted that a full expression of opinion and indulgence of the critical or judicial spirit were impossible in these frequent banquets and receptions. It is not after dining with a friend that we can best criticise the arrangement of his house or the manners of his family. It is true that honest criticism was neither expected nor desired, for the Americans resemble—and herein they are very sensible people—those authors described by Oliver W. Holmes, who when they ask for your criticism expect your praise, and will not be satisfied with anything else. A Chief Justice should only speak from the bench, where his words carry the force and weight which is rightly accorded to deliberate judgment, wisely formed and temperately expressed. Not for him is the glorious dust of the arena or the applause of the crowd; the falseness of open compliment, the insincerity of unspoken blame. His language should be judicial or he should be silent. Now, whatever may have been the merits or charm of Lord Coleridge's American utterances, no one will be disposed to call them judicial. His praise of many things American may be fairly held extravagant; his eulogy of Matthew Arnold is open to the same objection; while, if the American press be correct, he even attempted to socially whitewash General Butler, Governor of Massachusetts, the most unscrupulous and indecent of demagogues, whose defeat during the late elections has delighted all honest men, whether Republicans or Democrats. His ungrudging praise of the judiciary of the United States altogether ignored the fact that a considerable proportion of that body, elected by the same processes as give municipal government to the cities, is notoriously inefficient and corrupt, and that the criminal classes, who are personally most interested in the verdicts of the courts, select the judges to preside in them. Even in lighter matters Lord Coleridge's desire to please went somewhat in excess of the requirements of the situation. His comparison of English and American beauty, which occasioned much comment in the States cannot be considered just to his own

countrywomen. The *Washington Post* says:

"But his expressions regarding the American ladies have imperilled the Lord Chief Justice's chances of ever again finding favor in the eyes of English beauty. An absence of only two months from his native land has served, he says, to win him from the standard of English loveliness, and he can conscientiously champion only the American type of beauty. Wherever he went the American lady was the same charming personage, and the American girl the same self-possessed bundle of independent anomalies. He could not sufficiently praise the fresh complexions, the charming manners, and the independence that marked the ladies he counted himself fortunate in meeting. And fairly turning against his own countrywomen, he unhesitatingly admitted that in his eyes the American women were the more attractive."

A correspondent of the *New York World*, who claimed to have interviewed Lord Coleridge on the steamer which took him to England, writes:

"He said he thought the American women far excelled their English cousins in both beauty and intellect, and he should not be backward to say so on his native soil."

Although justice be proverbially blind and the ethics of compliment are elastic, there is no occasion to believe that Lord Coleridge ever made the remarks attributed to him in so crude a form; and American reporters are very apt to record the questions they may ask as being the answers they have received. But the comparison, whether made by Lord Coleridge in these terms or not, is one of some interest, and a few remarks on it will not be out of place. There can be no doubt that Americans honestly believe their women to be the most beautiful in the world; nor to them would there appear any extravagance in the remark of the *New York Sun* on the audience which attended Irving's first performance, "in respect of the beauty it contained far surpassing any audience that Mr. Irving ever bowed to in his life." But the opinion of foreigners—I do not speak of Englishmen alone—is very different; and I have never met one who had lived long or travelled much in America who did not hold that female beauty in the States is extremely rare, while the average of ordinary good looks is unusually low. More pretty faces are to be seen in a single day in London than in a month in the States. The average of beauty is far higher in

Canada, and the American town in which most pretty women are noticeable is Detroit, on the Canadian border, and containing many Canadian residents. In the Western States beauty is conspicuous by its absence, and in the Eastern towns, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, it is to be chiefly found. In New York, in August, I hardly saw a face which could be called pretty. Society was out of town, but an estimate of national beauty is best formed by a study of the faces of the people; and the races at Monmouth Park had collected whatever of beauty or fashion had been left in the city. Even at Saratoga, the most attractive face seemed that of a young English lady passing through on her way to Australia. In November, New York presented a different appearance, and many pretty women were to be seen, although the number was comparatively small, and, at the Metropolitan Opera House, even American friends were unable to point out any lady whom they could call beautiful. A distinguished artist told me that when he first visited America he scarcely saw in the streets of New York a single face which he could select as a model, though he could find twenty such in the London street in which his studio was situated.

The American type of beauty is extremely delicate and refined, and London and Continental society will always contain some American ladies who may rank among the loveliest in the world. Such are known to us all, but are more common in Europe than America. A beautiful girl is, in the first place, more likely to travel than a plain one, for she is anxious for new worlds to conquer; the pride and affection of her parents are more likely to second her legitimate ambition, and, having reached Europe, she is obviously more likely to remain there. If American girls be anxious to marry Englishmen, as a study of contemporary novels, plays, and society would seem to show, it is a proof of their good sense; for America, which is the best place in the world for making money, is the very worst for spending it. Life revolves round the office and the shop and the counting-house, and a woman of spirit doubtless prefers a society like that of London, where even

the men, to say nothing of the women, from the time they rise at eleven till they go to bed at three o'clock in the morning, think of nothing but how they may amuse themselves. America will grow day by day more like the Old World in this respect, and when its citizens shall have learned the science of amusement it will become a far more agreeable place than it is at present. The change in the habits of the men will have a direct effect upon the beauty of the women. The English are an athletic race, and the amusements in which they delight are in the open air. As are the men so are the women. Riding and rowing, walking and tennis, have developed in them a beauty the chief charm of which is that it is healthy. The late hours of the ball-room do not take the bloom from a cheek which is daily renewed by a gallop in the park before luncheon or a game of lawn-tennis in the afternoon. In America life is sedentary. The national game of base-ball is mostly played by professionals; the national pastime of trotting-matches cannot be counted as exercise in the English sense of the word. The men, with few exceptions, have no country life—few of them even know how to ride; they neither hunt, nor row, nor shoot, nor play cricket; and the women, being everywhere the shadow of the men, are accomplished in none of those out-door exercises in which their English sisters find and renew their beauty. The charm which is born of delicacy may be a very lovely thing, like the finest porcelain, but it does not constitute the highest form of beauty, which is inseparable from good health.

The last of Lord Coleridge's opinions that I shall notice recommended Matthew Arnold to the American public as the most distinguished of living Englishmen; and although he afterward attempted to modify his statement the praise was felt to be extravagant. The assertion in an English literary journal that there is scarcely a railway guard or porter in America who is not familiar with Arnold's works is as foolish as untrue. I have travelled many thousand miles in America, but have never met a railway porter whose literary tastes rose superior to the *Police News*;

and in all societies Arnold must remain an acquired taste, like olives or caviar. If he became popular his virtue as a prophet would disappear. It was, then, with much interest and some anxiety that I went to Chickering Hall to hear Matthew Arnold's first lecture in New York, for he had freely condemned the Americans in former days as a race of Philistines, and they have long memories. We English are accustomed to Mr. Arnold when, like Balaam, he starts on a mission of cursing. Whether we drink champagne, or sand the sugar, or beat our wives, we know that there is no escape from condemnation. Unless we can take refuge with the few elect in his private ark, we belong to an upper class materialized, a middle class vulgarized, or a lower class brutalized. But the Americans were not used to this drastic treatment, and had shown some temper when told that, even if they had fewer barbarians and less mob, they were an unredeemed and irredeemable vulgar middle class. Chickering Hall, however, displayed no signs of hostility. On the contrary, when Mr. Parke Godwin had ended a labored and perfervid introduction, the great English critic was received by a crowded house with every sign of sympathy and respect. There was not a vacant chair, and the audience was evidently largely composed of the most educated and cultured classes, and included many ladies. But the lecture, as such, was a complete failure. Matthew Arnold says he dislikes public speaking, and certainly his voice is—or was—unequal to the demands of a well-filled hall. Reading his lecture with the manuscript close to his eyes, placing a strong accent on the penultimate or ante-penultimate syllable and dropping the last altogether, allowing the voice to so sink at the close of a sentence that the last words were inaudible, without gesture or expression, Mr. Matthew Arnold combines in himself all the possible faults of a public lecturer. Sitting ten rows in front of the reader, I found it impossible to hear the whole of any sentence or to follow the argument of the address. Occasionally, a quotation more or less familiar could be picked from the general monotone—as Dr. Johnson's declaration that "Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoun-

drel," or Plato's description of Athenian society: "There is but a very small remnant of honest followers of wisdom, and they who are of these few and have tasted how sweet a possession is wisdom, and who can fully see the madness of the multitude, what are they to do?"

But these were mere oases of sound in a desert of inaudibility; and of the fifteen hundred persons present, perhaps a hundred understood the lecture, to some four hundred an occasional sentence was vouchsafed, while a thousand heard nothing. An American audience is wonderfully patient and generous; and although at first from several parts of the hall came unavailing cries of "Louder," "Can't hear you," yet, when it was thoroughly realized that remonstrance and entreaty were in vain, the audience resigned themselves to the enjoyment of their Barmecide feast in a manner both amusing and pathetic. The lecture, if audible, would hardly have satisfied an American audience. Its purport seemed to be that majorities were always vicious and wrong; and that the only advantage to America in her great and increasing population was that, in so vast a multitude of fools and knaves, there must be a considerable "remnant" who, if fortune were favorable, which the lecturer did not anticipate, might redeem and transform the corrupt mass. Mr. Matthew Arnold is very likely right, but with these sentiments America has no sympathy. It holds that he wastes his rare powers in futile criticism of the Philistines, who are the practical men of the world and who do its real work. The night after his lecture, the well-known journalist, Mr. Dana, in the same hall, repudiated his doctrine, and declared that the facts of America and Europe contradicted his theory; that in England and France there was little or no political progress, that in democratic institutions and the principle of equality were the salvation of the human race; while material triumphs by man over nature contained the condition of progress, a work independent of poets and essayists like Mr. Arnold. There can be no doubt that Mr. Dana truly interprets the feeling of his countrymen, who are satisfied with themselves and do not care to be improved or instructed by

any teacher however illustrious. Mr. Matthew Arnold, piloted by Mr. D'Oyley Carte, and inaudibly lecturing to New York society, too painfully recalls Samson grinding corn for the Philistines in Gaza.

The visit of Mr. Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, and the Lyceum Company to America naturally excited far more general interest than that of the English essayist. The journals and periodicals were filled with notices of the distinguished actors, and, on their arrival, the most minute particulars of their appearance, speech, and manners were given to the world. A likeness to Oscar Wilde, at whom America has not yet ceased to laugh, was at once found in Mr. Irving, and one paper quietly remarked that "he talked like an educated American and had but one or two of the mannerisms of the Cockney." From the numerous *critiques* of the New York press it would be impossible to gather any correct idea of the effect which Mr. Irving produced on American audiences; for the differences of opinion which exist in England as to the merits of his acting are still more strongly felt and expressed in America, and it was in the theatre alone that a just estimate could be formed. No exception could, it is true, be taken to the warmth and generosity of the reception of Irving, when, as Mathias, he first appeared on the New York stage. The cheering was general and long continued; and throughout the piece and at its termination he was most enthusiastically applauded. But *The Bells* was an unfortunate choice for the opening night, as the extravagance belonging necessarily to the melodramatic character of Mathias accentuated the mannerisms of the artist, and jarred on an unfamiliar audience. The selection of *Charles I.* for the next night and the first appearance of Ellen Terry was equally unfortunate; although both the principal actors, and especially Miss Terry, were most cordially received. The character of Queen Henrietta Maria is unsuited to Miss Terry's genius, as no one knows better than that accomplished lady herself; and the admirers of Mr. Wills's play, if indeed there be any, must admit that its tawdry sentiment and perverted history could hardly be

acceptable to a democratic audience, who, ignorant of history as Americans are, still vaguely associate Cromwell with liberty and the Stuarts with persecution. "We have had enough of this antiquated stuff," said a young man seated by me, and this was, I think, the general verdict of the house. One singular point in connection with this play may be mentioned. When Charles I. attempts to kneel to Lord Moray the American house loudly applauded; and Mr. Irving has noticed this as a proof of the high intelligence of the New York audience as contrasted with the silence of an English audience. The explanation is not as Mr. Irving thinks. The point is not applauded by a conservative English house, which considers the action which Mr. Irving ascribes to the King as indecent, inartistic, and an outrage on propriety. A democratic audience applaud, for the humiliation of a king is especially grateful to them.

Irving's greatest triumph during the week was in *Louis XI.*, as English playgoers will readily understand. It was a disappointment to find that his Shylock, which we are accustomed to consider one of his best characters, was not generally appreciated, and was considered ineffective and tame. The truth is that Americans have been accustomed to see the play treated in an absolutely different manner, as a one-character drama, in which the passion of the outraged Jew is the sole element of vital interest. This results from the system on the American stage, where the interest attaching to one fine actor is supposed to cover the faults and follies of third-rate supporters and an unintelligent stage management. In Mr. Irving's rendering of *The Merchant of Venice* the tragic element is subdued, and the play is left, as Shakespeare intended it, a glorious and light-hearted comedy, with one element of sorrow and pathos running through it, in the calamity and revenge of the robbed and desolate Jew. But whichever rendering of the part of Shylock be held artistically correct, the play was received in New York with more delighted enthusiasm than I have ever witnessed in a theatre. What Shylock loses, in Irving's treatment of the play, is gained by Portia, who appeared as the very Genius of Comedy, and

whose irresistible charm of manner and grace of gesture, movement, and voice carried the house by storm. The character of Beatrice is probably that which best suits Ellen Terry, and this is reserved for Boston; but New York appeared satisfied that, in Portia, this charming actress had given one of the most delightful representations that had ever been seen on the American stage. Ellen Terry's success has been unequivocal and complete; while that of Irving has been as great as his best friends

and admirers anticipated. He is accepted as an artist of the most varied and cultivated talent; and his stage management, in appropriateness, evenness, finish, and beauty of scenery, has been a new revelation to New York. If his genius has not been able to reconcile Americans to his mannerisms, natural and acquired, this is surely what those who know the conflict of opinion in English society regarding this remarkable actor must have expected.—*Fortnightly Review*.

THE TEDIUM OF TRUTHFULNESS.

AMONG the many make-believes of our civilized society, we know of none more hollow than the theory that every decent person speaks the truth. We are not obliged, in any other direction, to pretend to believe in the faultlessness of our friends. We may suppose it possible that they should sometimes fail in kindness, in generosity, even in justice, without insulting them, without necessarily offending them, if they have any sense; everything depends upon the manner in which a hint at any failure of this nature is expressed. But in the case of truth it is the suspicion itself that is unpardonable. The only case in which we know of a hero of fiction being allowed to express such a doubt occurs in the novel in which a heroine of George Sand captivates, among her other lovers, no less a personage than Frederick the Great, and is asked by him, after a statement which fully justifies the query, and with a frankness no doubt authenticated by plenty of historic precedent—"Est-ce vrai, ce que vous avez dit?" Why may ordinary mortals never imitate him? They may ask, without offending any one but a fool—Is that just? Why may they never say—Is that true? There is an obvious reason for the difference. We must not have two grades of truth in social, as there is in civil intercourse; we must not (it seems to us a misfortune that we have done so anywhere), by fencing-off a certain domain in which lying is heinous, provide a territory on which it becomes venial. This is a very good reason for avoiding an appeal to any

one to certify the truth of his own words. But so far as it becomes an assumption that the assertions of ordinary, respectable people are habitually true, it is a misfortune, for it conceals the difficulty, and lowers the standard of truth.

For as we assume that it is an insult to suppose any one has said what is not true, we must suppose the ordinary intercourse of respectable mankind is truthful, and then we are obliged to allow that all sorts of statements wholly at variance with fact are not untruthful. There are certain directions in which we all recognize that others have a right to correct information, and give it them, just as we pay our debts; but this is a question of honesty, not of truth. A great Protestant teacher was indignant with a great Catholic teacher for reporting on the title-page of his reply the Protestant's assertion that Catholics were indifferent to truth, without his qualification, "for the sake of truth;" and if the charge itself had not been repeatedly quoted, word for word, in the reply, we should certainly have felt some sympathy with Mr. Kingsley in regarding the distinction as an important one. But if he means that truth for truth's sake is a common ideal anywhere we do not agree with him. We need not go among Catholics for instances of a false impression conveyed with a good conscience; anybody may observe the phenomenon, who will ask his neighbor certain questions which people do ask each other surprisingly often. The ordinary standard justifies an answer con-

veying a false impression when the inquirer has no right to a true impression, and when a refusal to answer would convey, and often exaggerate, the very facts which it is desirable to conceal. It is not a lie, people think, to say something untrue, when you are asked an impertinent question, which a refusal to answer would practically answer. Very well, then, find some other name for a justifiable untruth, and let us give up pretending that we condemn all untruth. The refusal to call any statement false unless it is also treacherous or dishonest has blurred our moral vision, in leading us to confound two qualities which are perfectly distinct; and whether it be right always to tell the truth or not, we are quite sure that every one should know when he is telling an untruth. The most disastrous falsehoods are those of which the speaker is unconscious, and there is at least one person to whom each of us should be careful to be absolutely sincere—himself.

One of the disadvantages of this pretence that truth is common, is that it hides from us the reality that truth is difficult. It is allowed by every one to be difficult for "the lower orders." People do not expect it to be very accurate, when they come to deal with maids-of-all-work, small shopkeepers, and the like; but they are apt to suppose that the difficulty diminishes with every rise in life, and vanishes when we lose sight of its struggles and sordid miseries. But we avow our own strong suspicion that even the Peerage itself does not remove men and women from the sphere of this difficulty. "I suppose *anybody* would tell a lie to save a noise," said a gamekeeper once, we hope with some exaggeration of the general objection to what he meant by a "noise" but with substantial accuracy as to the range of the temptation to escape many words about a vexed question by some brief, convenient fiction. Truth on any matter in which measurement of time and space is inapplicable, and in which the issue could not be put into a question answerable by "Yes" or "No," is distinguished by a lamentable want of simplicity, which the artistic mind unconsciously corrects as it goes along. Indeed, even the inartistic mind is driven to feel that life is not

long enough for unadulterated truth. This is one of the allurements to lying that moralists have failed to notice; they have remarked on the danger, the unpopularity, the general expensiveness of truth, but it has, we flatter ourselves, been left to us to point out that one of the greatest difficulties in the path of one who makes it his habitual aim is that it is so extremely tedious.

Our discovery must not be attenuated to a mere assertion of the well-known fact that truth is prosaic. People should learn to bear what is prosaic. Novels are to be had in plenty at every book-stall, and nobody has any right to demand that we should tax on his behalf at once our imagination and our conscience. Truth may be absolutely uninteresting, but it is not necessary that the speaker should be anything else. But that he should be tedious, to the extent to which truthfulness is tedious, is an evil which we all naturally aim at avoiding, without perceiving that, as we succeed, truth is insensibly modulated into fiction. Omit everything that is tiresome from an anecdote, and you no longer tell it just as it happened. Some time ago, one of the readers of a popular biography confessed that its hero's character for truthfulness had sunk in his estimation, from the discovery that a trivial incident in which he had been a spectator, so that the details were fresh in his memory, was so narrated (in the autobiographical form) as to put the narrator in a more creditable position than he had really occupied. There may have been mixed motives at work, but we have no doubt that the change was due mainly to the fact that the incident actually told in two lines would, if given exactly as it happened, have occupied five or six. The desire to narrate a trifling incident briefly is quite enough of an inducement to drop all those explanatory parentheses which make any fragment from history accurate, while the mere effort to give a central interest to any little incident in which one has been an actor insensibly tends to increase the importance of one's own part in it. If our conduct, as Fielding happily says, comes filtered from our own lips, our importance always comes from the same source slightly magnified; and this instinct by which

we avoid whatever dilutes and enfeebles interest, does no more than sweep a clear space for the personality—be it our own or another's—which we aim at bringing out in all its distinctness. All this is true of mere narrative, but when we come to the world of opinion, though on the one hand the temptations of egotism are less, the necessities of limitation are, on the other, very much greater. We might, perhaps, get a hearer to attend to what we have done, but where is one who will hear us out, if we attempt on any subject not perfectly simple to explain all we think? And so we choose, naturally and rightly, the part of opinion that our hearer will listen to, and express that, and nothing more. It is impossible to say that these fragments of our belief, as they are transferred to another mind, are either false or true. They certainly appear extremely inconsistent if two hearers compare them. Suppose, for instance, that two guests at a dinner party, one a Liberal and one a Conservative, consecutively ask a third what he thinks of a speech just made by Mr. Gladstone. He tries to select from the complicated feelings with which he regards it some one with which, on each occasion, he knows his hearer is in sympathy—or possibly some one with which he knows him to be in strong antagonism, for sometimes we wish to wave our banner—but at any rate, some feeling which he knows will be speedily intelligible to his hearer. "I think it a very fine speech," he replies, let us say on the amiable theory, to the Liberal; and on the same principle, when the Conservative repeats the question, he tries to find something which may form the basis of a real discussion, and says "that it did not appear to him very well adapted for its object." An interruption occurs, and these words remain as a summary of his entire view in the mind of his hearer, who next day communicates it to the Liberal inquirer. "So your warmest Liberals confess that Gladstone's speech was a very poor production," he exclaims, repeating, as he thinks, "X's" opinion with perfect accuracy. The indignant protest leads to a repetition of the little dialogue, and "X" being proved to have said to a Liberal that Mr. Gladstone has made a

very fine speech, and to a Conservative that the same speech was very poor (and very likely his last hearer is ready to swear that that was the exact expression he used), is set down as a humbug, and if either of his hearers is a man of rank or position, as a snob into the bargain. Yet all the while he has expressed with perfect sincerity the only part of his opinion that he felt could be truly expressed to either hearer, without an amount of tedium that neither of them would have endured. If he had occupied the two hours of dinner with a delineation of his views as they abutted on Liberal territory, and taken up the rest of the evening with the opposite façade, he might have combined the broken fragments of his opinion in a coherent whole, and escaped the suspicion of insincerity. But what mortal host would ever have made him welcome to his threshold again? A man who gave his opinions like the American orator, with the proviso that "if you do not approve of them, gentlemen, they can be changed," might contribute so much wit, or fancy, or good spirits, or social pleasantness of some kind to the banquet, that he should always find a place there; but a speaker who poured forth his political views from the first spoonful of soup to the last spoonful of ice would not be redeemed from abhorrence, if his reasonings might be bound up with the speeches of Burke without our discovering the difference. And observe that this discrepancy cannot be set down to a mere wish to be in sympathy with the person one is addressing. The principle on which one selects a fragment of one's opinion for expression is quite distinct from the fact that a small fragment has to be selected, and the moral of our fable would be just the same, if we suppose the speaker animated by antagonism, instead of by sympathy. If he felt himself as many people do, a Conservative among Liberals, and a Liberal among Conservatives—or (to express our meaning in a form which itself becomes more tedious the moment it becomes more accurate) if he felt that the necessary truth for a Radical was that all harmless things should be preserved, so far as they were rooted in the past; and for a Conservative, that all harmful things should be destroyed, al-

though they were rooted in the past—he might be convicted of just as much insincerity, when the two came to compare his answers to the same question. It is the fact that truth is a relation between hearer and speaker, and not that that relation must be one of sympathy, which forces us, in speaking to different people, to use different language.

And if we feel this necessity in matters which, like political questions, are regarded by a great number of people from the same point of view, however unintelligible is that point of view to others, we shall feel it much more pressing in matters of personal interest and difficulty. It is true that these are, for the most part, subjects on which nobody has any right to ask questions; but it is surprising how often they sin in this way, and even when there is very little temptation. The most impertinent questions are asked every day, by people who are not the least impertinent, and who care extremely little about the answers. Most of our readers, we should imagine, had been asked some time or other how some marriage in their immediate connection was liked, and had not the slightest compunction in answering untruly. After all, what they avoid in amiable fiction merely has its place supplied by unamiable fiction. Suppose the hearer is informed of the fact that the marriage has been opposed as long as possible, he would often go away with an even more fallacious impression of the real state of the case between the two families about to be connected. Perhaps the best punishment for asking impertinent questions would be, in many cases, the extreme tedium of listening to their answers, only that the school-master's commonplace, "It hurts me more than it hurts you," would be true of the person obliged to inflict it. To have to listen, with such an appearance of decent interest as could hardly be withheld to the mixed feelings which are occasioned by a marriage, to be obliged to understand the proportion of regret in a feeling that we may truly describe as satisfaction, of heartfelt joy in a feeling that we are obliged to avow as regret, might perhaps make an impertinent questioner think twice before he dropped out his

vapid queries again. But more valuable things than his patience would have to be sacrificed, and these sinners, we fear, must be left unpunished, if the only resources in the hand of justice consist of the tediousness of truth.

It is not only in answer to a question, however, that we are from this reason forced into untruth. Even the forms in which we are obliged to express our most spontaneous feelings are sometimes untruthful, unless they are intolerably lengthy. "I envy you your happiness," we exclaim; and nothing is more unlike envy than the feeling with which we regard the relation or possession. Now, try to translate the feeling which we thus shortly express into something that is not misleading. "The sight of your happiness brings vividly before me an appreciation of the importance and value of those circumstances on which it depends, and a wish to partake in them, if it were possible without diminishing your share in them." We beg our reader's pardon for illustrating our theme so forcibly; but let him try his hand, if he is dissatisfied with our attempt. He will find that there is no short way of suggesting this truth, but by saying what is false. And in this case, the falsehood seems to us particularly unfortunate. Our words react on our feelings, and it is a moral disaster to bring the tainting word *envy* so near the purest emotions of our nature. The sight of the blessings which we do not share may raise the purest or the most ignoble feelings in our heart; the tediousness of truth, or the poverty of language, forces us to use one expression for both, and so, to some extent, actually to confuse them.

It may be objected to the above remarks that falsehood may be very tedious, as well as truth. It cannot be asserted, indeed, that any form of error is secured from tedium. The most heterodox doctrine, the most untrustworthy history, even the most insincere statement about the speaker, may all be made extremely wearisome; we may yawn over the most inaccurate information, and under the most unsound theology. But the union of error and tedium is the result of mere superfluity of naughtiness. The fair virgin Truth is wooed assiduously by this worthy bore;

go where she may, he is not far off, those who seek her must perforce put up with at least a sight of him. But that flaunting damsel Error, if she appears in his company, must seek him out; he never forces himself upon her, has, in fact, no lurking tenderness for her whatever. Error may be tedious, but truth must be. At least, it can only escape the danger on one of two conditions; it must concern matters of actual measurement and physical observation, or it must be spoken by a man of genius. It may be conveyed in a compendious form, we presume, to the mathematician, the physicist, the statistician; but the moment you try to tell truths that are interesting to human beings as such, the moment you aim at truth about character, you enter on ground where truth without tedium is the privilege of genius. We have no intention of apologizing for the falsehoods of those gifted beings who *can* put the truth in a

small compass. We should have as little mercy for a man of distinguished literary power who left a false impression on his hearers, as for a great general who fought a duel. Literary fame is as much a guarantee of the power of conveying one's meaning as military fame is of courage; the possessor of the first is as guilty if he fails to use his power, as is the second if he make use of such an opportunity as a challenge to assert it. But the rank and file of humanity have the choice, in almost all the occurrences of life where truth is the least difficult, of such tedium as we have—not, we fear, without an appreciable amount of practical illustration—suggested to the reader, or of falsehood. Which alternative a rigid standard of rightness would sanction, we have not attempted to decide; we merely record our own belief that, as a matter of fact, it is impossible to combine both.—*The Spectator*.

HELEN'S TOWER.

BY ROBERT BROWNING AND ALFRED TENNYSON.

[The following verses were written respectively by the two greatest English poets of to-day, at the request of Lord Dufferin, on the dedication of a tower built to the memory of his late mother, the Countess of Gifford.—Editor ECLECTIC.]

Who hears of Helen's Tower, may dream perchance
How the Greek Beauty from the Scæn Gate
Gazed on old friends unanimous in hate,
Death-doom'd because of her fair countenance.

Hearts would leap otherwise at thy advance,
Lady, to whom this Tower is consecrate!
Like hers, thy face once made all eyes elate,
Yet, unlike hers, was blessed by every glance.

The Tower of Hate is outworn, far and strange:
A transitory shame of long ago,
It dies into the sand from which it sprang;
But thine, Love's rock-built Tower, shall fear no change;
God's self laid stable earth's foundations so,
When all the morning stars together sang.

ROBERT BROWNING.

HELEN'S TOWER, here I stand,
Dominant over sea and land.
Son's love built me, and I hold
Mother's love engraved in gold.
Love is in and out of time,
I am mortal stone and lime.

Would my granite girth were strong
 As either love, to last as long,
 I should wear my crown entire
 To and thro' the Doomsday fire,
 And be found of angel eyes
 In earth's recurring Paradise.

A. TENNYSON.

THE POSSIBLE SUSPENSION OF OLD AGE.

BY W. O. DAWSON.

IN bygone times those profound mystics and metaphysicians, the Rosicrucians, and still earlier, the Alchemists claimed to have discovered the Elixir of Life.

They asserted that old age might be retarded, and life considerably prolonged by means of an elixir, preventing, or rather suspending, physical decay. The celebrated English Rosicrucian Dr. Flood, whose writings became famous is said himself to have attained the century. Modern science has recently made more startling discoveries than even those of which the Alchemists dreamed. The possibility of prolonging life has throughout all ages been deemed worthy of notice by great thinkers, among whose numbers the illustrious Bacon and Hufeland are enrolled. In the following article we shall endeavor to furnish our readers with the latest scientific knowledge relative to the possible suspension of old age. Imprimis—old age is of two varieties—premature, and that caused by the lapse of time. Premature age, as engendered by various mental and physical excesses, comes not within our present notice. The principal characteristics of old age, as demonstrated by anatomical research, are a deposition of fibrinous, gelatinous, and earthy deposits in the system. Every organ in the body during old age is especially prone to these ossific depositions. These earthy deposits have been found to consist principally of phosphate and carbonate of lime, combined with other calcareous salts, according to the researches of Dr. C. T. B. Williams, F.R.S. "That man begins in a gelatinous and terminates in an osseous (or bony) condition" has been truly observed by a French physician. From the cradle to the grave a

gradual process of ossification is undoubtedly present; but after passing middle life, the ossific tendency becomes more markedly developed, until it finally ushers in senile decrepitude. These earthy deposits in the various organs during old age materially interfere with the due performance of their respective functions.

Hence we find imperfect circulation in the aged, owing to the heart becoming partially ossified, and the arteries blocked with calcareous matter interfering with that free passage of blood upon which nutrition depends, so the repair of the body naturally becomes impaired thereby.

Mr. G. H. Lewes, in his luminous work, "The Physiology of Common Life," truly observes: "If the repair were always identical with the waste, life would then only be terminated by accident, *never by old age*. Both Bichat and Baillie considered that the greater number of persons over sixty suffer more or less from arterial ossification. When the heart's valves become cartilaginous, they consequently fail to propel the blood to its destinations, this fluid being further obstructed by the ossified and contracted condition of the arteries themselves.

In youth, on the other hand, nutrition is perfectly carried out, there being no blockages to impede the circulating system upon the due performance of which physical reparation depends.

Bearing the above facts in mind, we plainly perceive that the *real* change which produces old age is, *in truth*, *nothing more or less than a slow but steady accumulation of calcareous matter throughout the system.*

It is owing to these depositions that the structure of every organ is altered,

their elasticity giving way to senile rigidity. Blockages of various organs then commence, until, at last, one of the vital organs becomes impeded, causing death. The idea that old age was brought about by failure of the so-called vital principle has long since been discarded by science. Now in reality the true cause of gradual disintegration in the various organs is the fact that they become inadequately supplied with blood, upon which the renovation of their structures depends.

While speaking of calcareous and osseous degenerations, that eminent authority, Dr. C. T. B. Williams, F.R.S., observes at page 252 of his splendid work, "The Principles of Medicine," "This process is there given to be viewed as almost entirely of a chemical nature, consisting in the concretion and accumulation of calcareous salts, phosphate and carbonate of lime." The causes of old age bring, therefore, nothing more or less than ossific deposits. We will now proceed to elucidate the principal influences leading to the condition we have described.

Having arrived at the predisposing causes of senile decay, it yet remains for us to go still further, and seek out their origin. The two principal sources of old age are fibrinous and gelatinous substances; secondly, calcareous depositions. According to the recent researches of Mr. de Lacy Evans, the origin of the former may undoubtedly be traced to the destructive action of atmospheric oxygen, and this proposition is demonstrated by the following argument.

In the air we breathe, the relative proportions of oxygen to nitrogen are 22 to 78. Although oxygen is in far smaller bulk, yet it is the most active element. Now, oxygen has an affinity for every other element except fluorine, thereby forming the oxides. Oxygen plays by far the most important part in those chemical changes constantly at work within the animal economy, life itself being but a constant waste by oxidation, and reparation by food. In the blood exists albumen and fibrine, themselves resolved into component elements — carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, oxygen, sulphur, and phosphorus. Fibrine has been said to contain 1.5

per cent more oxygen than albumen. Now, oxidation converts albumen into fibrine, fibrine itself being but an oxide of albumen.

Although unquestionably fibrine nourishes the organs of our bodies by repairing their waste, yet a great deal of this substance accumulates in course of time, lessening the calibre of the blood-vessels, and thereby causing their induration.

It therefore follows that, as time goes on (old age), fibrinous and gelatinous depositions become noticeable. Consequently, as fibrine is an oxide of albumen, so also is gelatine an oxide of fibrine, due to the action of oxygen on the fibrine deposited by the blood. A further effect of oxidation causes part of these substances to be decomposed, and subsequently eliminated through the kidneys as compounds of ammonia and urea. There is always a continual struggle progressing in our systems between accumulation and elimination. Thus it is that the fibrinous and gelatinous accumulations of old age are chiefly traceable to the chemical action of atmospheric oxygen.

The calcareous deposits next claim our attention, being proved by anatomical investigation to be peculiarly characteristic of old age.

In the human body water forms 70 per cent of its aggregate weight, in fact there is not a single tissue which does not contain water as a necessary ingredient. Now water holds certain salts in solution, which become more or less deposited, notwithstanding the large proportion eliminated through the secretions. Nevertheless it is only a matter of time before these minute particles deposited by the blood have a marked effect in causing the stiffness and aridity of advancing life. The reason why in early life the deposit of earthly salts is so infinitesimal is simply because they have not had time to accumulate. It is the old kitchen boiler which is found full of incrustations, not the new one, time not having been sufficient for their deposit. M. de Canu proved by analysis that human blood contains compounds of lime, magnesia, and iron, averaging 2.1 in every 1000 parts. This clearly demonstrates that in the blood itself are contained the earth salts,

which gradually become deposited in the system.

Blood being made from the assimilation of food, it is therefore to food itself we must primarily look for the origin of these earthy deposits. Besides providing the requisite elements of nutrition, food contains calcareous salts, which, upon being deposited in the arteries, veins, and capillaries, become the proximate cause of ossification and old age. Mr. G. H. Lewes says with truth in his "Physiology of Common Life," "Moreover, in food we are constantly introducing different substances which produce variations in the nutrition of the parts. These differences *accumulate* their influence in those changes named ages, and they culminate in the final change named death."

Having now traced the primary existence of calcareous matter *to food itself*, it is consequently a subject of no small moment to ascertain those varieties of dietetic articles containing these salts. As a matter of fact, everything we eat does contain them to a greater or less degree. The cereals have been found most rich in earth salts; so bread itself, the so-called staff of life, except in great moderation, assuredly favors the deposition of these salts in the system. The more nitrogenous our food, the greater its percentage in calcareous matter; thus a diet composed principally of fruit, from its lack of nitrogen, is best adapted for suspending ossific deposits. Moderation in eating must ever be of great value as an agent for retarding the advent of senility. Large eaters more rapidly bring about these ossific deposits, owing to having taken more food into the stomach than it is able to utilize or excrete, the result being naturally a more rapid blockage. According to the researches of Mr. de Lacy Evans it would appear that the following articles of food contained least of the earth's salts: 1st. Fruits (chiefly owing to their lack of nitrogen). 2d. Fish and poultry. 3d. *Young* mutton and veal. Old mutton and beef from age contain a large quantity of earthy matter.

It becomes self-evident, therefore, that living moderately and as much as possible on a diet containing a *minimum* amount of earthy particles is clearly most

suitable in order to retard old age and thereby prolong existence. The most rational treatment with a view to retard old age is in the first place to endeavor as far as possible to *counteract* the excessive action of atmospheric oxygen; secondly, to retard the deposit of ossific matter and as far as possible to dissolve partially-formed calcareous concretions. Distilled water and diluted phosphoric acid are believed by Mr. de Lacy Evans to have the desired effect. When considering their special action we cannot but fully coincide with him as to their efficacy in retarding old age by their combined chemical action. Now distilled water alone has a powerful action owing to its solvent properties, thereby dissolving and excreting the excess of earthy salts which otherwise would become blocked up in the system, gradually storing up those blockages which in time cause old age. The solvent properties of distilled water are so great *per se* that on distillation in vessels it actually dissolves small particles of them. Now the generality of waters contain more or less carbonate of lime, and are to be avoided, especially those from chalky soils, tending as they do to produce calcareous deposits. The action of distilled water as a beverage is briefly as follows: First, its absorption into the blood is rapid; second, it keeps soluble those salts already existing in the blood, thereby precluding their undue deposit; third, it facilitates in a marked degree their elimination by means of excretion. After middle life *a daily use of distilled water is highly beneficial* to those desirous of retarding old age, and it is also a useful adjunct for adverting stone in the bladder and kidneys.

Lastly we have to deal with the special beneficial action of diluted phosphoric acid when mixed with distilled water and consumed *daily*. If well diluted with distilled water it is perhaps the most powerful means known to science for suspending old age. Diluted phosphoric acid possesses the following great merits: It prevents the accumulation of earthy salts and also facilitates their elimination. Secondly, by its great affinity for oxygen those fibrinous and gelatinous deposits previously alluded to are held in abeyance

by its use: Thus by its *double* agency, combined with distilled water, we have a most valuable preventive against the *primary* causes of old age, which its daily use holds in check. Hypophosphites are believed to exercise a like action, as on becoming phosphates through fixing the oxygen from the blood, undue oxidation (waste of the tissues) is to a great extent prevented.

To sum up shortly what has already been advanced, according to the teach-

ings of modern science the most rational and certain means of retarding old age are by avoiding all foods rich in the earth salts, and by taking *daily* two or three tumblerfuls of distilled water with about 10 to 15 drops of diluted phosphoric acid in each glassful. Thus are the inimical salts held in solution and their excretion daily effected. The means herein advocated have also another great advantage, viz., that they cannot possibly do any harm.—*Knowledge*.

SENILIA: PROSE POEMS BY IVAN TURGENIEF.

II.

THE WORKMAN AND THE MAN WITH THE WHITE HANDS.

WORKMAN. Why do you come here? What do you want? You do not belong to us! Be off!

THE MAN WITH THE WHITE HANDS. I do belong to you, brother.

WORKMAN. No, indeed! You, one of us! What an idea! Look at my hands! Are they not soiled? They smell of animals and of manure: but look at yours, they are white; how can they smell?

THE MAN WITH THE WHITE HANDS (*offering his hands*). There; smell them!

WORKMAN. What the devil is this? They seem to smell of iron!

THE MAN WITH THE WHITE HANDS. They do. For six years they were hung with chains.

WORKMAN. And wherefore?

THE MAN WITH THE WHITE HANDS. Because I labored for your welfare; because I longed to free you—lowly, ignorant men; because I resisted your oppressors—revolted. . . . This is why I was imprisoned!

WORKMAN. So! Imprisoned? And who bade you revolt?

TWO YEARS AFTER.

ANOTHER WORKMAN (*to the first*). Listen, Peter; the last summer but one since, a Man with White Hands came here; he talked with you!

THE FIRST WORKMAN. Well! what of him?

THE OTHER WORKMAN. Only think;

he is to be hanged to-day! That is the sentence.

THE FIRST WORKMAN. Has he revolted again?

THE OTHER WORKMAN. Yes.

THE FIRST WORKMAN. So! . . . I say, brother Dmitry, cannot we manage to get hold of a piece of the rope with which he will be hanged? They say that great, great luck will befall the house which possesses such a rope.

THE OTHER WORKMAN. That is true, brother Peter; we must try to do so.

April, 1878.

THE ROSE.

The last day of August—the beginning of autumn.

The sun is sinking. An unexpected but swiftly-passing shower of rain, without thunder and lightning, has just fallen over our wide plain.

The garden before the house glowed in the red evening, and steamed with the moisture of the rain.

She sat by the table in the drawing-room, and gazed fixedly and thoughtfully through the half-opened door into the garden.

I knew what was passing in her mind; that, at this moment, after a short but painful struggle, she had yielded to a feeling which she could no longer overcome.

Suddenly, she rose, went hastily into the garden, and disappeared.

An hour elapsed—two hours; she did not return.

Then I arose, quitted the house, and went along the same path that she—I did not doubt it—had taken. Around me

all was dark ; the night had set in. But upon the wet sand of the path glimmered a round, red object, visible even in the darkness.

I stooped down. It was a little, scarcely-blown rose. Two hours before I had noticed this same rose in her bosom.

Tenderly I raised the fallen flower from the earth and placed it on the table in the chamber, before her chair.

At last she returned ; she stepped lightly across the room, and seated herself by the table.

Her countenance now was paler, but more animated ; her sparkling, half-closed, and contracted eyes glanced around with some slight confusion.

Suddenly, she perceived the rose ; she took it up, looked at its soiled and crumpled petals, and tears shone in her eyes.

"Why do you weep ?" I asked.

"For this rose. Look what has happened to it."

And then a fancy struck me that I would make a profound observation.

"Your tears will wash away these stains," I spoke with a peculiar accent.

"Tears do not cleanse, they scorch," she replied ; and she turned and flung the blossom into the expiring embers of the fire.

"And fire scorches still better than tears," she exclaimed, not without pride ; and her beautiful eyes yet wet with tears smiled a happy challenge.

And then I knew that she also had been scorched.

April, 1878.

ALMS.

An infirm old man passed along a broad highway, in the neighborhood of a large town. His gait was unsteady, his wasted feet slipped and stumbled feebly and heavily, as if the movement were unusual ; his clothes were tattered, and his uncovered head sank upon his breast. He was quite exhausted.

He seated himself upon a chance stone by the roadside ; he bent down, and leaned back ; he covered his face with both hands, and through the parted fingers tears dropped upon the dry, gray dust of the road. He was thinking of his past.

Once he was strong and rich ; he had

ruined his health, and had parted with his wealth to friends and foes. And he had not a morsel of bread. All had forsaken him ; the friends sooner than the foes. Should he indeed humble himself so far as to ask alms ? His heart was filled with bitterness. . . . He was ashamed.

And his tears fell ceaselessly, moistening the gray dust.

Suddenly he heard himself called by name ; he raised his head and saw an unknown man before him.

This one's countenance was tranquil and dignified, still not severe ; his eyes glittered not, but they were clear ; his look was penetrating, but not forbidding.

"Thou hast given away the whole of thy fortune," he spoke in a quiet tone, "and dost thou regret that thou hast done good ?"

"No, I regret it not," replied the old man sighing, "but now I must die."

"Had there been no poor upon the earth to stretch out their hands toward thee," continued the Unknown, "then wouldst thou have lacked the opportunity to bestow charity ; the cause for it would have been wanting."

The old man answered not, and fell reflecting.

"Then banish pride, poor man," added the Unknown, "go, stretch out your hand, give other good men an opportunity of proving beyond a doubt that they *are* good."

The old man trembled and looked up, . . . but the unknown had vanished. . . . In the distance he saw a traveller.

He went up to him, and extended his hand. The traveller turned away with a gloomy mien, and gave him nothing.

Another traveller followed this one—and he gave the old man a small alms.

The old man bought bread with the gift he had received, and the begged bread tasted sweet ; his heart no longer felt ashamed ; on the contrary, it was glorified by a quiet happiness.

May, 1878.

THE INSECT.

I dreamt that some twenty of us sat together in a large chamber by an open window.

Women, children, old men, were of the party. All conversed upon a cer-

tain well-known theme; each talked eagerly, and scarcely listened to the remarks of the others.

Suddenly, a large insect, about two werschoks in length, flew into the room with rustling wings; it circled around, and then settled upon the wall.

It resembled a fly or a wasp. Its body was a dirty-brown color, and its hard flat wings were of the same hue; it had cleft, hairy feet, and a head large and angular as that of a dragon-fly. Both feet and head were blood red.

This remarkable insect turned its head continually up and down, right and left, moving its feet at the same time. . . . Then, suddenly, it detached itself from the wall, flew rustling through the room, settled again, and commenced the same annoying and disgusting evolutions without stirring from the spot.

We all exclaimed with aversion, fear, and even terror. . . . No one had ever seen anything like it before, and all cried: "Drive the horrible creature out?" All waved their handkerchiefs at a safe distance—but no one would venture to approach it, . . . and whenever the insect flew about, all involuntarily retreated.

But one of us, a pale young man, looked at us with surprise. He shrugged his shoulders, smiled, and could not make out what had happened to us, and why we were so agitated. He did not see the insect, neither did he hear the evil-boding rustle of its wings.

Suddenly the insect appeared to stare at him. It soared on high, and, alighting on his head, stung him upon the brow. The young man uttered a low cry, and fell down dead.

The fearful insect flew away. . . . Then we guessed for the first time what manner of guest it had been.

May, 1878.

THE CABBAGE SOUP.

The only son of a peasant widow woman, a youth twenty years old, and the best workman in the village, was dead.

The great lady of the village, who had heard of the widow's loss, went to pay her a visit on the day of the funeral.

She found the poor woman at home. She stood by a table in the middle of

the hut, and slowly, with a regular movement of her right hand, she scooped up cabbage soup out of a sooty pot, and swallowed one spoonful after another.

The old woman's face was gloomy and bitter, her eyes were red and swollen; . . . nevertheless she held herself as calm and erect as if she were in church. "Good God!" thought the lady. "To be able to eat at such a moment! . . . How utterly without feeling these people are."

And the lady just then recollected that when she, some years ago, had lost her little daughter nine years old, she had in her sorrow even refused to rent a charming villa in the neighborhood of Petersburg, and that she had remained in town the whole summer! And this woman was eating cabbage soup!

At last the lady grew impatient. "Tatjana," she exclaimed, "for God's sake! . . . I cannot but feel astonished! . . . Did you not love your son? Is it possible that you have not lost your appetite? How can you eat cabbage soup at such a time?"

"My son Wassja is dead," said the woman in a low tone, and the pent-up tears flowed afresh down her hollow cheeks, "and now my end also is near! The head of my living body has been taken away from me! . . . But is that any reason for spoiling the soup? It is nicely salted."

The great lady merely shrugged her shoulders and went away. She can have salt cheaply.

May, 1878.

THE HAPPY LAND.

Oh land of happiness, oh land of joy, of light, of youth, of enjoyment! Now have I seen thee—in a dream.

We were in a beautiful, richly-decked boat. Beneath the wantoning pennon, the white sail swelled like the breast of a swan.

My companions were unknown to me, but they were equally young, gay, and happy as I; my whole being felt they were so.

Still I hardly noticed them. I saw all around me only the boundless, azure-hued sea, covered with the dense golden scales of the rippling water; above my head hung just such another boundless,

azure sea, and along this sea glided the joyful sun, smiling and triumphant.

From among us rose occasionally a loud, jocund laugh, like unto the laughter of gods.

And from time to time verses escaped from parted lips—verses full of heavenly beauty, inspiration, and power. . . . The heaven above seemed to answer musically, and the surrounding sea quivered sympathetically. Then ensued a blissful repose.

Lightly tossed upon the gentle, wave-lets, floated the swift boat; no breeze stirred it—our own throbbing hearts directed its course. As if it were a living creature, it slid along, obedient to our wishes.

We passed islands on our voyage. Enchanted islands, gleaming with all the hues of the most precious jewels, rubies, and emeralds. Intoxicating vapors arose from the swelling shores. One of these islands covered us with a shower of white roses and May flowers, and long-pinioned, rainbow-hued birds soared out of others.

These birds flew in wide circles around our heads, the May bells and roses melted into a pearly foam, which glided by the side of our vessel.

Simultaneously with the flowers and the birds, sweet, alluring sounds penetrated toward us. . . . As if by magic, women's voices arose; and all around, heaven and earth, the waving of the swelling sail, the murmur of the current round the helm—all spoke of love, happy, blessed love.

And the loved one of each of us was present, . . . invisible and yet near. But one moment—and her eyes sparkle, her smile is there. Her hand clasps thine, and leads thee into an eternal Paradise.

Oh Land of Happiness! I saw thee in a dream.

June, 1878.

WHO IS THE RICHER?

When the wealthy Rothschild is praised in my hearing—who, out of his enormous revenues, spends thousands on the education of poor children, on the healing of the sick, and on the care of infirm old men—I feel moved, and praise him.

Still, while I am praising him, and

feeling thus touched, I involuntarily think of a poor peasant family, who took an orphan—a poor relation—into their miserable, shattered hut.

"We will take Kate to live with us," said the wife; "it is true it will cost us our last groschen; we shall not even have salt to flavor our soup. . . ."

"Well, we can eat it without salt," answered the peasant, her husband.

Rothschild ranks far below this peasant!

July, 1878.

OLD AGE.

There came sad and gloomy days.

Sickness, the misfortunes of loved ones, the chill and gloom of old age. All that thou lovedst, that was dear and precious unto thee—all is over, and has fallen into ruins. Thy path lies downward.

What is to be done? Wail? Lament? Neither the one nor the other is of any avail.

An aged, worn-out tree bears few and small leaves. Still it is verdant.

Retire into your inward life, turn round and live in your recollections; there, far in the depths of your self-concentrated soul, your early life, now accessible to you alone, will blossom afresh for you as a fresh and fragrant evergreen, with the strength and sweetness of youth.

But be wary, poor old man—gaze not into the distance!

July, 1878.

THE NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENT.

Two friends are seated together at a table, and drink tea.

Suddenly a noise arises in the street, with sounds of abuse and scornful laughter.

"They are mobbing some one!" remarks one of the friends, looking out.

"A delinquent! . . . Perhaps a murderer!" cries the other. "Listen! Whatever he may be, such an unjust proceeding should not be permitted. Come, we will rescue him."

"But it is no murderer whom they are thrashing."

"Not a murderer? Then he is a thief! Come instantly, and let us save him from the hands of the mob."

"He is not a thief either."

"Not a thief? Then he must be a cashier, a railway director, an army contractor, a Russian Mæcenas, a lawyer, a well-intentioned editor, or a public benefactor! . . . Say nothing, but come along, and we will rescue him."

"No, . . . it is a newspaper correspondent who is going to be thrashed."

"Oh, indeed! A newspaper correspondent! Now, look here, let us first finish our tea."

July, 1878.

TWO BROTHERS.

I had a vision.

Two angels appeared before me—two genies.

I call them genies, for both were without clothing, and long, strong wings sprang from their shoulders.

Both were youths. The one—well built, brilliant, and dark-haired. He had fiery, brown eyes, with thick eyelashes; his look was insinuating, bright, and longing; his countenance beaming and steadfast, the expression a trifle bold and insolent. The full, rosy lips quivered from time to time. The youth smiled with the air of a ruler, idly and consciously; a magnificent garland crowned his bright locks, and nearly rested upon his velvety brows. A gay leopard skin, held together by a golden arrow, hung loosely from his shoulders down to his arched hips. The plumage of his wings shimmered rosily; their extremities were brightest red, as if they had been dyed in fresh purple blood. From time to time a shiver passed through his frame, which was accompanied by a silvery sound, like the tinkle of a spring shower.

The other genie is lean, and his complexion yellow. With every breath he draws his breastbone rises visibly. His hair is scanty, light-colored, and smooth; his eyes large, round, and pale blue; his glance is restless and remarkably clear. Every feature is sharp; the small, half-open mouth is set with teeth, pointed as those of a fish. He has a narrow, eagle nose, and his projecting cheeks are covered with a light down. The thin lips have never—not one single time—smiled.

It is a regular-featured, fearless, pitiless countenance. (The face of the other genie, although sweet and lovable,

expresses no sympathy.) From his head hang a few empty crushed ears of corn, mingled with dry blades of grass. A coarse, gray garment covers his loins; his wings, of a dull, dark blue hue, move slowly and threateningly.

Both youths appear to be inseparable companions.

Each leans upon the other's shoulder. The soft hand of the first lies like a swelling cluster of grapes upon the shoulder of the second; and this one's meagre hand rests with its bony fingers like a serpent upon the rounded breast of the first.

And I hear a voice and listen:

"Love and Hunger—two own brothers, the two foundation pillars of everything that has life stand before thee.

"All life rouses itself to feed, and feeds itself to beget other life.

"Love and Hunger—their object is the same, the maintenance of life, one's own and others'; life's all in all."

August, 1878.

TO THE MEMORY OF J. P. W.—SKAJA.

She laid there, dying of typhus, for two long weeks. There—in a desolate Bulgarian village, under the shelter of an old shed, which had hastily been transformed into a field hospital.

She was unconscious, and none of the surgeons paid any heed to her; only the wounded soldiers, whom she had nursed so long as her feet would carry her, stood in ranks round her infected couch, ready to bring a few drops of water in a pot to moisten her parched lips.

She was young and fair. She had moved in the highest circles; great dignitaries inquired after her; women envied her, and men paid her court. . . . Two or three men loved her secretly and fervently. The world laughed at her; but there is a laugh sadder than tears.

Such a mild, gentle heart, and withal what strength, what self-devotion! She knew no greater happiness than to help those who required assistance; she knew no other joy, and never discovered one. She passed by every other pleasure. Long ago she had already made up her mind. The glow of an unquenchable faith took possession of her whole being, and her life was dedicated to the service of her fellow-creatures.

No one knew what imperishable treasures were buried in the most secret recesses of the depths of her soul, and now, of course, no one ever will know.

And why should they know? . . . The sacrifice is prepared, . . . the duty performed.

But it is a sorrowful reflection that not one single word of thanks fell to the lot of her corpse, though she avoided all thanks, because they made her feel ashamed.

I pray that I may not grieve her gentle shade if I venture to lay this late-blooming flower upon her grave!

September, 1878.

THE EGOIST.

He possessed every-quality calculated to make him a scourge to his family.

From his birth upward he had been healthy and rich, and healthy and rich he had continued during the whole of his long life. He was guilty of no crimes, made no false steps, never made a promise that he either would not or could not fulfil, and never missed his aim.

His honesty was unimpeachable, and in proud consciousness of this honesty he reviled every one—relations, friends, acquaintances.

His honesty was capital to him, that yielded usurious profits.

Honesty gave him the right to be unmerciful, and to deny the existence of good deeds which were not quite legally drawn up. But he withheld his right hand and was merciless, and rendered no good deeds—for ostentatious benefits are no benefits.

He paid no heed to any one beyond his own exemplary self, and he was extremely angry if others were not equally anxious to take care of his worthy person.

But, withal, he did not consider himself an egoist—on the contrary, he condemned and abused egoism and egoists. Naturally! the egoism of another interfered with his own.

As he was not conscious of the slightest weakness of his own, consequently he could neither understand nor tolerate weakness in others. In short he understood nobody and nothing, for he was utterly and totally, on every side, above

NEW SERIES —Vol. XXXIX., No. 3

and below, before and behind, solely taken up by himself.

He did not even know what pardon meant. He had no opportunity of excusing anything in himself, how then could he be able to pardon others?

Before the tribunal of his own conscience, before the countenance of his own God, this prodigy of virtue boldly raised his eyes, and said in firm and clear tones: "I am indeed a worthy and a moral man."

And he will repeat these words upon his dying couch, and even then nothing will touch his stony heart—his spotless, inviolable heart.

Oh, thou cripple of a self-restrained, inflexible, cheap virtue—thou art almost more revolting than the unpainted deformity of vice!

December, 1878.

THE BANQUET OF THE DEITY.

Once it occurred to the Most High to hold a great banquet in His azure-hued halls.

As guests, all the virtues were bidden. Only virtues, . . . no men, nor yet women.

Many assembled, great and small. The small virtues were more agreeable and more lovable than the greater ones; but all appeared satisfied, and conversed politely with each other as if they were near relatives and friends.

But the Most High noticed two beautiful ladies who appeared to be unknown to each other.

So the Master of the house took the hand of one of these ladies and led her to the other.

"Charity!" He said, and pointed to the first.

"Gratitude!" He added, presenting the second.

And both virtues were unutterably astonished, for it was long since the creation of the world—and now they met for the first time.

December, 1878.

THE SPHINX.

Yellowish-gray sand, loose above, firm and grating underneath. . . . Intermittent sand as far as the eye can reach.

And above the desert of sand, above the sea of dead dust, the gigantic head of a Sphinx rears itself.

And what would these large, pouting lips, these widely-distended nostrils, these oval, half-drowsy, half-watchful eyes beneath the double arch of the high brows, be saying?

Truly, they would say something! They do speak even, but only *Cedipus* can guess the riddle, and comprehend their dumb language.

Ha! . . . I recognize those features, . . . they are no longer Egyptian. The low, white brow; the prominent cheek-bones, the short, straight nose, the beautiful mouth lined with white teeth, the slight mustache, and the small, crisp beard upon the chin, . . . and those small eyes, set so widely apart, with the abundant hair forming a cap round the crown of the head. . . . 'Tis thou, Karp, Ssidor, Ssemjou! Peasant from Jaroslaw, from Rjäsan. Countryman, thou Russian peasant! . . . Since when hast thou perished by the Sphinx?

But perhaps thou also wilt speak? Yes, thou also art indeed a Sphinx.

Thine eyes, those colorless yet intense eyes, speak likewise. . . . And their expression also is speechless and unintelligible.

But where is thy *Cedipus*? . . .

Alas, unfortunately it is not sufficient that one assumes a little cap, to become thy *Cedipus*, oh! thou Russian Sphinx!

December, 1878.

THE NYMPHS.

I stood before a glorious and extensive chain of hills, which formed a half-circle; from base to summit they were clothed with young verdant forests.

Above the southern heaven was limpid azure; the sunbeams streamed from on high; and hasty streamlets, half-veiled with verdure, murmured below.

And then I recollected the ancient legend of the Greek ship which sailed upon the *Ægean Sea*, in the first century after the birth of Christ.

It was mid-day, and calm weather. Suddenly a voice sounded from above, overhead the steersman: "If thou sail to yonder island, call with a loud voice—'The great Pan is dead!'"

The steersman was bewildered, terrified. But when the ship reached the island he obeyed, and cried: "The great Pan is dead!"

And immediately, along the whole extent of the shore (although the island was uninhabited), as if in answer to his call, were heard loud sobs mingled with moans and lamentable cries: "He is dead, dead; the great Pan!"

I now remembered this legend, . . . and a curious idea occurred to me. What if I also were to utter a cry?

But face to face with the surrounding joy—how could I think of death there? And I cried from thence with all my might: "He has arisen from the dead; the great Pan has arisen!"

And, wonder of wonders! in answer to my cry there arose from the whole wide crescent of green hills a universal murmur, joyful laughter, and sounds of mirth. "He is arisen! Pan is arisen!" cried youthful voices. And all around me broke into happy exultation; clearer than the sun above, livelier than the brooks that murmured below the sward. Hurrying footsteps approached, and through the green thickets gleamed limbs of marble whiteness, and rosy, naked forms. These were the nymphs! Nymphs, Dryads, Bacchantes, who were hastening from the heights above down to the valley.

And they appeared at the same moment at the verges of all the forests. Their divide heads were wreathed with curling tresses, garlands and tambours were in their hands; while laughter, resounding Olympic laughter, rose and echoed around them.

In front hovered the goddess. She is fairer and statelier than all, with a quiver on her shoulder, the bow in her hand, and the silver sickle of the moon amid her tresses.

Diana—is it thou?

But suddenly the goddess remained standing motionless. The nymphs followed her example. The clear laughter died away. In indescribable terror, and with open mouths, their widely-distended eyes gazed into the distance.

I turned to follow the direction of their gaze. Beyond the meadows, on the extreme verge of the horizon, the golden cross glittered like a point of fire upon the white tower of a Christian Church. . . . The goddess had perceived this cross.

Behind me I heard a long, sobbing sigh, like the trembling of a snapped

chord, and when I turned again the nymphs had vanished. The dense forest was green as before, and here and there, through the thick network of twigs, white gleams shimmered and then disappeared. Whether they were the limbs of the nymphs, or merely streaks of mist arising from the valley, I know not.

But still how I pitied the vanished goddess!

December, 1878.

THE ENEMY AND THE FRIEND.

A prisoner, who had been condemned to life-long imprisonment, escaped from his dungeon, and took to flight.

The officers of justice pursued him, and were close upon his heels.

But he ran with all his might, and the pursuers were left behind.

Suddenly he arrived at the steep bank of a stream—a narrow but deep stream. He could not swim.

Both banks were spanned by a single rotten plank. The fugitive promptly stepped upon it. . . . It happened, however, that here, by this river, were his best friend and his bitterest foe.

The enemy said nothing, but simply crossed his arms; but on the other hand, the friend cried: "In the name of God! what are you doing? Recollect yourself, fool! Can you not see that the plank is quite decayed? It will break under your weight, and then your destruction is inevitable!"

"But there is no other way across! . . . and the pursuers, . . . can you not hear them?" groaned the unfortunate man despairingly, and he stepped upon the plank.

"I will not suffer it! No, I will not permit your ruin!" cried the eager friend, and he dragged the plank from under the fugitive's feet, who fell into the boiling waves and was drowned.

The enemy laughed complacently and departed; but the friend sat down upon the river bank and wept bitterly over his poor, poor friend.

"He would not follow my advice! He would not hear me," he whispered sadly.

"Besides," he said at last, "he would have had to languish his whole life long in a frightful dungeon. Now he is released from all his sufferings!—he is at rest. It was his fate.

"Nevertheless I am deeply grieved!—on the ground of humanity."

And the good soul sobbed, and was long inconsolable for the unhappy fate of his friend.

December, 1878.

CHRIST.

I saw myself as a youth, a mere boy, in a lowly village church. Before the holy pictures the slender tapers glowed like red sparks.

A rainbow-tinted halo surrounded each little flame. Inside the church it was sad and gloomy, but I saw many people therein.

Nothing but brown-haired peasants' heads! To and fro they came, with an undulating movement; prostrated themselves, and then arose, just as the ripe ears of corn bow when the summer breeze stirs them like the waves.

Suddenly some one came behind me, and knelt beside me.

I did not turn round, but instantly I had a feeling that this man—was Christ.

Emotion, curiosity, and fear all took possession of me at the same moment. I turned and surveyed my neighbor.

His face was just the same as any other—a countenance like every other human face. The eyes gazed mildly and earnestly upward. The lips were closed, but not compressed; the upper lip seemed to rest upon the lower one. His beard was not long, it was divided below the chin. The hands were folded and motionless. His clothing also was similar to other people's.

"Can that be Christ?" I thought. "Such a plain, a perfectly plain man! It is impossible!"

I turned away. But scarcely had I removed my gaze from this plain man, when it again struck me that He who stood beside me was truly Christ.

Once more I looked upon Him, and again I saw the same face, that appeared to me like any other man's face—those same commonplace, though to me unknown, features.

But at last the idea was torment to me, and I collected my thoughts. And then it first dawned upon me that just such an ordinary, human face was indeed the face of Christ.

December, 1878.

THE STONE.

Have you ever remarked an old gray stone lying on the sea-shore at flood-tide on a spring day; the throbbing waves washing around it, caressing it, fawning on it, and clinging to it, and crowning its moss-grown head with a dazzling, pearly shower of glittering foam!

The stone remains ever the same—only its gloomy surface glitters with brighter hues.

And these hues bear witness that once in some bygone age, before the liquid granite had scarce begun to consolidate, it glowed throughout with fiery colors.

So was it also with my aged heart, when, a short while since, youthful, feminine souls encircled it on every side; under their caressing touch the long-since faded colors sparkled afresh, and glowed with their former ardor.

The waves floated back, . . . but the hues are not yet quite faded, though a piercing wind effaces them yet more and more.

May, 1879.

THE DOVES.

I stood upon the summit of a gently-swelling hill; before me stretched a field of rye, like a glittering sea of gold and silver. No curling waves glided over this sea; the sultry breeze stirred not—a mighty thunderstorm was approaching.

Where I stood the sun still shone hot; but there, across the field, not far distant, lay a dark blue thunder-cloud; it hung like some gigantic burden over one half of the vault of heaven.

Everything sought shelter. . . . Everything groaned beneath the evil-boding glare of the last lingering sun-beam. Not a bird is to be seen, nor utters the softest chirp, even the sparrow has hidden himself.

What an intense odor from the worm-wood in the meadow! I glance up toward the gloomy thunder-cloud, . . . and disquietude takes possession of my soul. "Now haste, haste!" . . . I thought; "flash, thou golden serpent, and roll, thunder! Mount on high, and descend; discharge thy flood, grim cloud, and shorten this agonizing suspense!"

But the thunder-cloud stirred not. It weighed heavily as before upon the

silent earth—it seemed to swell ever more and more, and to grow still more sombre.

All at once, a lightly-hovering object gleamed forth, a contrast against the uniform gloom of the cloud. It resembled a white kerchief or a snowball; it was a white dove: it was flying across from the village.

It flew and flew straightforward. . . . At last it vanished behind the forest.

A few moments elapsed—this same oppressive stillness yet prevailed.

There, look! Now there are two kerchiefs, two snowballs, gleaming there and flying back; two white doves, who steer homeward with a tranquil flight.

And now at last the storm broke forth—the tumult arose.

I scarce had time to gain the house. A strong wind roared and whistled; orange-hued, low-hanging clouds rushed along, as if torn to shreds; everything whirled and revolved around; a heavy shower of rain clashed and rattled down in vertical streams; the lightning blinded with its green fire; there was a scent of sulphur in the air.

Under the leaves, at the verge of the garret window, two doves sit side by side: that one, which flew to fetch its mate, and this, which perhaps has been rescued from death by the other.

Both are pluming their feathers, and nestle closely to each other.

It is well with you! And while I contemplate them, it is also well with me . . . although I am alone—alone forevermore.

May, 1879.

NATURE.

I dreamed that I stepped into a vast subterranean, highly-arched hall. A subterranean, vast light illuminated it.

In the middle of this hall was seated the majestic figure of a woman, clothed in a green robe that fell in many folds around her. Her head rested upon her hand; she seemed to be sunk in deep meditation.

Instantly I comprehended that this woman must be—Nature herself, and a sudden feeling of respectful terror stole into my awed soul.

I approached the woman, and saluting her with reverence, I cried, "Oh, Mother of us all! on what dost thou

meditate? Thinkest thou, perchance, of the future fate of humanity? or of the path along which mankind must journey in order to attain the greatest possible perfection, the highest happiness?"

The woman slowly turned her dark, threatening eyes upon me. Her lips moved, and in a tremendous, metallic voice, she replied:

"I was pondering how to bestow greater strength upon the muscles of the flea's legs, so that it may the more easily escape from its enemies. The balance betwixt attack and flight is deranged—it must be readjusted."

"What," I stammered, "is that thy only meditation? Are not we—mankind—thy best-loved and most precious children?"

The woman slightly bent her brows and replied: "All living creatures are my children; I cherish all equally, and annihilate all without distinction!"

"But Virtue—Reason—Justice!" I faltered.

"Those are human words!" replied the brazen voice. "I know neither good nor evil. Reason to me is no law! and what is Justice? I gave thee life, I take it from thee and give it unto others; worms or men—all are the same to me. . . . And thou must maintain thyself meanwhile, and leave me in peace!"

I would have replied, but the earth quaked and trembled, and I awoke.

August, 1879.

HANG HIM!

"It was in the year 1803," began my old friend, "and not long before Austerlitz. The regiment in which I was an officer was stationed in Moravia.

"We were strictly forbidden either to oppress or to annoy the inhabitants; but in spite of this they looked askance at us, although we were their allies.

"I had a comrade, a serf who had formerly belonged to my mother, called Jegor. He was an honest, quiet fellow; I had known him from youth upward, and treated him as a friend.

"One day there arose lamentations, clamor, and abuse in the house where I dwelt. Some one had robbed the mistress of two hens, and she accused my comrade of the theft. He strove to vin-

dicate himself, and called me as witness. . . . He, Jegor Awtamonow—a thief! I assured the woman of Jegor's honesty, but she would not listen to me.

"Suddenly the trample of horses was heard in the street. It was the commander-in-chief with his staff.

"He rode at a walking pace; a corpulent, bloated man, his head was bowed, and his epaulettes hung down over his breast.

"As soon as the woman saw him, she threw herself upon her knees, her hair in disorder, before his horse; complained loudly of my comrade, and pointed with her finger at him.

"General!" she cried; 'Justice, my lord! Help! Rescue! This soldier has plundered me!'

"Jegor stood upon the threshold of the house in a soldierly attitude, his cap in his hand. He had even expanded his chest, and placed his feet in position—exactly like a sentinel—but no sound escaped from his lips. Had the array of generals, standing close before him in the street, intimidated him? or had the danger that threatened him transformed him into stone? In short, there stood my Jegor, only his eyes moved, and he was white as chalk.

"The commander-in-chief threw an absent, surly look at him, and growled irritably, 'Well?' . . . Jegor stood there like a statue; his teeth showed. An indifferent spectator would really have imagined that he was smiling.

"Then the commander-in-chief said shortly, 'Hang him!' spurred his horse and rode away, at a walking-pace as before, and then at a quick trot; the whole staff followed him. Only one solitary adjutant turned in his saddle, and glanced carelessly at Jegor.

"It was impossible to disregard the command. Jegor was instantly seized, and led off to execution.

"At first he shrank from death; and twice he cried in agony, 'My God! Help!' After that he added to himself in an undertone, 'God is my witness, it was not I.'

"He wept bitterly when he bade adieu to me. I was in despair. 'Jegor, Jegor!' I cried, 'why did you not reply to the general?'

"God is my witness, it was not I!' replied the poor fellow sobbing. The

mistress herself was shocked. She had not in the least anticipated such a frightful issue, and she began, on her side, to howl. She begged forbearance of every one, wringing her hands; she protested that she had found her hens, that she was ready to explain all. . . .

"But naturally all this led to no result. This, my dear sir, is military form—discipline! The woman lamented terribly.

"Jegor, who had already been confessed by the priest, and who had partaken of the sacrament, turned to me: 'Tell her, one of noble birth,* not to grieve so. I have quite forgiven her.'"

My friend, as he repeated these last words of his servant, whispered—"Jegoruscha, my little dove, thou righteous one!" and the tears streamed down his cheeks.

August, 1879.

"THE ROSES WERE LOVELY, THE
ROSES WERE FRESH. . . ."

Somewhere and some time, long, long ago, I read a poem, and soon forgot it. Only the first stanza lingered in my memory:

"The roses were lovely, the roses were
fresh. . . ."

It is winter now; the frost has covered the window-panes with rime; a solitary light burns in the gloomy chamber. I sit in a corner, and through my brain rings ever and ever:

"The roses were lovely, the roses were
fresh. . . ."

I see myself standing before the low window of a Russian country house. The summer day softly sinks to rest and fades into the night; a scent of mignonette and lime blossom is wafted on the gentle breeze. A girl sits in the window seat, supported by her outstretched arm, and her head bent over one shoulder. She gazes fixedly and silently toward the sky, as if she would there mark the first glimmer of the stars. Those thoughtful eyes—how full of faith! how pathetically innocent are the half-parted, questioning lips! how calmly heaves the undeveloped bosom, as yet untouched by passion, and how pure and delicate is the outline of the youthful face! I

cannot trust myself to speak to her; but how dear she is to me! how my heart beats!

"The roses were lovely, the roses were
fresh. . . ."

Darker and darker it grows within the chamber. . . . The expiring taper crackles in the socket, and fleeting shadows wave on the low-browed ceiling. Beyond the walls, the frost gnashes and rages outside. . . . I can only hear the sad, dreary whisper:

"The roses were lovely, the roses were
fresh. . . ."

Other pictures of the past rise before me. I hear the cheerful bustle of country family life. Two little brown-haired heads, pressing close to each other, gaze fearlessly into my face with their clear eyes; the rosy cheeks quiver with suppressed laughter; the hands are firmly entwined; the hearty childish voices ring out in loud confusion: and behind, in the old kindly chamber, young, frequently-erring fingers hasten over the keyboard of an ancient, worn-out piano, and the Lanner'schen Waltzes cannot succeed in drowning the patriarchal hum of the Ssamowar!

"The roses were lovely, the roses were
fresh. . . ."

. . . . The light dies out, and all is dark. What hoarse and hollow cough was that? Curled up at my feet, shivering, and at times starting in his sleep, lies the old dog, my only companion. I am cold. . . . All are dead. . . . All dead! . . .

"The roses were lovely, the roses were
fresh. . . ."

September, 1879.

A SEA VOYAGE.

Once I sailed in a little steamer from Hamburg to London. We two were the only passengers—I and a little monkey, a female Nisiti, that a Hamburg merchant was sending as a gift to his English partner.

The little creature was on deck, fastened by a chain to a bench; it strained at its chain, and piped complainingly like a bird.

Each time that I passed by, it stretched out its cold, black hand toward me and gazed straight at me with mel-

* A form of address in Russia.

ancholy, almost human, eyes. I took its hand—and it ceased to pipe, and to pull its chain.

We were becalmed. The sea lay there like a motionless, leaden lake. Its extent did not appear great, for a thick fog, which veiled even the peaks of the mast, lay upon it. The sun hung like a dull red speck in this gloomy fog; toward evening, however, it shone forth, and spread a strange mysterious red over the sky.

Long, even ripples, like the folds of massive, silken stuffs, swept back from the prow of the vessel; they parted, curled, and then lay smooth, and at last vanished with a splash. The whirling foam grew into balls beneath the monotonously churning wheel; it became milky, and, lightly frothing, was scattered around; then flowed along in serpentine streaks, also to disappear, and to be swallowed up by the dense fog.

And incessantly complaining, intolerable as the monkey's squeak, sounded the tinkle of the little bell on the helm.

Here and there a seal sprang up, plunged head over heels, and then disappeared under the gently-curling plain.

The captain, a taciturn man with dark, sunburned features, stood smoking his short pipe, and sullenly spitting into the motionless sea.

To all my questions he only replied by short murmurs; I was therefore, though against my will, forced to consort with my sole fellow-voyager, the monkey.

I seated myself beside it—it ceased complaining, and stretched out its hand to me.

The continual fog enveloped us in its drowsy atmosphere; together we sat there, sunk in the same unconscious brooding, like two relations.

I smile now when I think of it. . . . I felt differently then.

But we have all a mother's heart for children—and it was sweet to me to see how confidently quiet the little creature grew, and how it clung to me, as to a friend.

November, 1879.

THE MONK.

I knew a monk, a hermit, a saint. He lived solely for the delight of prayer; and, intoxicated with praying, remained so long standing upon the cold pave-

ment of the church, until his legs below the knees swelled, and became stony pillars. They lost all sense of feeling; still he stood there and prayed.

I understood him—perhaps envied him even—and he also will understand me, but he shall not break his staff upon me, for I cannot attain his joys.

He has succeeded in annihilating his detested Self; but, if I am unable to pray, it is not because of self-love.

To me, Self is perhaps even more burdensome and hateful than it was to him. He has discovered that in which he forgets himself. I also have found it—Oblivion—though not forever.

He lies not, neither do I lie.

November, 1879.

WE WILL STRUGGLE.

What an insignificant trifle may often give quite a different turn to the affairs of men!

Once I went pensively along the street.

Dark forebodings filled my breast, despair took possession of my being.

I raised my head. . . . Straight before me, between two rows of poplar trees, stretched the way like an arrow.

And over against the path, some ten paces distant from me, a family of sparrows were hopping about in the marsh—sprightly, merry, and full of confidence.

One in particular drew attention to himself by the fearless way in which he hopped about; he swelled out his breast, and chirped as impudently as if the devil himself could not harm him. Without doubt, some conqueror!

Meanwhile, high overhead in heaven, a hawk was wheeling, whose intention perhaps was to devour this same conqueror.

I saw this, it made me laugh, and I took courage; the gloomy thoughts vanished; I felt once more courage, enterprise, vital power.

May not also a hawk be wheeling above my head? The devil himself! . . . We will struggle!

November, 1879.

PRAYER.

Man may pray for anything; he prays for miracles. Every prayer is after this fashion: "Great God, grant that two and two may not make four."

And such a prayer only is a true prayer from one to another. To pray to the Anima Mundi, to the Deity, to the God of Kant and Hegel ; to pray to the abstract, unsubstantial god, is impossible, not to be thought of.

But can even a personal, living, actual God cause two and two not to become four ?

Every true believer is bound to answer : " Yes, He can do that ! " and he is bound to bring his own mind to this conviction.

But what if his own reason contradicts such senselessness ?

Then Shakespeare comes to his aid :

" There are more things in heaven and earth,
Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy. . . . "
etc.

But if one, in the name of truth, contradicts him ? He need only repeat the famous question : " What is truth ? "

Therefore, let us drink and be merry and pray.

July, 1881.

THE RUSSIAN LANGUAGE.

In days of doubt, in days of agonizing reflections on the fate of my Home, thou alone art my stay and my staff—oh, great, mighty, true, and free Russian tongue ! If thou wert not, would it be possible not to despair at this moment over all that is happening in my home ? But it cannot be possible that such a language could be given to any but to a great people.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

June, 1882.

THE OLD AND NEW CYNICS.

THERE seem plenty of indications that the present day is likely to witness a revival of that cynical tone of thought which first grew into a school of thought, so far as we know, as a consequence of the sober and earnest irony of Socrates. Mr. Traill's very clever dialogues seem, for instance, to have no drift unless it be a cynical drift, *i.e.*, the drift of showing that almost every conceivable position can be made to look plausible by one clever man, and made to look utterly empty by another equally clever man, so that almost all convictions can be paired off against each other, and the equal and opposite waves of light shown to result in the darkness of indifference. At all events, if a cynical wave of thought be at hand, as we are disposed to think, we should ascribe it, as in the time of Socrates, to that spirit of eager and earnest questioning of the foundations of religion and ethics which has undoubtedly been long prevalent among us. When Cynicism first appeared in the world, it was professedly grounded on a depreciation of everything except the majesty of virtue, and one of the greatest Cynics was spoken of as " Socrates gone mad." The founder of the School used to deprecate even rudimentary education, on the ground that all virtue is inward, and

that reading and writing can only mislead men from the inward standard, by diverting them from the true source of moral knowledge. And yet there was certainly a great fascination in the old Cynicism. The celebrated Diogenes so fascinated his hearers, that there is a legend of a brother and a father going in succession to reclaim a young man who had fallen a victim to the fascination of Diogenes, and who, instead of reclaiming the wanderer, remained with him as disciples. We suppose that there has always been a fascination about the showing-up of the world, especially if the accomplished master of the art of showing-up the world, really seems to have anything better than the world to cling to, as the Greek Cynics not only *professed* to have, but undoubtedly believed themselves to have. Mere satirists like our modern cynics do not exert this fascination, because their exposure of the hollowness of things is felt to be itself hollow, since it is founded on the assumption of universal hollowness. But the old cynicism was not open to this retort. It believed itself at least to have laid a solid foundation for human goodness in creating a massive type of human character. The old cynicism was more like the cynicism of Carlyle than the cynicism of Vivian

Grey. It attached the greatest importance to the transcendental view of virtue. It made light only of what it treated as the accidents of life—though women, as a class, were included in those accidents, and Diogenes, when he saw two unhappy women hanging lifeless to a tree, is said to have breathed the wish that every tree would bear such fruit as that. A more cruel form of cynicism than that which gave expression to such a wish could hardly have been imagined, had not the bark of the old Cynics been a good deal worse than their bite; but no doubt a great deal must be allowed for the exaggerations of a school which saw what havoc the love of women made with their teaching as to the absolute irrelevancy of all outward circumstances to the strength of the virtuous soul. Cynicism, in the original meaning of the term, certainly owed its attraction partly to its exposures of the hollowness of earthly pleasures, but mainly to the intensity of its professed faith in virtue—its ascetic resistance to the softness and the luxury of a self-indulgent age. And the more modern cynicism, which deprecates not merely even what it regards as the accidents of life, but the significance of life itself, will exert none of the fascination which Diogenes in his tub exerted over the Athenians; for exaggerated as his doctrine was, it rested on the hardest belief in virtue of which man is capable, and erred, indeed, by overtaking in every way the resources of spiritual independence, and not by knocking the bottom out of all excellence, as modern satirists are so apt to do. The old Cynics disparaged science, because they held that a devotion to science diverts and fritters away men's moral strength; they disparaged the affections, because men dependent on them are not masters of themselves; they ran down beauty, because beauty casts a spell over men which enfeebles their characters in public life; they deprecated the whole apparatus of government and civilization, because they regarded all that apparatus as instrumental in reducing man to a link in a great system of machinery, when he ought to stand self-poised and self-sufficient in the pride of hardy individualism. In short, the snappishness of Cynicism was, undoubtedly, in its

origin, snappishness at the engrossing pleasures, luxuries, and outward attractions which seemed to be drawing man away from his true self—only the Cynic Philosophers had a very contracted notion of what man's true self was, and recognized far too little, that just as a man's physical food is to be found outside him, so the food of his mind and heart is to be found outside him, too. None the less, they preached a very sound view, when they taught that a man may easily become so dependent on the accidents of life that those accidents will be indispensable to him, and that when stripped of them he will be stripped of part of himself, and that this is unworthy of him. With all their extravagances, those cynics who drove home the doctrine that the indulgences of life ought to be easily separable from it, and to leave the inner man uninjured, were not cynics of our modern sort. They endeavored to strengthen the moral personality, and to make that outweigh what we now call its "setting"—to show that there was a germ of solidity beneath the hollowness of mere pleasures and transient affections. Modern cynics seem to take pleasure in showing the hollowness of that very inward man whom the old cynics sought to strengthen; they want to prove emptiness at the centre itself, whereas the old cynics proposed to lean on the centre, and to make light only of that which embeds the soul in ease, or flatters it with sweet sensations or emotions.

One reason of the greater depth of modern cynicism is, no doubt, that which was suggested by the Dean of St. Paul's in his fine Christmas-Day sermon, namely, that the ancient world, even in its highest religious ideals, made the relation of man to God no conscious and substantial part of that ideal, while the modern world has been compelled to do so. Of course, the result has been that we have recognized as the ancients never recognized, that man is not independent of external being, but absolutely dependent on external being; and that, without God, man has no hope, no career, no substantial existence in the proper sense at all. This profound and widely diffused belief in the religious dependence of man, has necessarily undermined the sturdier

school of cynicism, for those who doubt man's dependence on God of course go on to doubt him altogether, and can no longer insist on ascribing to him that inner kernel of independent life which it was the aim of the early cynics to save from the wreck of all that they regarded as the furniture and pleasant appliances of life, nay, to save in even increased vitality by reason of the wreck of that furniture and those appliances. We see that even the deepest sceptics now—so long as they are not cynics, but sceptics of the humanist kind—instead of encouraging man to stand up boldly and defy the world, attempt to provide him with some feeble substitute for the religion that they ignore, surrounding him with a number of soft observances which appear to be intended rather as anodynes for his sense of loneliness, than as equivalents for the faith he has lost. The new cynics, on the other hand, naturally laugh at all these poor attempts to cover the blank, and delight in showing how hollow is everything—happiness, love, grief, faith, fidelity, and man himself. The modern cynicism thus throws doubt on the solidity of everything, the soul of man included; the ancient cynicism threw doubts only on the solidity of everything outside the soul of man. Nor is the difference in any way surprising. A Universe from which, in modern belief, the Divine has disappeared, is not a Universe in which it is any longer worth while to uphold the soul as standing firm by its own innate strength. The religious conception of the human soul, as finding its perfection in submission and love to God, had gone so deep, that where that

ideal of it disappears, every ideal of spiritual strength disappears with it, and the utter hollowiness of life becomes the natural axiom of the sceptical intellect. Cynicism with us, thus means the disbelief in all realities worth believing in—the discovery or presumed discovery that “the pillared firmament is rottenness, and earth's base built on stubble.” Thus cynicism, which used to mean only contempt for the solacements of life, now means contempt for its best things. Those who now find hollowiness in the human affections, necessarily find hollowiness also in the scheme of things which makes the human affections of so much account to us, hollowiness in the whole order of the Universe and in the very cast of the human mind itself. Formerly, it was otherwise; it was possible for a depreciation of the outward arrangements of life to imply a profound belief in that inward dignity which repudiated the need for such arrangements. Now, however, either we believe in God with all our hearts, and therefore in all which God has provided for eliciting a higher order of character in man; or if we do not, those who are realists, those who are not disposed to live in a world of dreams, disbelieve in man with all their hearts, not merely on the ground of his self-indulgence, his effeminacy, his helpless disposition to lean on temporary supports, but on the ground of his incapacity for truth, his inconstancy in love, his opportunist conscience, and his weak craving for what they hold to be an impossible religion. The strong side of the ancient cynicism is almost inaccessible to the modern cynic.—*Spectator*.

LISZT.

BY REV. H. R. HAWEIS.

· WHO has not heard of Liszt? Who has heard Liszt? I suppose to most of us in England he is personally a great tradition and nothing more; his compositions, indeed, form the chief *pièces de résistance* of our annual crop of piano-forte recitals, but the man and his playing are alike unknown. He has already

become historical during his lifetime. Only by a happy chance can I reckon myself among the few who have lately heard Liszt play.

I happened to be staying in Rome, and Liszt kindly invited me over to the Villa d'Este twice.

There at Tivoli alone with him he

conversed with me of the times long gone by—of Mendelssohn, of Paganini, of Chopin.

There in the warm light of an Italian autumn, subdued by the dark-red curtains that hung in his study, with an old-world silence around us, he sat at his piano once more; and as he played to me the clock of time went back, and Chopin entered with his pale, refined face, his slight aristocratic figure: Heine sat restlessly in a dark corner; Mme. Sand reclined in the deep window-niche overlooking the desolate Campagna, with Rome in the distance; De Lamennais stood at the foot of the piano—a delicate, yet sinewy and mobile frame—with his noble eager face all aglow, his eloquent tongue silent, listening to the inspiration of another believer in another *evangelium*—the evangelium of the emotions, the Gospel of Art.

Shadows all of you, yet to me for an hour, in the deep solitude of the great Cardinal's palace alone with Liszt, more real than the men and women of our lesser day.

Liszt is the embodiment of an epoch. In religion, politics, and philosophy he represents that creative ferment through which the genius of the nineteenth century has come to the understanding and possession of itself. The Romanticism of 1830-40, with all its deplorable aberrations, its reactionary and one-sided views, its hazardous experiments, its impatience of authority, its childlike and impulsive fancy, was nevertheless a great creative period.

Then were sown the seeds that have since germinated so gloriously in literature, and art, and politics throughout Europe. Then flourished, or at least were born, the men who impressed this century with its peculiar characteristics—its insatiable thirst for knowledge, boundless curiosity, noble upward endeavor, despairing scepticism, trembling hope, eager love of life and intense belief in itself, intuitive convictions which every decade has done something to deepen and perhaps to justify.

It was the age of Liszt, of Paganini, Thalberg; of Mendelssohn, Schumann, Spohr, Chopin, Wagner; of Lamartine, George Sand, Alfred de Musset, Victor Hugo; of Byron, Shelley, Coleridge,

Scott, and Wordsworth—age of upheaval and revolution, ferment of new life, unsettlement of old opinions. The political heavens were full of portents; the firmament of Art flashing with meteors; the social world alive and palpitating with new theories of life, which mistook license for liberty—truly an age convulsed with the violence of the old aboriginal impulses suddenly let loose.

One thousand eight hundred and eleven was the year of the great comet—a year which, we are told, re-echoed with the sounds of the lyre and the sword, and announced so many pioneering spirits of the future.

In 1811 was Franz Liszt born. He had the hot Hungarian blood of his father, the fervid German spirit of his mother, and he inherited the lofty independence, with none of the class prejudices, of the old Hungarian nobility from which he sprang.

Liszt's father, Adam, earned a modest livelihood as agent and accountant in the house of Count Esterhazy. In that great musical family inseparably associated with the names of Haydn and Schubert,* Adam Liszt had frequent opportunities of meeting distinguished musicians. The Prince's private band had risen to public fame under the instruction of the venerable Haydn himself. The Liszt's, father and son, often went to Eisenstadt, where the count lived; there they rubbed elbows with Cherubini and Hummel, a pupil of Mozart.

Franz took to music from his earliest childhood. When about five years old he was asked what he would like to do. "Learn the piano," said the little fellow. Soon afterward his father asked him what he would like to be; the child pointed to a print of Beethoven hanging on the wall, and said, "Like him." Long before his feet could reach the pedals or his fingers stretch an octave, the boy spent all his spare time strumming, making what he called "clangs," chords, and modulations. He mastered scales and exercises without difficulty.

But there was a certain intensity in all he did, which seemed to wear him out. He was attacked with fever, but

* See my *Music and Morals*, sections 96, 106.

would hardly be persuaded to lie down until completely exhausted; then he lay and prayed aloud to God to make him well, and vowed that on his recovery he would only make hymns and play music which pleased God and his parents. The strong lines of his character early asserted themselves—religious ardor, open sincerity, a certain nobleness of mind that scorned a lie and generously confessed to a fault, quick affections, ready sympathies, a mind singularly without prejudices or antipathies, except in music. Liszt's musical antipathies are matters of world-wide notoriety; his hatred of "Conservatorium" dogma, his contempt for the musical doctrinaire, his aversion to the shallow and frivolous, his abhorrence of mere sensationalism.

The boy's decided bent soon banished all thought of anything but a musical vocation, but the *res angustæ domi* stood in the way.

How was he to be taught? how was he to be heard? how to earn money? That personal fascination, from which no one who has ever come in contact with Liszt has quite escaped, helped him thus early. When eight years old, he played before Count Esterhazy in the presence of six noblemen, among them Counts Amadee, Apponyi, and Szapary—eternal honor to their names! They at once subscribed for him an annuity of six hundred gulden for six years. This was to help the little prodigy to a musical education.

His parents felt the whole importance of the crisis. If the boy was to prosper, the father's present retired life with a fixed income must be exchanged for an unsettled, wandering and precarious existence. "When the six years are over, and your hopes prove vain, what will become of us?" said his mother, who heard, with tears in her eyes, that father was going to give up the agency and settle down wherever the boy might need instruction, protection, and a home. "Mother," said the impetuous child, "what God wills!" and he added prophetically enough, "God will help me to repay you for all your anxieties and for what you do for me." And with what results he labored in this faith, years afterward in Paris, we shall see.

The agency was thrown up; the humble family, mother, father, son, went out alone from the little Hungarian village into an unknown and untried world, simply trusting to the genius, the will, the word of an obscure child of eight: "I will be a musician, and nothing else!"

As the child knelt at his farewell mass in the little village church of Raiding, many wept, others shook their heads, but some even then seemed to have a presentiment of his future greatness, and said, "That boy will one day come back in a glass coach." This modest symbol represented to them the idea of boundless wealth.

Hummel would only teach for a golden louis a lesson, and then picked his pupils; but at Vienna the father and son fell in with Czerny, Beethoven's pupil, and the famous Salieri, now seventy years old.

Czerny at once took to Liszt, but refused to take anything for his instruction. Salieri was also fascinated, and instructed him in harmony; and fortunate it was that Liszt began his course under two such strict mentors.

He soon began to resent Czerny's method—thought he knew better and needed not those dry studies of Clementi and that irksome fingering by rule—he could finger everything in half a dozen different ways. There was a moment when it seemed that master and pupil would have to part, but timely concessions to genius paved the way to dutiful submission, and years afterward the great master dedicated to the rigid disciplinarian of his boyhood his "Vingtquatre Grandes Etudes" in affectionate remembrance.

Young talent often splits upon the rock of self-sufficiency. Many a clever artist has failed because in the pride of youthful facility he has declined the method and drudgery of a correct technique.

Such a light as Liszt's could not be long hid; all Vienna in 1822 was talking of the wonderful boy. "Est deus in nobis," wrote the papers rather profanely. The "little Hercules," the "young giant," the boy "virtuoso from the clouds," were among the epithets coined to celebrate his marvellous rendering of Hummel's "Concerto in

A" and a free "Fantasia" of his own.

The Vienna Concert Hall was crowded to hear him, and the other illustrious artists—then, as indeed they have been ever since forced to do wherever Liszt appeared—effaced themselves with as good a grace as they could.

It is a remarkable tribute to the generous nature as well as to the consummate ability of Liszt, that, while opposing partisans have fought bitterly over him—Thalbergites, Herzites, Mendelssohnites *versus* Lisztites—yet few of the great artists who have, one after another, had to yield to him in popularity have denied to him their admiration, while most of them have given him their friendship.

Liszt early wooed and early won Vienna. He spoke ever of his dear Viennese and their "resounding city."

When I saw Liszt at Tivoli in 1880, I remember his saying to me, "J'ai reçu le célèbre baiser de Beethoven." I find that Beethoven's secretary, Schindler, wrote in 1823 to Beethoven: "You will be present at little Liszt's concert will you not? It will encourage the boy. Promise me that you will go." And Beethoven went. When the "little Liszt" stepped on to the platform, he saw Beethoven in the front row; it nerved instead of staggering him—he played with an abandon and inspiration which defied criticism. Amid the storm of applause which followed, Beethoven was observed to step up on the platform, take the young virtuoso in his arms, and embrace him, as Liszt assured me, "on both cheeks." This was an event not to be lightly forgotten, and hardly after fifty-seven years to be alluded to without a certain awe; indeed, Liszt's voice quite betrayed his sense of the seriousness of the occasion as he repeated, with a certain conscious pride and gravity, "Oui, j'ai reçu le baiser de Beethoven."

A concert tour on his way to Paris brought him before the critical public of Stuttgart and Munich. Hummel, an old man, and Moscheles, then in his prime, heard him and declared that his playing was equal to theirs. But Liszt was bent upon completing his studies in the celebrated school of the French

capital, and at the feet of the old musical dictator Cherubini.

The Erards, who were destined to owe so much to Liszt, and to whom Liszt throughout his career has owed so much, at once provided him with a magnificent piano; but Cherubini put in force a certain by-law of the Conservatoire excluding foreigners, and excluded Franz Liszt.

This was a bitter pill to the eager student. He hardly knew how little he required such patronage. In a very short time "*le petit Liszt*" was the great Paris sensation. The old noblesse tried to spoil him with flattery, the Duchess de Berri drugged him with bonbons, the Duke of Orleans called him the "little Mozart." He gave private concerts at which Herz, Moscheles, Lafont, and De Beriot, assisted. Rossini would sit by his side at the piano and applaud. He was a "miracle." The company never tired of extolling his "verve, fougue et originalité," while the ladies, who petted and caressed him after each performance, were delighted at his simple and graceful carriage, the elegance of his language, and the perfect breeding and propriety of his demeanor.

He was only twelve when he played for the first time at the Italian Opera, and one of those singular incidents which remind one of Paganini's triumphs occurred.

At the close of a *bravura cadenza* the band forgot to come in, so absorbed were the musicians in watching the young prodigy. Their failure was worth a dozen successes to Liszt. The ball of the marvellous was fairly set rolling.

Gall, the inventor of phrenology, took a cast of the little Liszt's skull; Talma, the tragedian, embraced him publicly with effusion; and the misanthropic Marquis de Noailles became his mentor, and initiated him into the art of painting.

In 1824, Liszt, then thirteen years old, came with his father to England; his mother returned to Austria.

He went down to Windsor to see George IV., who was delighted with him, and Liszt, speaking of him to me, said: "I was very young at the time,

but I remember the King very well—a fine pompous-looking gentleman."

In London he met Clementi whose exercises he had so objected to, Cipriani Potter, Cramer, also of exercise celebrity, Kalkbrenner, Neate, then a fashionable pianist, once a great favorite of George III., and whom I remember about thirty years ago in extreme old age. He described to me the poor old king's delight at hearing him play some simple English melodies, "I assure you, Mr Neate," said George III., "I have had more pleasure in hearing you play those simple airs than in all the variations and tricks your fine players affect."

George IV., went to Drury Lane on purpose to hear the boy, and commanded an encore. Liszt was also heard in the theatre at Manchester, and in several private houses.

On his return to France people noticed a change in him. He was now fourteen, grave, serious, often pre-occupied, already a little tired of praise, and excessively tired of being called "le petit Liszt." His vision began to take a wider sweep. The relation between art and religion exercised him. His mind was naturally devout. Thomas à Kempis was his constant companion. "Rejoice in nothing but a good deed;" "Through labor to rest, through combat to victory;" "the glory which men give and take is transitory"—these and like phrases were already deeply engraven on the fleshly tablets of his heart. Amid all his glowing triumphs he was developing a curious disinclination to appear in public; he seemed to yearn for solitude and meditation.

In 1827 he now again hurried to England for a short time, but his father's sudden illness drove them to Boulogne, where, in his forty-seventh year, died Adam Liszt, leaving the young Franz for the first time in his life, at the early age of sixteen, unprotected and alone.

Rousing himself from the bodily prostration and torpor of grief into which he had been thrown by the death of his father, Franz, with admirable energy and that high sense of honor which has always distinguished him, began to set his house in order.

He called in all his debts, sold his

magnificent grand Erard, and left Boulogne for Paris with a heavy heart and a light pocket, but not owing a sou.

He sent for his mother, and for the next twelve years, 1828-1840, the two lived together, chiefly in Paris. There, as a child, he had been a nine days' wonder, but the solidity of his reputation was now destined to go hand in hand with his stormy and interrupted mental and moral development.

Such a plant could not come to maturity all at once. No drawing-room or concert-room success satisfied a heart for which the world of human emotion seemed too small, and an intellect piercing with intuitive intelligence into the "clear-obscure" depths of religion and philosophy.

But Franz was young, and Franz was poor, and his mother had to be supported. She was his first care. Systematically, he labored to put by a sum which would assure her of a competency, and often with his tender genial smile he would remind her of his own childish words, "God will help me to repay you for all that you have done for me." Still, he labored often woefully against the grain. "Poverty," he writes, "that old mediator between man and evil, tore me from my solitude devoted to meditation, and placed me before a public on whom not only my own but my own mother's existence depended. Young and overstrained, I suffered painfully under the contact with external things which my vocation as a musician brought with it, and which wounded me all the more intensely that my heart at this time was filled entirely with the mystical feelings of love and religion."

Of course the gifted young pianist's connection grew rapidly. He got his twenty francs a lesson at the best houses; he was naturally a welcome guest, and from the first seemed to have the run of high Parisian society.

His life was feverish, his activity irregular, his health far from strong; but the vulgar temptations of the gay capital seemed to have little attraction for his noble nature. His heart remained unspoiled. He was most generous to those who could not afford to pay for his lessons, most pitiful to the poor, most dutiful and affectionate to his mother.

Coming home late from some grand entertainment, he would sit outside on the staircase till morning sooner than awaken, or perhaps alarm, her by letting himself in. But in losing his father he seemed to have lost a certain method and order. His meals were irregular, so were his lessons; more so were the hours devoted to sleep.

At this time he was hardly twenty; we are not surprised anon to hear in his own words of "a female form chaste and pure as the alabaster of holy vessel;" but he adds: "Such was the sacrifice which I offered with tears to the God of Christians!"

I will explain.

Mlle. Caroline St. Cricq was just seventeen, lithe, slender, and of "angelic" beauty, with a complexion like a lily flushed with roses, open, "impressionable to beauty, to the world, to religion, to God." The Countess, her mother, appears to have been a charming woman, very partial to Liszt, whom she engaged to instruct Mademoiselle in music.

The lessons went not by time, but by inclination. The young man's eloquence, varied knowledge, ardent love of literature, and flashing genius won both the mother and daughter. Not one of them seemed to suspect the whirlpool of grief and death to which they were hurrying. The Countess fell ill and died, but not before she had recommended Liszt to the Count St. Cricq as a possible suitor for the hand of Mademoiselle.

The haughty diplomat St. Cricq at once put his foot down. The funeral over, Liszt's movements were watched. They were innocent enough. He was already an *enfant de la maison*, but one night he lingered reading aloud some favorite author to Mademoiselle a little too late. He was reported by the servants, and received his polite dismissal as music master.

In an interview with the Count his own pride was deeply wounded. "Difference of rank!" said the Count. That was quite enough for Liszt. He rose, pale as death, with quivering lip, but uttered not a word.

As a man of honor he had but one course. He and Caroline parted forever. She contracted later an uncon-

genial marriage; he seems to have turned with intense ardor to religion. His good mother used to complain to those who came to inquire for him that he was all day long in church, and had ceased to occupy himself, as he should, with music.

Love, grief, religion, all struggling together for victory in that young and fervid spirit, at last seemed to fairly exhaust him.

His old haunts knew him not; his pupils were neglected; he saw no friends; shut himself up in his room; and at last would only see his mother at meals.

He never appeared in the streets, and not unnaturally ended by falling dangerously ill. It was at this time that Paris was one morning startled with the following newspaper announcement:

DEATH OF YOUNG LISZT.

"Young Liszt died at Paris—the event is painful—at an age when most children are at school. He had conquered the public," etc. So wrote the *Etoile*. In fact, he was seriously ill. M. von Lenz, Beethoven's biographer, went to visit him. He was lying pale, haggard, and apathetic; could hardly be roused to converse, except occasionally when music cropped up. Then his eye brightened for a moment like the "flashing of a dagger in the sun."

In 1830 the Revolution burst on Paris. This, it seems, was needed to arouse Liszt. The inner life was suddenly to be exchanged for the outer. Self was to be merged in the larger interests, some of them delusions, which now began to pose again under the cunning watchwords of "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité."

Generous souls saw in the quarrel of Charles X. with his people the hope of a new national life. They proposed to exchange the old and effete "Divine right" for the legitimate "sovereignty of the people." "C'est le canon qui l'a guéri!" his mother used to say. Liszt was hardly restrained by her tears and entreaties from rushing to the barricades. The cure threatened to be worse than the disease. The heroic deeds of the "great week" inflamed him, and he shouted with the rest for the silver-hair-

ed General Lafayette, "genius of the liberties of two worlds."

The Republican enthusiasm, so happily restrained from action out of affection for his dependent mother, found a more wholesome vent in a vigorous return to his neglected art. Just as he was busy revolving great battle symphonies, his whole artistic nature received a decisive and startling impulse from the sudden apparition of Paganini in Paris. Preceded by revolution and cholera, this weird man had come upon the bright city that had sinned and suffered so much, and found her shaken and demoralized, but still seething with a strange ferment of new life in which Saint-Simonianism, communism, and scepticism, side by side with fanaticism, piety, and romance, struggled to make confusion worse confounded. Into the depths of what has been called the Romantic movement of 1830-40 it is not my purpose here to enter. There was war alike with the artificial humdrum of the old French world and the still more artificial revival of the classical world of Greece and Rome.

The human spirit was at length to be liberated; no one, it was held, need believe anything that did not happen to commend itself to his fancy or passion. As Heine put it: "The great God, it appeared, was not at all the being in whom our grandmothers had trusted; he was, in fact, none other than your yourself." No one need be bound by the morals of an effete civilization. In love the world of sentiment alone must decide our actions. Every one must be true to nature. All men were brothers, and women should have equal and independent rights. The social contract, most free and variable, must be substituted for marriage, community of goods for hereditary possessions, philosophy for law, and romance for religion. The beautiful and pregnant seeds of truth that lay embedded in the teeming soil of this great movement have since fully germinated; its extravagances have already, to a great extent, been outgrown.

In spite of theories disastrous to political and social order, the genius of Mme. Sand, Victor Hugo, and A. de Musset, sceptic and sensualist as he was, have rescued the movement from

the despair of raw materialism and produced works of immortal beauty and spiritual significance.

They helped the European spirit to recover its independence, they reacted against the levelling tyranny of the first Napoleon, and were largely instrumental in undermining the third Napoleon's throne of gilded lead. Stained with license and full of waywardness, it was, nevertheless, an age of great and strong feelings—an age volcanic, vivid, electric. Such an age eagerly welcomed the magicians who set the language of emotion free, and gave to music its myriad wings and million voices.

Paganini appeared. The violin was no more the violin. A new transcendent *technique* made it the absolute minister of an emancipated and fantastic will. The extraordinary power exercised by the Italian violinist throughout Europe was quickened by the electric air which he breathed. The times were ripe. He stood before kings and people as the very emotional embodiment of the *Zeitgeist*. He was the emancipated demon of the epoch, with power to wield the sceptre of sound, and marshal in strange and frenzied legions the troubled spirits of the time.

When Liszt heard Paganini, it seemed to him to be the message for which he had been waiting. From him he doubtless received that passion for "transcendent execution," that absolute perfection of *technique*, which enabled him to create the modern pianoforte school, and do for Erard and Broadwood what Paganini did for Stradivarius and Joseph Guarnerius. His transcriptions of Paganini's studies, the *arpeggio*, the *fioriture*, the prodigious *attaque* and *élan* that took audiences by storm, the meetings of extremes which abolished the spaces on the pianoforte keyboard by making the hands ubiquitous—these and other "developments" were doubtless inspired by the prodigious feats of Paganini.

Liszt now suddenly retired from the concert-room. He was no longer heard in public; he seemed disinclined, except in the presence of his intimates, to exhibit his wondrous talent; but he retired to perfect himself, to work up and work out the new impulses which he had received from Paganini.

He thus early laid deep the foundations of his unique virtuosity; and when he reappeared in public he seemed to mount at once to that solitary pinnacle of fame and surpassing excellence to which the greatest pianist then and ever since have looked up in admiring and despairing wonder. Tausig said: "We are all blockheads by the side of Liszt." Rubinstein has often declared Liszt's perfection of art and wealth of resource to be simply unrivalled.

For a short time in his absence at Paris, it was thought that Thalberg would prove a formidable opponent; but Liszt had only to reappear, and Thalberg himself was forced to join in the general applause. When between the various schools there was war, it was carried on by the partisans of the great men. Although they freely criticised one another, nothing is more remarkable than the kindly personal feeling which obtained between Liszt and his natural enemies, the great pianists of the age, Moscheles, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Thalberg.

There were no doubt cabals, and at one time in Paris he met with much detraction, but he seemed to move in a region of lofty courtesy in which squabbling for precedence was out of place; and his generosity of heart and genial recognition of others' talent disarmed criticism and silenced malice.

With the outburst of the Revolution, with the appearance of Paganini, came also to Liszt a violent reaction against the current religious ideas and the whole of the Catholic teaching.

Reading had opened his eyes; the Catholic system seemed to him not only inadequate, but false. He required a freer atmosphere, one rather more interpretative of human facts and human nature; he thought he found it in the doctrines of the Saint-Simonians. The "Nouveau Christianisme," by far the best of St. Simon's lucubrations, seemed to show that the Church had misrepresented and outraged the religion of Christ. It failed to take due account of art and science, had no sympathy with progress, refused altogether to assimilate the *Zeitgeist*, and had evidently ceased to lead the thinkers or purify the masses.

About this time Liszt came across the
NEW SERIES.—VOL. XXXIX., No. 3

eloquent and gifted Abbé de Lamennais. This man it was who more than any other saved Liszt from drifting into the prevailing whirlpool of atheism. The heterodox Abbé, who himself had broken with the retrograde religion of Rome, re-formulated his system, and discovered for him what at that time he most craved for—a link between his religion and his art.

"Art," said De Lamennais, "is in man what creative power is in God." Art is the embodiment of eternal types. Nature suggests a beauty she never completely realizes. Only in the soul of man is the supernal beauty mirrored as it exists in the mind of God. Art is the soul's formula for the expression of its inner life. "Art, therefore, is an expression of God; her works are an infinite manifold reflection of Him."

The mission of art to reveal the secrets of the inner life, to lift the souls of others into high communion with itself, to express its joy in possession, its hope of attainment, its insatiable and divine longings, its dreams of the infinite—these seemed to Liszt high functions, enriching, fertilizing, and consoling all life, and leading the spirit forth into that weird borderland of the emotions, where voices come to it from the Unseen, and radiant flashes from behind the Veil.

It was toward the close of 1831 that Liszt met Chopin in Paris. From the first, these two men, so different, became fast friends. Chopin's delicate, retiring soul found a singular delight in Liszt's strong and imposing personality. Liszt's exquisite perception enabled him perfectly to live in the strange dreamland of Chopin's fancies, while his own vigor inspired Chopin with nerve to conceive those mighty Polonaises that he could never properly play himself, and which he so gladly committed to the keeping of his prodigious friend. Liszt undertook the task of interpreting Chopin to the mixed crowds which he revelled in subduing, but from which his fastidious and delicately-strung friend shrank with something like aversion.

From Chopin, Liszt and all the world after him got that *tempo rubato*, that playing with the duration of notes without breaking the time, and those arabesque ornaments which are woven like

fine embroidery all about the pages of Chopin's nocturnes, and lift what in others are mere casual flourishes into the dignity of interpretative phrases and poetic commentaries on the text.

People were fond of comparing the two young men who so often appeared in the same salons together—Liszt with his finely-shaped, long, oval head and *profil d'ivoire*, set proudly on his shoulders, his stiff hair of dark blonde thrown back from the forehead without a parting, and cut in a straight line, his *aplomb*, his magnificent and courtly bearing, his ready tongue, his flashing wit and fine irony, his genial *bonhomie* and irresistibly winning smile; and Chopin, also with dark blonde hair, but soft as silk, parted on one side, to use Liszt's own words, "an angel of fair countenance with brown eyes, from which intellect beamed rather than burned, a gentle, refined smile, slightly aquiline nose, a delicious, clear, almost diaphanous complexion, all bearing witness to the harmony of a soul which required no commentary beyond itself."

Nothing can be more generous or more true than Liszt's recognition of Chopin's independent support. "To our endeavors," he says, "to our struggles, just then so much needing certainty, he lent us the support of a calm, unshakable conviction, equally armed against apathy and cajolery." There was only one picture on the walls of Chopin's room; it hung just above his piano. It was a head of Liszt.

The over-intensity of Liszt's powerful nature may have occasionally led him into extravagances of virtuosity, which laid him open to some just criticism. Robert Schumann observed acutely: "It appears as if the sight of Chopin brought him again to his senses."

It is no part of my present scheme to describe the battle which romanticism in music waged against the prevalent conventionalities. We know the general outcome of the struggle culminating, after the most prodigious artistic convulsions, in the musical supremacy of Richard Wagner, who certainly marks firmly and broadly enough the greatest stride in musical development made since Beethoven.

That Hector Berlioz emancipated the

orchestra from all previous trammels, and dealt with sound at first hand as the elemental and expressional breath of the soul, that he was thus the immediate precursor of Wagner, who said with more modesty than truth, "I have invented nothing"—this is now admitted. That Schumann was afraid of the excesses into which the romantic musicians threatened to plunge, and, having started well and cheered them on, showed some tendency to relapse into old form at the moment when his ingenious and passionate soul sank into final and premature gloom—that has been whispered. That Mendelssohn was over-wedded to classical tradition and a certain passion for neatness and precision which prevented him from sounding the heights and depths of the revolutionary epoch in the midst of which he moved, and by which his sunny spirit was so little affected—this I am now able to see. That Spohr was too doctrinaire and mannered, Meyerbeer a great deal too fond of melodrama and sensation for its own sake, that Rossini and Auber, exclusively bent on amusing the public, were scarcely enough *hommes sérieux* to influence the deeper development of harmony, or effect any revolution in musical form, most musicians will allow, and that Liszt by his unique virtuosity has made it difficult for the world to accept him in any other capacity, is the constant grievance paraded by his admirers. From all which reflections it may be inferred that many workers have contributed to the wealth, resource and emancipation of modern music from those trammels which sought to confine its spirit or limit its freedom. Through past form, it has at length learned to use instead of being used by form. The modern orchestra has won the unity and spontaneity of an independent living organism. Like the body, it is a complex mechanism, but it is to the mind of the composer as the human body is to the soul. It has grown so perfect an instrument, and deals with so perfectly mastered an art, that a prelude like *Lohengrin* or the opening of *Paraisifal* sounds like the actual expression of the inner moods of the spirit rendered outwardly with automatic unconscious fidelity. The rule, the *technique* are lost, hidden, forgotten, because

completely efficacious, and subordinated to the free movements of the composer's spirit.

To this latest triumph of the musical art three men since Beethoven have mainly contributed; their names are certainly Hector Berlioz, Wagner, and Liszt.

The darling of the aristocracy, accustomed from his earliest youth to mix freely with the *haute noblesse* of Germany and France, Liszt was a republican at heart. He felt acutely for the miseries of the people, and he was always a great player for the masses. "When I play," he once said, "I always play for the people in the top gallery, so that those who can pay but five groschen for their seats may also get something for their money." He was ever foremost in alleviating the sufferings of the poor, the sick, and the helpless. He seems, indeed, to have been unable to pass a beggar, and the beggars soon find that out; they will even intrude upon his privacy and way-lay him in his garden.

Once, when at the height of his popularity in Paris, a friend found him holding a crossing-sweeper's broom at the corner of the street. "The fact is," said Liszt simply, "I had no small change for the boy, so I told him to change me five francs, and he asked me to hold his broom for him till he returned." I forgot to ask Liszt whether the lad ever came back.

I was walking with him one day in the private gardens of the Villa d'Este at Tivoli when some little ruffians, who had clambered over the wall, rushed up to him with a few trumpery weeds, which they termed "bouquets." The benevolent Maestro took the gift good-humoredly, and fumbling in his pocket produced several small coins, which he gave to the urchins, turning to me apologetically: "They expect it, you know. In fact," he added, with a little shrug, "whenever I appear they *do* expect it." His gifts were not always small. He could command large sums of money at a moment's notice. The proceeds of many a splendid concert went to manufacturing committees, widows, orphans, sick and blind. He founded pensions and provided funds for poor musicians; he set up monuments to

great artists. A pecuniary difficulty arising about Beethoven's statue at Bonn, Liszt immediately guaranteed the whole sum. In the great commercial crisis of 1834 at Lyons Liszt gave concerts for the artisans out of work, and in Hungary, not long after, when the overflow of the Danube rendered hundreds homeless, Liszt was again to the fore with his brilliant performances for charity.

All through his life he was an ardent pamphleteer, and he fought not only for the poor, but in the highest interests of his art, and above all for the dignity of his own class.

In this he was supported by such musical royalties as Mendelssohn, Rossini, Paganini, and Lablache. Ella has told us how in past days the musicians were not expected to mix with the company, a rope being laid down on the carpet, showing the boundary line between the sacred and profane in social rank.

On one occasion Lablache, entering the music saloon at Apsley House, observed the usual rope laid down in front of him when he came on to sing in a duet. He quietly stooped down and tossed it aside. It was never replaced, and the offensive practice dropped out of London society from that day.

He refused to play at the court of Queen Isabella in Spain, because the court etiquette forbade the introduction of musicians to royalty. In his opinion even crowned heads owed a certain deference and homage to the sovereignties of art, and he determined it should be paid.

He met Czar Nicholas I., who had very little notion of the respect due to any one but himself, with an angry look and a defiant word; he tossed Frederick William IV.'s diamonds into the side scenes; and broke a lance with Louis-Philippe, which cost him a decoration.

He never forgave that stingy king for abolishing certain musical pensions and otherwise snubbing art. He refused on every occasion to play at the Tuileries. One day the king and his suite paid a "private view" visit to a pianoforte exhibition of Erard's. Liszt happened to be in the room, and was trying a piano just as his Majesty entered. The King advanced genially toward him and began

a conversation ; but Liszt merely bowed with a polished but icy reserve.

"Do you still remember," said the King, "that you played at my house when you were but a boy and I Duke of Orleans? Much has changed since then."

"Yes, sire," replied Liszt dryly, "but not for the better."

The King showed his royal appreciation of the repartee by striking the great musician's name off the list of those who were about to receive the cross of the Legion of Honor.

The idol of Parisian drawing-rooms at a most susceptible age, with his convictions profoundly shaken in Catholicism and Church discipline, surrounded by wits and philosophers who were equally sceptical about marriage and the very foundations of society as then constituted, Liszt's views of life not unnaturally underwent a considerable change.

He had no doubt frankly and sincerely imbibed Mme. Sand's early philosophy, and his witty saying, which I think I have also read in "Rasselas," that "whether a man marries or not, he will sooner or later be sure to repent it," belongs to this period. His relations with Mme. Sand have been much misrepresented. He was far more attracted by her genius than by her person, and although for long years he entertained for her feelings of admiration and esteem, she never exercised over him the despotic influence which drove poor Chopin to despair.

Of the misguided Countess who threw herself upon his protection, and whom he treated with the utmost consideration and forbearance for several years, I shall not have much to say ; but it must be remembered that he was considerably her junior, that he did his best to prevent her from taking the rash course which separated her from her family and made her his travelling companion, and that years afterward her own husband, as well as her brother, when affairs came to be arranged and the whole facts of the case were canvassed in a *conseil de famille* at Paris, confessed of their own accord that throughout Liszt had acted "like a man of honor."

It was during his years of travel with the Countess in Italy and Germany that Liszt composed the great bulk of his

celebrated transcriptions of songs and operatic pieces, as well as the renowned "Études d'Exécution Transcendante."

Liszt's attempt to preserve his *incognito* in Italy conspicuously failed. He entered Ricordi's music-shop at Milan, and, sitting down at a grand piano, began to improvise.

"'Tis Liszt or the devil!" he heard Ricordi whisper to a clerk, and in another moment the great Italian *entrepreneur* had welcomed the Hungarian *virtuoso* and placed his villa, his box at the opera, his carriage and horses at his disposal. Of course Ricordi very soon organized a concert, in which the Milanese were invited to judge the "pianist of the future," as he was then styled. The Milanese were better pleased with Liszt than was Liszt with the Milanese. He could not make them take to Beethoven. They even kicked at certain favorite studies of his own ; but he won them by his marvellous improvisations on fragments of their darling Rossini, and afterward wrote a smart article in the *Paris Gazette Musicale*, expressing his dissatisfaction with the frivolity of Italian musical culture, quoting in scorn a voice from the pit which greeted one of his own "Preludes Études"—it was the word "étude" at which the pit stuck—"Vengo al teatro per divertirmi e non per studiare," a sentiment which I think I have heard repeated in more northern latitudes.

Of course Liszt's free criticism got back to Milan. Milan was furious. Liszt was at Venice. The papers denounced him. Everybody proposed to fight duels with him. He was told that he could not play the piano, and they handed him over to the devil. Liszt wrote pacifying letters in the Milanese papers, but the uproar only increased. What would happen if he ever dared to show himself in Milan again, no one dared to speculate. He was a monstrous ingrate ; he had insulted every one down to the decorators and chorographers of La Scala, and he must be chastised summarily for his insolent presumption.

When the disturbance was at its height, Liszt wrote to the Milanese journals to say that he declined a paper war ; that he had never intended to in-

sult the Milanese ; that he would arrive shortly in Milan and hold himself in readiness to receive all aggrieved persons, and give them every explanation and satisfaction they might require.

On a hot summer's day he drove quietly through Milan in an open carriage, and, taking up his abode at a fashionable hotel, awaited the arrival of the belligerents. But as not one of them turned up or made the least sign, Liszt went back to Venice.

When, however, in fulfilment of a promise, he returned in September, he met with a characteristic snub, for his concert was poorly attended, and then only by the upper classes. He had mortally wounded the people. He did not consider Mercadante and Bellini so great as Beethoven, and he said so. This was indeed a crime, and proved clearly that he could not play the piano !

Toward the year 1840 the relations between Liszt and the Countess d'Agoult had become rather strained. The inevitable dissolution which awaits such alliances was evidently at hand. For a brief period on the shores of the Lake of Como the cup of his happiness had indeed seemed full ; but *es war ein Traum*. "When the ideal form of a woman," so he wrote to a friend, "floats before your entranced soul—a woman whose heaven-born charms bear no allurements for the senses, but only wing the soul to devotion—if you see at her side a youth sincere and faithful in heart, weave these forms into a moving story of love, and give it the title 'On the Shores of the Lake of Como.'"

He wrote, we may be sure, as he then felt. He was sometimes mistaken, but he was always perfectly open, upright, and sincere.

A little daughter was born to him at Bellaggio, on the shores of that enchanted lake. He called her Cosima in memory of Como. She became afterward the wife of Von Bülow, then the wife and widow of Richard Wagner.

But in 1840 the change came. The Countess and her children went off to Paris, and the roving spirit of the great musician, after being absorbed for some time in composition, found its restless rest in a new series of triumphs. After passing through Florence, Bologna, and Rome, he went to Bonn, then to

Vienna, and entered upon the last great phase of his career as a virtuoso, which lasted from 1840 to between 1850–60.

In 1842 Liszt visited Weimar, Berlin, and then went to Paris. He was meditating a tour in Russia. Pressing invitations reached him from St. Petersburg and Moscow. The most fabulous accounts of his virtuosity had raised expectation to its highest pitch. He was as legendary even among the common people as Paganini.

His first concert at St. Petersburg realized the then unheard-of sum of £2000. The roads were crowded to see him pass, and the corridors and approaches to the Grand Opera blocked to catch a glimpse of him.

The same scenes were repeated at Moscow, where he gave six concerts without exhausting the popular excitement.

On his return to Weimar he accepted the post of Kapellmeister to the Grand Duke. It provided him with that settled abode, and above all with an orchestra, which he now felt so indispensable to meet his growing passion for orchestral composition. But the time of rest had not yet come.

In 1844 and 1845 he was received in Spain and Portugal with incredible enthusiasm, after which he returned to Bonn to assist at the inauguration of Beethoven's statue. With boundless liberality he had subscribed more money than all the princes and people of Germany put together to make the statue worthy of the occasion and the occasion worthy of the statue.

The golden river which poured into him from all the capitals of Europe now freely found a new vent in boundless generosity. Hospitals, poor and needy, patriotic celebrations, the dignity and interests of art, were all subsidized from his private purse.

His transcendent virtuosity was only equalled by his splendid munificence ; but he found what others have so often experienced—that great personal gifts and prodigious *éclat* cannot possibly escape the poison of envy and detraction. He was attacked by calumny ; his very gifts denied and ridiculed ; his munificence ascribed to vainglory, and his charity to pride and ostentation ; yet none will ever know the extent of his private

charities and no one who knows anything of Liszt can be ignorant of the simple, unaffected goodness of heart which prompts them.

Still he was wounded by ingratitude and abuse. It seemed to check and paralyze for the moment his generous nature.

Fétis saw him at Coblenz soon after the Bonn festival, at which he had expended such vast sums. He was sitting alone, dejected and out of health. He said he was sick of everything, tired of life, and nearly ruined.

But that mood never lasted long with Liszt; he soon arose and shook himself like a lion. His detractors slunk away into their holes, and he walked forth victorious to refill his empty purse and reap new laurels.

His career was interrupted by the stormy events of 1848. He settled down for a time at Weimar, and it was then that he began to take that warm interest in Richard Wagner which ended in the closest and most enduring of friendships.

He labored incessantly to get a hearing for the *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser*. He forced Wagner's compositions on the band, on the Grand Duke; he breasted public opposition and fought nobly for the eccentric and obscure person who was chiefly known as a political outlaw and an inventor of extravagant compositions which it was impossible to play or sing, and odiously unpleasant to listen to.

But years of faithful service, mainly the service and immense *prestige* and authority of Liszt, procured Wagner a hearing, and paved the way for his glorious triumphs at Bayreuth in 1876, 1882, and 1883.

At the age of seventy-two Liszt retains the wit and vivacity of forty. He passes from Weimar to Rome, to Pesth, to Berlin, to Vienna, but objects to cross the sea, and told me that he would never again visit England. He seldom touches the piano, but loves still to be surrounded by young aspirants to fame. To them he is prodigal of hints, and ever ready to lavish all sorts of

kindness upon people who are *sympathique* to him.

At unexpected moments, in the presence of some timid young girl overpowered with the honor of an introduction, or alone with a friend when old days are spoken of, will Liszt sit down for a few minutes and recall a phrase of Chopin or a quaint passage from Scarlatti, and then, forgetting himself, will wander on until a flash of the old fire comes back to his eyes as he strikes a few grand octaves, and then, just as you are lost in contemplation of that noble head with its grand profile and its cascade of white hair, and those hands that still seem to be the absolutely unconscious and effortless ministers of his fitful and despotic will, the master will turn away—break off, like one suddenly *blasé*, in the middle of a bar, with "Come, let us take a little turn; it will be cool under the trees;" and he would be a bold man who ventured in that moment to allude to the piano or music.

I have preferred to confine myself in this article to the personality of Liszt, and have made no allusion to his orchestral works and oratorio compositions. The Symphonic Poems speak for themselves—magnificent renderings of the inner life of spontaneous emotion—but subject-matter which calls for a special article can find no place at the fag-end of this, and at all times it is better to hear music than to describe it. As it would be impossible to describe Liszt's orchestration intelligibly to those who have not heard it, and unnecessary to those who have, I will simply leave it alone.

I have seen Liszt but six times, and then only between the years 1876 and 1881. I have heard him play upon two occasions only, and then he played certain pieces of Chopin at my request and a new composition by himself. I have heard Mme. Schumann, Bulow, Rubinstein, Menter, and Esipoff, but I can understand that saying of Tausig, himself one of the greatest masters of *technique* whom Germany has ever produced: "No mortal can measure himself with Liszt. He dwells alone upon a solitary height."—*Longman's*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE FIELD OF DISEASE. A BOOK OF PREVENTIVE MEDICINE. By Benjamin Ward Richardson, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S. Philadelphia: *Henry C. Lea's Son & Co.*

The reputation of Dr. Richardson as a writer on medical topics is so widely spread and so solidly founded, that anything issuing from his pen has indisputable weight. To extensive scientific acquirements in all branches of his profession he adds a certain common-sense and balance of judgment, which readers of articles and books from his pen have been quick to recognize. The book under notice possesses the above quality in an eminent degree. It is written, we are informed by the author, for the intelligent reading public, "who, without desiring to trench on the province of the physician and surgeon or to dabble in the science and art of the medical treatment of disease, wish to know the leading facts about the diseases of the human family, their causes and prevention. It is not to be assumed that any man would not avail himself of the best medical skill for himself and his family which he could obtain. But it is no less true that a knowledge of disease and its antecedents, such as any intelligent person can easily obtain from such a book as that before us, would often be of such use to him that it might save him the necessity of sending for the physician. Dr. Richardson avows himself an ardent advocate of the preventive school of medicine. While he expressly emphasizes the importance of the curative school of medicine as well, it is easy to see that his sympathy is with the former. He urges that the system of relieving mankind of its misery and burden of disease, can no longer rest on what is called curative skill, as "the steady effort must be not only to cure disease, but to cure *cure*." To accomplish this does not depend on the physician alone. The intelligent public must be taught to recognize hygienic laws, and to learn enough of the conditions which bring about disease to have some clearly defined notions on such subjects for themselves. The author sums up his purpose in the following language: "I strive to trace the diseases from their actual representation as they exist before us, in their natural progress after their birth, back to their origin, and as far as I am able, I strive to seek the conditions out of which they spring. Thereupon I endeavor further to investigate the conditions, to seek how far they are removable, and how far they are avoidable." The first two divisions of the book are devoted to a concise and careful description of diseases, including even the minor troubles which flesh is heir to, with ob-

servations drawn from the author's own experience. All this, however, is only preparatory to Book III., which contains a practical summary of the origins, causes, and preventions of disease. Of course Dr. Richardson enters largely into the hygienic conditions which should be followed, and this chapter, which is the last, will have most attraction for the general reader. The book is so full of important matter that it is not practicable within our brief space to give more than a very general summary of its plan and methods. It aims to fill a very useful function, and accomplishes this in a thorough manner. Technical terms are discarded as far as possible, and everything is stated in the plainest and simplest fashion. While members of the medical profession will welcome this ripe expression of experience and opinion from one of their leading lights, we fancy that the public at large will also take a deep interest in a work so level to the needs of, so easily within the grasp, of the average intelligent reader.

KADESH-BARNEA, ITS IMPORTANCE AND PROBABLE SITE. WITH THE STORY OF A HUNT FOR IT, INCLUDING STUDIES OF THE ROUTE OF THE EXODUS AND THE SOUTHERN BOUNDARY OF THE HOLY LAND. By H. Clay Trumbull D.D. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons*.

To many people, even those who believe themselves passably well acquainted with the Old Testament, the title of this book will seem a puzzle. To such the author explains in his introduction that forty centuries since Kadesh-Barnea was a place of importance, and more than once the scene of events on which, for the time being, the history of the world was pivoting. For the last two thousand years the location has been a question of doubt among both Jewish and Christian scholars. Dr. Trumbull set himself to solve the problem with as much zeal as Dr. Schliemann set himself to the ardent task of discovering the exact location of "tower-crowned Ilium," whose wonderful story Homer sings. It was at Kadesh, that many of the most important events in the history of the Israelites prior to their entrance into the "Promised Land" took place. It seems to be admitted among scholars, as the author states, that an agreement on the site of Kadesh-Barnea is essential to any fair understanding of the route and movements of the Israelites between Sinai and the Jordan. Yet, we are told, this essential preliminary has thus far been unattainable by Bible students generally. Dr. Trumbull thinks that he has sup-

plied the missing link, by a thorough exploration of the Sinaitic desert and the borderland of ancient Canaan, and following up the clews found in the Old Testament and other works of ancient history, including the Egyptian and *papyri*. After a thorough examination of the views of modern scholars and travellers, our author locates the site at Ayn Qadees, an ancient ruin on the south-western border of ancient Canaan. In this he follows the lead of some previous explorers, but fortifies his statements with many fresh facts. To the majority of readers it is probable that the question, whether or no he has really discovered the location of Kadesh-Barnea will be of less interest than the vivid illustrations which in the course of his narrative he throws on general Old Testament history. Dr. Trumbull has certainly brought great research, labor and acumen to his task, and he plainly shows in his argument that he has exhausted the literature of the subject. The personal narrative is not picturesque or specially interesting. The value of the book is solely in the direction of history and sacred archaeology. The author expresses the hope that in this volume will be found the material for determining the Route of the Exodus, the Main Outline of the Israelitish Wanderings, and every landmark on the line of the Southern Boundary of the Land of Promise.

THE CUMULATIVE METHOD FOR LEARNING GERMAN. Adapted to Schools or Home Instruction. By Adolphe Dreyspring. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This system of language study is based on the theory that every available faculty should be brought into active service in the acquisition of a foreign language. For example, he makes the ear a valuable factor in determining the verbal changes, which the gender of the German has made so difficult, by availing himself of what are called "vocal cues," to which the subject noun in each case furnishes the key-note. The plan followed in the Cumulative Method is to pass in gradual stages from the simple terms to the more complex phrasing; and the student is slowly introduced to a limited but convenient vocabulary of about eight hundred words. All the idiomatic combinations of this word inventory are presented to the student in a great variety of combinations, which are calculated to bring out fully their individual and conventional meanings. Mr. Dreyspring recognizes one very important fact, to wit, that the student should be taught to think in German, not to translate his thoughts into German. For this reason the explanatory parts are written in German whenever the stage of progress permits it, and every

device is used to keep the German form in mind and abolish the English, except so far as it serves as the key-note. The vocabulary of lessons is made up of the disintegrated portions of a fairy tale entitled, "Schönkind und das Thier." The different elements are brought gradually before the student singly, and then in groups, conversational lessons, elementary exercises, letters, paragraphs, and stories. Nearly every word of the story appears a dozen or so times throughout the book. So that the ability to read and master it may be regarded as a good test of his application. The originator of this language system seems to have proceeded on the right theory, the nature theory, that is, the pupil must be considered as a child. All the indications, which can be derived from what is necessarily an imperfect examination, show that the plan is admirably carried out to the end.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF SERGEANT S. PRENTISS. By Joseph D. Shields. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Nowhere in the United States was society so picturesque and individual as in the South during the old slavery epoch. Less complex and artificial in its forms, the passions of men were far more unbridled than in the North, and a certain brilliant lawlessness reigned under the veneer even of those who affected social polish. The ardent temper of the people affected all their institutions, and a license of speech and action, not sanctioned in more staid communities, passed current side by side with what was called chivalry. The statesmen, lawyers, and public orators of the South reflected the general temperament, and a passionate and fervid rhetoric which held the imagination spellbound, took the place of those cool and temperate appeals to the reason which better suited the ideal of the men of the North. It was in such a community as this, where the duelling-pistol and the bowie-knife never failed to the arbiter of differences, which tongue and pen could not, or did not settle, that Sergeant S. Prentiss, a young man from Maine just entering on the practise of the law, selected a home some half a century since. Lame, physically a weakling, shy in his manner, he was the last man who would have been selected to cope with the brilliant men of the South in the field of wit and rhetoric, or to have met them on the so-called field of honor. But the insignificant young man possessed one of the most acute and powerful intellects of his age, and united to it fiery passions and lion-hearted courage. In a very short time he made himself equally feared, admired, and beloved, as he showed himself possessed of all those qualities which in Mississippi passed for the highest elements of man-

hood. The career of Prentiss was a veritable romance. He became, perhaps, the most successful and brilliant advocate in the State. He passed successfully through several duels and street fights. He was equally admired, in spite of his personal insignificance, by men and women. He was elected several times to Congress purely in virtue of his personal power, eloquence, and magnetism, when no other man of his party could have succeeded. When argument failed, he had such lavish resources of invective and repartee as a popular orator, that no exigency at the hustings ever found him unprepared to turn temporary defeat into victory. The stories of Prentiss's wonderful command over all of his resources are innumerable, and became traditions in Mississippi, which old men still love to tell to the youngsters.

Though Mr. Prentiss during his Congressional career never made his name associated with any great measures, nor impressed himself very forcibly on legislation, the same powers which had electrified courts and popular audiences at home made him a noteworthy figure in the more sober and judicial scenes on which he had entered. It is said that the stumping of his cane as he walked to his place to speak, never failed to send a thrill of expectation through his auditors.

Mr. Shields has a fascinating theme in delineating the career and surroundings of such a man, and it has been a labor of love with him though he has held himself in commendable reserve in refraining from using violently eulogistic language. He tells his story in an easy, vigorous, and unaffected manner, and nowhere do we find that most offensive element of so-called fine writing which disfigures more than one otherwise good biography. To give a more vivid notion of the mentality of Prentiss, Mr. Shields gives copious extracts from a number of his most able orations. From these we gather that Mr. Prentiss possessed a certain sledge-hammer logic which was covered, as it were, with flowers in a flow of brilliant rhetoric and imagery. Playful humor and the most biting sarcasm were equally at his control and seemed to come from him spontaneously. It is evident in reading these speeches that the orator trusted entirely to extemporaneous effort, after having digested the substance of what he wished to say. They lack that compact fibre and closeness of tissue which preparation gives, but on the other hand they possess a fire and force of statement which, when given by the orator's own lips, must have been wonderfully effective.

Mr. Prentiss died while yet in the early prime of his greatness. It is impossible to tell what he might have become had he lived to take part in the discussion of those great prob-

lems which arose after his death. Perhaps indeed the gods were kind when they closed his life just as he had reached the full flower of his genius. To the younger generation the name of Mr. Prentiss is almost unknown. Mr. Shields has performed an important work, and done it with excellent judgment, in thus perpetuating the name of a very remarkable and able man, whose career was both picturesque and instructive.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, 1732-1799. By John Habberton. Author of "Helen's Babies." New York: Henry Holt & Co.

This is the fourth volume in the "American Worthies" series, and like its predecessors, is written on a peculiar plan. While it does not seem to be the design to make the plan a comedy, or to fail to set forth all the essential facts of each life in their due relation to the times in which they lived, the authors seem to have had the thought ever before them to prick every bubble of pretence, and to strip off all the mummy-cloths of pomp and convention from the subjects treated. Mr. Habberton very happily states the prevalent notion of Washington in the following language: "George Washington is now a cold statue enshrouded in Fourth of July smoke; he is a tea-shop chromo and a character that seldom is dragged from unused histories except to be belittled by comparison with some smaller man of later days." It is to reinstate him as "a warm-blooded, clear-headed, clean-hearted man, a hard-working farmer, a conscientious employer, a loyal husband, a hearty friend, an unselfish soldier, an honest neighbor, a stout-hearted patriot, a jolly good fellow, and a consistent Christian," that Mr. Habberton uses his opportunity as biographer. It is not that people doubt in the least that he was all these, but the familiar notion derived from Jared Sparks, even from Washington Irving and other historians, is that with all his great qualities he was a magnificent Turveydrop, and the Turveydropism generally overbalances the rest of the conception.

The present biographer has told his story in a plain, unconventional way, which does not hesitate to call a spade, a spade. If the salt of his style, which is pungent and sharp enough, is not always Attic, but is flavored with the slang of Newspaper Row and an occasional straining to say some preternaturally funny thing, we can pardon it all in view of the generally strong, quaint, homespun way he has of putting things. One gets a vivid notion of a really flesh-and-blood man in reading this serio-comic life of our *pater patriæ*, of a man who could swear and pray with equal earnestness and knew when to do each; who with a

profusion of great qualities well balanced, had yet plenty of weaknesses to make him human and lovable. The book is thoroughly readable, and has that sense of life-likeness, which you sometimes remark in a fine painting. You say, "That is a good portrait of the man" without ever having seen him. The biographer seems to have made a very thorough study of all the authorities, and his pictures of Washington's contemporaries and associates, though of course less elaborate, seem to have the same homely truth and directness. No better executed volume in the series has yet been printed. It is worthy of all commendation both for its humor and its general accuracy.

A LATTER-DAY SAINT. BEING THE STORY OF THE CONVERSION OF ETHEL JONES, RELATED BY HERSELF. New York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

This is not a story of Mormon life, as the title would at first suggest to the reader. Indeed we think that Brigham Young or any of the Apostles of Salt Lake City would have been disgusted had they been brought into contact with the very remarkable heroine of this novel of American life. If she and her congeners are to be accepted as typical women of fashionable American society, it is not wonderful that foreigners, reading American novels and supplementing the notions thus received by the performances of fast young American girls abroad, get the loosest and most contemptuous ideas of American women. There are only two or three redeeming characters in the story. The general atmosphere is one of shoddyism, of brazen impudence, and of vulgar extravagance and ostentation. The ideals presented are debased; the men are worthless for the most part, and the women fast. It may be answered that the novel is a realistic one. If this be so it can only be justified on the ground that it presents correct pictures of society. We do not believe this. Of course there are plenty of such people as Ethel Jones and the characters who revolve around her, but we deny that they truthfully symbolize even the herd of our rich parvenus.

Ethel Jones is a pretty, brazen-faced, shameless young social politician, who by dint of flattery, fawning, and impudence works herself up into a set higher than her own. Here she manoeuvres herself into a marriage with a howling swell, richer in money than brains, and thenceforth leads her stupid Croesus entirely by the nose. She spends money with the most reckless profusion when she becomes Ethel Charter, flirts to the verge of sin, measures everything by glitter and sensuous enjoyment, commits the maddest freaks, and if her life is not fly-blown through and through with rottenness, it is only because her Creator hesi-

tates about perfecting the ideal of his picture, which is evidently modelled after fashionable types in Imperial Paris under Napoleon III. *Ex uno disce omnes.* Yet this is not entirely true, for there are a few respectable personages painted in the group, to serve as foils for the fast men and women. After Ethel has run her course with headlong daring, she is suddenly betrayed into a shameless escapade, which she fears is too much even for her good-natured, easy-going spouse, who, by the way, is taking his fling at the same time. She reforms, settles down into a prudent fashionable woman of society, in other words becomes a "Latter-Day Saint." The moral of all, if there be any moral, is that young women may go on doing all sorts of desperate skating over very thin ice (being rich and married) as long as they don't break through, and finally become staid matrons.

The novel is clearly and brightly written. There is a deft literary touch in the work, though the whole tone is hard, cynical, and cold. But we cannot accept the work in the artistic sense. From the standpoint of realism, we object that by implication it makes exceptional and accidental characters typical, and conveys an impression of American life totally false. Had there been one Ethel Jones in the book, set against a background of richly varied characters, it would have been unobjectionable. But vice and frivolity are monotonously prevalent throughout. This seems to be the artistic fault of a novel, which, however strong in parts, leaves a nasty taste in the mouth, as if one had been swallowing a nauseating thing.

DREAM LIFE. By the Author of *Reveries of a Bachelor*. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

Twenty-five years ago or more Donald G. Mitchell stood in the van of our fictionists. Several gentle sentimental poetic stories, notably "Dream Life" and "Reveries of a Bachelor," had appeared with peculiar charm to the younger generation, and not to have read these books was to confess one's self unsympathetic with the best literature of the day. Mr. Mitchell afterward essayed a more robust and powerful style in "Dr. Johns," originally issued in the *Atlantic Monthly* in its palmiest days, but this seems to have failed to make a decided impression. "Dream Life" is one of a complete set of Mr. Mitchell's novels, now being published *seriatim*. The age has probably outgrown the style and mould of the work for which the author's genius seems to have been peculiarly fitted; we doubt whether they can be rehabilitated as classics. But young readers may be pleased to know what pleased their fathers a generation since, and many an older will find pleasure in reviving the mem-

ories of the day when he enjoyed such charming old-fashioned sentiment as was found in the works of this author.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

GORDON PASHA, who recently went to the Soudan on such a dangerous mission, it is said, is about to appear in, for him, a novel character. The manuscript of a work of a theological nature has been placed in the hands of his old friend Prebendary Barnes, and may be expected to see the light of day shortly.

It is said that for every novel printed and published in England ten are written and rejected. This makes an average of three thousand novels which are written in that country every year.

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN, the poet and novelist, is suffering from an attack of gastric fever. His illness has retarded the publication of his new volume of poems, which will contain the ripest and most recent work of his pen. It will be entitled "The Great Problem ; or, Six Days and a Sabbath." It is now some years since Mr. Buchanan published a new volume, his last poetical work—"Ballads of Life, Love, and Humor"—consisting almost entirely of reprinted matter.

FOURTEEN English publishers desired to secure the English translation of "John Bull et Son Ile," but the third house to which it was offered immediately accepted Mr. Max O'Rell's terms, offering him a check in advance for the whole sum. During the first three weeks following its appearance the work sold at the rate of nearly a thousand copies a day. It is said that the first and second houses to which the book was offered tried to beat the author down, and that he abruptly closed negotiations with them in consequence.

"CHARACTERIZED by high unbroken mediocrity" is the description which the *Pall Mall Gazette* gives of the literature of the past year. Works of genius, it says, have been less common in England of late years "than at any time for the last century." And yet the records show that 754 more volumes of new issues appeared in 1883 than in 1882, and that the largest actual increase was in belles-lettres and essays, which rose from 92 to 256, while with novels the increase was only 43 volumes. Only one branch showed a falling off. This was poetry and the drama, which stood at 158 in 1882 and fell to 145 in 1883.

A CLASSIFIED series of articles of real value from the venerable *Gentleman's Magazine* will

be brought out in England as rapidly as they can be edited. The first volume, which has just appeared, is a very attractive one, reproducing as it does the best and most suggestive articles on manners and customs printed in the magazine between 1731 and 1868. Mr. George Lawrence Gomme, the editor, has added many instructive notes, and the series promises to be one especially interesting to the student and writer. Just ninety years ago there appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* a paragraph from the pen of Gibbon, in which he pointed out that if a proper choice and classification were made of the innumerable articles of real value which lay buried in what is now called "padding," but which the historian styled a "heap of temporary rubbish," the result would be beneficial in more ways than one. The idea has never been properly carried out until now.

AN accomplished Italian scholar, and the author of a valuable "History of Italian Literature," is dead at Naples in Francesco de Sanctis, at the age of sixty-five. Sanctis's career had been eventful. When a young man he founded at Naples a school the memory of which is still famous there. During the Garibaldi dictatorship in Naples he governed the Abruzzo Ulteriore, and he had been several times a member of the Italian Cabinet.

IN London will soon be performed Samuel Taylor Coleridge's tragedy of *Remorse*, and the manager has communicated this fact to Lord Coleridge, who is a grand-nephew of the poet. Lord Coleridge's reply is as follows: "I cannot but be deeply interested in what you tell me of your kind intention to perform *Remorse* once more. It is full of noble poetry—whether it will act well is a question which I imagine very few men are skilful enough to answer without actual experiment. I am sure I wish every success to your scheme, and if it is given at a time or on a day when I can possibly attend it I most certainly will do so. But I hope you will not ask me to sanction the use of my name in the way you propose."

"THE history of a line of poetry," says the *Pall Mall Gazette* "is sometimes curious. Apropos of the recent parody of a poem by Tennyson which appeared in this paper, a correspondent informs us that in American editions 'The grand old gardener and his wife' figure as 'the gardener Adam and his wife,' and he seems to imagine that some American publisher or pirate took upon himself the responsibility of making the change in order to assist the comprehension of the American reader. The facts of the case are, we believe, as follows: The line appeared in the first edition as 'The gardener Adam;' subsequently, in deference, it is said, to the judgment of the

late Mr. John Forster, 'The grand old gardener' was substituted, and ran through some editions; later on the poet reverted to 'The gardener Adam,' who now reigns supreme, and doubtless will reappear in the forthcoming edition of Messrs. Macmillan & Co."

WITHIN the last five years various old documents and manuscripts have been discovered in Egypt, and fragments of them have found their way to Berlin, Paris, Vienna, etc. Among them are fragments of a parchment code of the fourth or fifth century, comprising the "Responsa" of Papinianus, the most renowned of the classical Roman lawyers, with notes of his disciples Ulpianus and Paullus. The fragments at Berlin have been edited by Krüger, those at Paris by Daresk. It is quite within the range of probability that similar fragments have been purchased as curiosities by tourists in Egypt.

THE Spanish Cortes have just voted the sum of £36,000 for the purchase of the Duke of Osuna's library. The manuscripts number 2770 volumes, and the printed books 32,567 volumes, besides 660 separate sheets and a number of prints arranged in series. The commission appointed to consider the purchase valued the books at nearly £12,000, while it declared the manuscripts to be of inestimable worth. The sum of £46,000 originally asked by the Dowager Duchess was reduced by negotiations to the amount above mentioned, and the price actually paid covers the purchase of the bookcases, which will be taken over with their contents. The main body of the collection is to be added to the Biblioteca Nacional, but works not needed there will be distributed among provincial libraries.

"Not in poverty merely, but in the most abject misery and squalor," says the London *Athenæum*, "died on January 7th, at St. Petersburg, a Russian poet whom his countrymen, now that he is forever mute, deem it no exaggeration to rank with the most esteemed of contemporary writers. Inokenty Vassilevich Fedorof, better known by his pseudonym Omoulevsky, was distinguished by depth of feeling and intensity of expression, vigor of metaphor and elegance of form. His literary career began with the publication of some short poems, which first appeared in 1861 in the Russian *Contemporary*, after which he contributed for several years to the *Russkoe Slovo*. Many of his poems, too, were published in the *Eastern Review* and the *Observer*. His novel 'Step by Step,' which appeared in the *Dyelo*, was the most successful of his productions. Latterly, however, he gave himself up entirely to writing poetry. His collected poems, both

original and translations, under the title 'Songs of a Life,' were published only three months ago, but brought no profits to relieve the wants of the poor author, who died, as he had lived, uncomplainingly, in a back room on the fifth floor, without even enough linen to cover him, and leaving a wife and family in utter destitution."

MISCELLANY.

THE LEADING NIHILIST.—Lavroff lives by his literary work; it is his principal occupation, his principal joy, and his principal source of income. Poor, he contents himself with the modest repasts served in the little restaurants that abound in the Latin quarter; but he is rarely so poor as to be unable to help a friend in distress. His sight being feeble, he does not care to go out alone at night, and he has consequently been compelled to deprive himself of the pleasure of frequenting the theatres or opera, though he has not yet missed the yearly Salon. He has also regularly paid his tribute of admiration to the exhibitions organized in Paris by Russian artists; but as on one occasion Turgeneff got into difficulties with the Russian Government for giving him tickets, he has ceased to visit these collections of paintings. Finally, when in 1882 he helped to create the Russian Red Cross Society, the Government of the Czar procured his banishment from France. Lavroff is still under this decree of exile, and might now be imprisoned for having returned to Paris, but he was privately given to understand that his presence would be tolerated if he did not resume his courses of lectures to the Russians residing in France. Now Lavroff's principal occupation is the editing of the European edition of the "Will of the People," recently issued in magazine form at Geneva. His opinions on Russian affairs may be summarized in a few words, and were expressed in short pithy sentences that were easy to remember. The revolutionary movements of Russia, Lavroff remarked, have to a great extent followed and reproduced the movements of Western Europe. That of 1825, for instance, was purely liberal and political; on the other hand, it was entirely lacking in organization. It was only when the wave of Socialism flowed over Russia that something more like organization obtained a hold. At first Russian revolutionists were essentially Anarchist or Nihilist; but, the necessity of organization becoming more and more evident, powers were centralized in the hands of the executive committee, and now the movement may be described as a Socialist political effort having for its immediate purpose the overthrow of Absolutism. Little or noth-

ing is said as to the establishment of a Republic. The example of France and of America suffice to show that the mere form of government is of but little importance. The present arbitrary Government of the Czar must be so altered as to facilitate such legislation as will at least partly solve the social problem. Revolution might have been checked had the Emperor made concessions that would have satisfied the Liberals; but all who have access to the throne give the worst advice. The Czar must give land to the peasant; the moujik absolutely relies on this, but unless the Liberals are called in to manage the transaction it will be a mere vulgar swindle. In the meanwhile peasants and landlord are on the verge of ruin, and a new financial class of usurers is rising upon their ashes. Nevertheless, though there are individual bourgeois in Russia, they as yet scarcely exist as a class and have no traditions or history. The middle classes, such as they are, can therefore be easily swept away; they will not impede the solution of the social question. What is more serious is the probable war that will arise between aristocratic Liberals and advanced Socialists after the fall of the Czar.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

THE DEFINITION OF A SNOB.—Snob-detection must for a long time, if not always, be a branch rather of æsthetics than of mathematics; the snob must be felt rather than demonstrated. But certain marks of him may at least be pointed out and may help the explorer far more advantageously than an imperfect definition in his quest after the beast. One such mark has been already indicated. The snob almost always attempts to be in the fashion. In an aristocratic era he is a blind devotee of rank; in an age of wealth-getting and devil-take-the-hindmost, of riches; in a democratic age, of numbers and popularity. And it is a further and an almost crucial test of him that his admiration is never a really genuine admiration. When he grovelled before lords it was not because he knew the history of the peerage, its great deeds for England, its connection with the noblest social conceptions ever reached by the human race—the conceptions of chivalry, and of a graduated society, in which each higher rank fought for and protected the lower. It had nothing to do with the past—the snob never thinks if he knows it of the past, except to derive petty grudges from the thought. He admired it because it was glittering and apparently powerful in the present. Now that he contemns the peerage (while for the most part chattering about peers in preference to anything else) it is not because he has any reasoned idea of equality (which indeed is a contradiction in terms), but partly because he has an ignoble jealousy of a privilege

which he does not possess, and partly because it is the cant of the day to sneer at peerages. When he bowed the knee, and when he still bows the knee, before wealth, it was, and is, not because of the immense potentialities of wealth, for good or for evil; not even in most cases because he had or has a genuine thirst for the baser pleasures that wealth can give. Wealth makes a man conspicuous and talked about—the snob's heaven in itself. In short, the snob's is less a peculiar idiosyncrasy than a mixture of many bad idiosyncrasies in a mean and moderate degree. When he transcends this degree he ceases, at any rate in that particular instance, to be a snob, though he may still be one in other matters.—*Saturday Review*.

THE LANGUAGE OF CATS.—M. Champfleury quotes a Russian legend on the subject which is ingenious and which offers one curious point. According to this, "when the dog was created he was kept waiting for his *pelisse*; his patience grew exhausted, and he followed the first passer-by who called him. Now it happened that this was the Devil, who made the animal an emissary of his, and who sometimes assumes his form. The fur coat intended for the dog was given to the cat, and this perhaps explains the antipathy between the two quadrupeds, the first of which thinks that the second had stolen his proper possession." Here we have one of many instances of the dog sharing with the cat the suspicion of diabolical protection, and it may be that in both cases vain and stupid bipeds, puzzled and hurt at the exhibition of admirable sagacity in quadrupeds, cast the blame of it in a quarter where they were pretty sure not to be contradicted. Great as are the sagacity and beauty of the well-born and well-trained dog—and he who cannot love and admire both cat and dog is to be pitied—no amount of fur coats given to him instead of to the cat would have brought with them the variety and grace of movement and posture that belong to the cat. Some observers, among them Chateaubriand, have asserted that in the same way the cat's vocabulary is richer than the dog's; and Chateaubriand himself set it down that the cat's language has the same vowels as the dog's, with the addition of six consonants, *m*, *n*, *g*, *h*, *v*, and *f*. This, I am disposed to think, is a considerable error. I believe from observation that *g*, *r*, *w*, and a guttural *h*, are habitually used by dogs, and I very much doubt whether *h* or *v* is ever used by cats. This of course refers in both cases to highly domesticated animals; and this brings me to a suggestion made to M. Champfleury by an anonymous friend of his, to the effect that it is only a want of artificial selection and hereditary training which prevents cats from

being taught to do as much for us as dogs do, or more than dogs do, in the way of such services as fetching our gloves, and so on, when they are told to do so. This in itself is a sort of *l'es-majesté* against the fine independence of the cat-nature, and the suggestion as quoted at length by M. Champfleury is carried to a fantastic point; but the fact that cats have never been taken in hand generation after generation by the human race as dogs have been remains.

—*Magazine of Art.*

VOICE-TRAINING BY CHEMICAL MEANS.—How to enrich the tone and extend the range of the human voice by calling in the aid of chemical science, was the subject of an interesting lecture recently given in Glasgow by Dr. Carter Moffat, who was formerly Professor of Chemistry in the Glasgow Veterinary College, and who is an Italian Gold Medallist for many successful industrial investigations and discoveries. Dr. Moffat claims for the peroxide of hydrogen the power of greatly improving the quality and *timbre* of the human voice; and he was led to advocate its employment by public singers and others, on the ground that it is a marked constituent in the air and dew of Italy, and that from its presence arises the beauty of Italian vocal tone. After a full and clear statement of his views upon the subject, a series of illustrations were given, several of the audience being brought forward and given to inhale a chemical compound made to represent Italian air. The results obtained were held to be very satisfactory by those present, a full, clear, rich, mellow tone being produced with a single application. Dr. Moffat's illustrations on his own voice were especially remarkable, he being able by these chemical means to change it from a voice of power and resonance, but destitute of intonation, to a tenor of considerable range. The lecture, which dwelt on quite a new subject, was very well received by a large audience, chiefly composed of professional men and musical critics, and we understand that arrangements have been made for its redelivery.—*British Medical Journal.*

• THE REMINISCENCES OF A WAR CORRESPONDENT.—I have seen Napoleon III. at the pinnacle of his hollow splendor. From the German picquet line on August 2d, 1870, I heard the distant cheering on the Spichenberg that greeted him and the lad whom he had brought from Metz to receive that day his "baptism of fire." Again I saw him on the morning after Sedan, as the broken man—broken in power, in prestige, in health, in spirits—sat with Bismarck on the grass plot in front of the weaver's cottage on the Donchery road. Next morning I witnessed his departure into his Wilhelmshöhe captivity. I have seen him doddering about

Brighton and strolling under the beech trees that encircle Chislehurst Common. And for the last time of all I saw that stolid careworn face, as it lay on the raised pillow of the bier in the broad corridor of Camden Place; and when the face was no more visible I witnessed the coffin laid down in the little chapel among the Chislehurst elm trees. I knew the boy of the Empire when the shackles of the Empire had fallen from his limbs, and he was no longer a buckram creature, but a lively, natural lad. My acquaintance endured into his manhood. When the twilight was falling on the rolling veldt of Zululand, and his day's work in the staff tent was done, he liked, as it seemed to me, to gossip with one who knew the other side of the picture, about the early days of the Franco-German war—a war that had wrought at once his ruin and his emancipation. And finally, poor gallant lad! I saw dimly through tears the very last of him, as he lay there dead on the blood-stained sward by the Ityotvosi River, with a calm proud smile on his face, and his body pierced by countless assegai stabs. Men have called his death ignoble. Petty as was the quarrel, wretched as was the desertion that wrought his fate, I call him, rather, happy in the opportunity of his death. Had he lived, what of artificiality, what of hollow unreality might there not have been in store for him! As it was, he had moved in the world a live ghost. Better than this, surely, to be a dead hero—to end the Napoleonic serio-comedy with his young face gallantly to his assailants, and his life-blood drawn by the cold steel!—*Archibald Forbes, in the English Illustrated Magazine.*

THE SNAIL'S TONGUE.—Everybody who has seen a cabbage leaf off which a snail has been making his simple and inexpensive breakfast must have noticed that its edges are quite cleanly and neatly cut, as if by a knife or pair of scissors. That suggests to one at once the idea that the snail must be possessed of a sharp and effective cutting instrument. And so indeed he is, for he has a keen, horny upper jaw, which closes upon a very remarkable saw-like organ below, commonly called the tongue or dental ribbon. This tongue is a long, muscular, and cartilaginous strip, like a piece of narrow tape, armed all over with an immense number of little teeth or curved hooks, for tearing and masticating the food. It is coiled up inside the mouth, and only a small portion of it is brought into use at any given time: as fast as the hooks on one part are worn out, another part is unrolled from behind and made to take its place in front for purposes of feeding. The little teeth, of which there are several thousands—the great slug,

for example, has one hundred and sixty rows, with one hundred and eighty teeth in each row—are formed entirely of silica or flint, and cannot be dissolved, even in acid. They are colored like amber under the microscope, and form most beautiful glossy translucent objects when properly prepared and mounted on a slide. This lingual ribbon acts in practical use exactly like a very hard and sharp file; it is with this rasping instrument that the limpet slowly bores its way into the solid limestone or granite rock, and that the whelk eats a hole through the nacreous material of the hardest periwinkle's or oyster's shell. The back of the tongue has its edges rolled together into a tube, and is the growing part of the organ, where the new teeth are from time to time developed; and as fast as the front rows get blunted or broken by use, the tube opens gradually forward, and brings the fresh sharp teeth from behind into play to replace them. The shape and arrangement of the lingual hooks is very characteristic of the different groups of snails; one generic form prevails among the members of the genus *helix*, another among the pupas, a third in the *clausilias*, and a fourth in the true slugs. Doubtless each variation in this respect has been definitely developed with reference to the peculiar food and habits of the different genera.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

FEUDALISM IN CHINA.—In the first place it is very remarkable that the Chinese originally lived under a feudal system. The country consisted of several states (seven in number), over each of which there was a local lord, under whom there were lesser chiefs holding lands by laws of sub-infeudation. The states were federated under one lord as emperor, who had some territory in his own direct administration. Several dynasties of emperors really represented the headship of a feudal confederation. Under this feudalism there arose many of the ancient heroes, statesmen and sages of China, while many of its characteristic marks were stamped upon the civilization, the institutions, and the habits of the Chinese. The system was destroyed two hundred years before the Christian era by a sovereign who has been very properly styled the Chinese Caesar, and who established a real empire to last for centuries. At times this empire became disunited, to be again united; but the principle of absolute and centralized power remained in force. Feudalism was superseded by the appointment of provincial governors and district magistrates. From time to time censors were deputed by the central authority for peripatetic supervision. For the central authority itself something like a constitution was established, in which the leading features were a council of

state, and several departmental boards. The civil legislation was voluminous; the penal code was comprehensive in scope, and lucid in arrangement; the moral precepts were definite, and the religious ritual minute. There were codes for all branches of human conduct and relationship. The official deference paid to literature has hardly been equalled in any other age or country; the lettered classes in their capacity as literati formed a power which could make revolutions, and which emperors on their accession were obliged to conciliate. The patronage of letters, and the preparation of chronicles ranked high among public duties. A kind of rude printing with wooden types was invented at an early time; public libraries on an immense scale were maintained; a tribunal of history, and an official gazette were instituted. Extraordinary attention was paid to popular education; the central colleges were among the most influential institutions of the land.—*Transactions of the Royal Historical Society*.

A PLEA FOR CREMATION.—Some people—very worthy people, no doubt—have been shocked by the recent accounts of the cremation of the body of the late Captain Hanham. For charity's sake, we will respect their feelings, but we are utterly unable to understand their arguments against such a method of disposing of our dead. From a sanitary point of view their objections are absurd, and must be relegated to an age of darkness which we have happily passed. We will do our best to direct their attention to an important extract, which bears directly upon the question, and which is taken from the reports from Her Majesty's diplomatic and consular officers abroad on subjects of general interest, presented to both Houses of Parliament this year. The report is by Mr. Corbett, of Rio de Janeiro, and embodies the investigations of Dr. Freire on the subject of yellow fever. Dr. Freire states: "I think it a duty to divulge as soon as possible a circumstance of much importance to the public health. Having gone to visit the Turnjuba cemetery, where those dying in the maritime hospital of Santa Isabel are interred, I gathered from a foot below the surface some of the earth gathered from the grave of a person who died about a year ago of yellow fever. On examining a small quantity with the microscope, I found myriads of microbii exactly identical with those found in the excreta of persons sick with yellow fever. These observations, which were verified in all their details by my auxiliaries, show that the germs of yellow fever perpetuate themselves in the cemeteries, which are like so many nurseries for the propagation of new generations destined to devastate our city. A guinea pig,

whose blood examination showed that it was in a pure state, was shut up in a confined space in which was placed the earth taken from that grave. In five days the animal was dead, and its blood proved to be literally crammed with cryptococcus in various stages of evolution." Could science speak more plainly, and is sentiment to get the better of its teachings? We have too great a faith in healthy public opinion ever to doubt its verdict in this matter.—*Iron.*

PAPER-MAKING IN EGYPT.—In the suburb of Boulak, the river-port of Cairo, is situated the Daira paper manufactory, which, before the late war broke out, used to employ regularly more than two hundred hands, almost all natives. Most of the paper turned out is used for packing purposes in the Khedivial sugar factories; but there are also manufactured in the course of the year some seventy thousand reams of very fair writing and printing paper, which more than supply the demand of the government offices of Cairo and Alexandria and the requirements of the national press. The writing paper is manufactured specially for Arabic writing, and to suit the peculiar style of Oriental penmanship; and therefore what is produced of this sort in excess of the requirements of the country is exported eastward rather than westward, a good deal of it going to Arabia, and a few bales even to India for the use of our Moslem fellow-subjects. Linen and cotton rags are used to a certain extent in the Boulak factory; but the interior of the stalk of the sugar-cane supplies the Cairene paper-maker with an inexhaustible supply of very workable material; while, in the production of what is called "straw" paper in Europe, the *hilfa* grass plays a very important part. The Daira factory at Boulak enjoys a monopoly of this industry in Egypt; and in connection with it is the National Printing Office, also under the control of the same administration. The extraordinary turn for paper-making displayed by the Boulak Arabs is, it need hardly be said, an hereditary accomplishment. They can point to a long line of ancestors who educated the East and the West in successive stages of this useful art. There is an Arabic version of the "Aphorisms of Hippocrates" in the magnificent library of the Escurial, written on paper said to be made of linen rags, which dates from the very commencement of the thirteenth century. This was an improvement on the *Carta bombycina*—or *Carta Damascena*, as it was vulgarly called, from its having been first imported into Spain from Syria—which was fabricated from silken as well as cotton material, and is known to have been in use as early as the year 1100 A.D. It superseded, in its turn, the parchment made

of the skins of sheep and calves, which if not also an invention of the Arabs, was one that was quickly profited by and improved in Arabia, Syria, and Egypt. The Egyptians appear to have been acquainted with the use of the papyrus in the most remote Pharaonic periods; and its manufacture was a government monopoly, as paper-making is to this day at Boulak. The *Cyperus Papyrus* grew almost entirely in Lower Egypt, and rather in marshy places or ponds formed by the inundations of the Nile than on the banks of the great river itself. Isaiah gives us also to understand that it was found in shallow brooks (presumably in connection with the Lower Nile), when, in the course of his denunciations of Egypt, he prophesies the withering and decay of the papyrus plant—"the paper reeds by the brooks, by the mouths of the brooks." The mode of its preparation was in this way: The outer rind having been first removed, the inner bark was divided by a needle or some other sharp instrument into very thin and broad layers. These were placed side by side longitudinally and glued together at the ends, another strip of the plant being glued across the back to give strength. The papyrus, having been pressed and properly dried, was then ready for inscription. Pliny was mistaken in imagining that the ancient Egyptians employed portions of the same papyrus in making sails, mats, bedding, and even boats. It was another species of the same family that was so treated, which Strabo was careful to distinguish from the "hieratic byblus." The monopoly of the papyrus in Egypt, which was only permitted to be grown in certain localities, brought its value up to a price which was practically prohibitive of its use by any but the very opulent. Official documents—especially wills and agreements for the purchase and sale of lands and tenements—were required to be written on this expensive material; but for ordinary purposes the Egyptian of the later empire and the Roman *régime* committed his hieroglyphs to the custody of a meaner medium, and to this day we often find in the dust heaps of Upper Egypt domestic memoranda, and especially the accounts of the Egyptian housewife, scrawled on the glazed fragments of some castaway earthenware vase. On the conquest of Egypt its papyrus was introduced into Rome, and there its manufacture was conducted under improved conditions. Pliny says the Romans made all sorts of paper out of it. Still Alexandria continued, as of old, the chief centre of the industry; and in the third century the tyrant Firmus could write that "there was so much paper there, and so large a quantity of glue used in its preparation, that he could maintain an army with it."—*London Globe.*

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

REPORT OF THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY FOR 1883.

THE Mutual Life Insurance Company, of this city, has issued its annual report. The first and most noticeable feature of this report is the announced increase of assets, the latter now aggregating \$101,148,238.25—the largest sum of money held by any institution in the world. The Mutual Life is selling insurance at a cheaper rate than any other life insurance company in the country, having decided some years ago to reduce the premium rates 15 per cent. The company now has, over every liability, the magnificent sum of \$4,636,462.34, the reserve calculated at 4 per cent interest; if the New York standard be observed, the surplus would be over \$12,000,000. The company has gained in assets during the year past nearly \$2,000,000, and yet has paid out nearly \$14,000,000 to its policy-owners, or over \$46,000 every business day in the year. Hence, it will be readily seen that the Mutual is a policy-holders' company. Its management has been marked by integrity and conservatism. Its assets are invested in the most sound securities, and much of its real estate is appraised at a figure far below its real value. The Mutual Life is to-day the great representative of life insurance, and is pointed out with pride by the profession throughout the world.

NEW ELEMENT IN THE PAPER MANUFACTURE.—Consul Gade, of Christiana, has submitted to the United States Government a report relative to a new industry, or, rather, the use of a raw material for the manufacture of paper which will soon be in use in Norway and Sweden. Among the raw materials already employed in the manufacture of paper, are rags, esparto, straw, and wool, but all these are expensive, and this new and cheaper one, which consists of white moss, will now be added to the list. The moss is found in immense quantities in Norway and Sweden, but it is not the living plant as it grows in the fields which is used for making paper, but the remains of this kind of moss, which has gradually accumulated in the woods. The mouldering which the moss has gradually undergone constitutes a preparation for the paper manufacture made by nature herself. A factory is now building for the manufacture in Sweden,

and examination has shown that near this place many millions of pounds of this raw material are to be found; in fact, a quantity sufficient to support a large manufactory for many years. Paper of different thicknesses and pasteboard made of the white moss have already been shown, the latter even in sheets three quarters of an inch thick. It is as hard as wood, and can easily be painted and polished. This manufacture is said to be very well suited for taking the place of wood for many purposes. It has all the good qualities but none of the defects of wood, as it neither cracks nor warps. The pasteboard can consequently be used for door and window frames, and for architectural ornaments of all kinds of furniture. It remains to be seen what effect this new discovery will have upon the paper trade generally.

DISCOVERY OF ANCIENT GREEK COINS.—A very interesting discovery of ancient coins was made some time since in the neighborhood of Carystos, in the Island of Eubœa. In preparing the foundations for a house there were found in an earthen vessel over seventy Athenian tetradrachmas of pre-Roman times, three Athenian drachmas, and thirty drachmas of Carystos itself. One of the tetradrachmas has in the inscription the names of the *demor*, and is believed to be a unique specimen of the kind. Between the death of Alexander and the Roman domination, the coining of money used to be intrusted at Athens to certain selected persons, who introduced their own names into the superscription; but this case would indicate that, occasionally at least, for some particular reason, the *demor* took the coining into their own hands, stamping the name on the coins. Most of the other tetradrachmas bear the name of Archons.

OLD BOUND VOLUMES OF THE ECLECTIC.—Since our announcement in December *ECLECTIC* we have disposed of most of our surplus stock of old volumes, but we still have on hand a few of the years 1849, '51 to '52, which we will continue to supply until they are exhausted at prices given before. These volumes contain much valuable reading matter and early impressions of some of our finest engravings. They are strongly bound in half morocco, and only a little worn by age. We will furnish them by mail, or express paid, three volumes each year, on receipt of \$2 per year.

THE CONNECTICUT MUTUAL.—The yearly record of the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company is one of unvarying success. Their gain in income from rents and interest last year was \$188,705.08, bringing the total income up to \$7,870,222.87, of which \$5,781,251.79 went to policy holders, and \$1,043,209.41 into the net assets. The incidental real estate business of the company is conducted with great shrewdness. Last year its profits on real estate sales were \$61,115.29, and its first mortgage loans on that solid class of security were increased \$3,566,697 from current income and reinvestments. A part of this money came from the sale of high premium bonds, bearing low interest, by which transaction a net profit of \$210,636.20 was realized. The energy and vigilance of the officers at home are shared by the numerous agents in all parts of the country. The Connecticut Mutual holds a surplus of \$4,064,256.45 over every contingent liability, as estimated by the highest legal standard of solvency—that of Connecticut and Massachusetts—a gain of \$339,412.24 over last year.

HERBERT SPENCER AND RELIGIOUS BELIEFS

—In his last published essay Mr. Herbert Spencer shows that those who think that science is dissipating religious beliefs and sentiments seem unaware that whatever of mystery is taken from the old interpretation is added to the new. From the very beginning the progress of knowledge has been accompanied by an increasing capacity for wonder. The lowest savages are the least surprised when shown remarkable products of civilized art. It is not the rustic, nor the artisan, nor the trader, who sees anything more than a mere matter of course in the hatching of a chick, but it is the biologist. Hereafter, as heretofore, higher faculty and deeper insight will raise rather than lower the sentiment of wonder; and amid the mysteries which become the more mysterious the more they are thought about, there will remain the one absolute certainty that we are ever in the presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy, from which all things proceed.

NUMBERS OF THE ECLECTIC WANTED.—We are in need of the following numbers of the ECLECTIC: February and March, 1844; January and December, 1845; February, March, April, June, July, and November, 1846; December, 1847, and May, 1848; November, 1854; February and March, 1855; May, 1856; and January, 1869.

EXTRAORDINARY FLOW OF NAPHTHA AT BAKU.—According to a Baku journal, the yield of the naphtha well just sunk promises to out-

rival the most famous of the American wells. The fountain in question yields from 50,000 to 60,000 poods of naphtha every twenty-four hours. The power of the gush is so great that a 3-inch cast-iron plate fastened over the font, in order to divert the flow to a particular side, was broken to pieces.

THE MANHATTAN.—This is the latest addition to the American monthlies, and is bright, entertaining, and instructive. It numbers among its contributors the leading writers of the country, and with these writers it is no wonder it has so soon taken its place in the front rank of our periodicals. The prospectus of the *Manhattan* will be found in our advertising pages.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The publishers will send any book reviewed in the ECLECTIC, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of the price.]

Health and Home. By I. P. DAVIS, M.D. 12mo, cloth, 155 pp. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, 60 cents.

Latin Fathers. By Rev. GEO. A. JACKSON. 231 pp. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, 60 cents.

Energy in Nature. By WM. L. CARPENTER. 12mo, cloth, 212 pp. New York: Cassell & Company (limited). Price, \$1.25.

English Poetesses. By WM. ROBERTSON. 12mo, cloth, 381 pp. New York: Cassell & Company. Price, \$1.50.

Epitome of English History. By S. A. KUMNER. 12mo, 149 pp. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

Luther. By J. A. FROUDE. 90 pp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, 30 cts.

Life and Times of Rt. Hon. John Bright. By WM. ROBERTSON. Large 8vo, cloth, 588 pp. New York: Cassell & Co. Price, \$2.50.

Newport. By C. P. LATHROP. 12mo, cloth, 297 pp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.25.

The Question of Ships. By J. D. J. KELLY. 12mo, cloth, 227 pp. Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.25.

Fallacies. By A. SIDGWICK. International Scientific Series. 12mo, cloth, 375 pp. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, \$1.75.

English Comic Dramatists. By OSWALD CRAWFORD. Parchment. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, \$1.25.

Hand-Book of Sanitary Information. By R. S. TRACY, M.D. 4to, 110 pp. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, 50 cents.

Pictures of English Society. By GEORGE DU MAURIER. Parchment Series. 89 pp. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, 30 cents.

STATEMENT OF THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

F. S. WINSTON, President.

For the year ending December 31st, 1883.

ASSETS.....\$101,148,248.25.

Annuity Account.

	No.	ANN. PAY' TS.		No.	ANN. PAY' TS.
Annuities in force, Jan. 1st, 1883.	55	\$19,200.91	Annuities in force, Jan. 1st, 1884.	61	\$23,134.31
Premium Annuities.....		3,712.44	Premium Annuities.....		3,674.96
Annuities Issued.....	7	4,433.40	Annuities Terminated.....	1	537.48
	62	\$27,346.75		62	\$27,346.75

Insurance Account.

	No.	AMOUNT.		No.	AMOUNT.
Policies in force, Jan. 1st, 1883.	106,814	\$329,554,174	Policies in force, Jan. 1st, 1884.	110,990	\$342,946,032
Risks Assumed.....	11,531	37,810,597	Risks Terminated.....	6,755	24,418,739
	117,745	\$367,364,771		117,745	\$367,364,771

Dr.

Revenue Account.

Cr.

To Balance from last account.....	\$2,782,086 08	By paid Death Claims.....	\$3,095,795 00
" Premiums received.....	13,457,928 44	" " Matured Endowments.....	2,866,261 73
" Interest and Rents.....	5,042,964 45	Total claims—	
		" " Annuities.....	27,661 38
		" " Dividends.....	3,138,491 69
		" " Surrendered Policies and Additions.....	2,831,150 71
		Total paid Policy-holders—	
		\$13,959,360 51	
		" " Commissions, (payment of current and extinguishment of future,).....	886,126 90
		" " Premium charged off on Securities Purchased.....	405,472 22
		" " Taxes and Assessments.....	226,057 69
		" " Expenses.....	834,752 79
		" " Balance to New Account....	94,972,108 86
	\$111,283,878 97		\$111,283,878 97

Dr.

Balance Sheet.

Cr.

To Reserve at four per cent.....	\$95,571,277.00	By Bonds Secured by Mortgages on	
" Claims by death not yet due.....	908,633.00	Real Estate.....	\$46,393,472.34
" Premiums paid in advance.....	22,794.35	" United States and other Bonds.....	13,279,040.00
" Agents' Balances.....	8,479.56	" Loans on Collaterals.....	13,037,980.00
" Surplus and Contingent Guarantee		Real Estate.....	8,633,971.89
Fund.....	4,636,462.34	Cash in Banks and Trust Com-	
		panies at interest.....	2,403,249.63
		" Interest accrued.....	1,310,568.28
		" Premiums deferred, quarterly and	
		semi-annual.....	1,039,229.68
		" Premiums in transit, principally	
		for December.....	140,786.48
	\$101,148,248.25		\$101,148,248.25

NOTE.—If the New York Standard of four and a half per cent Interest be used, the Surplus is over \$12,000,000.

From the Surplus, as appears in the Balance Sheet, a dividend will be apportioned to each participating Policy which shall be in force at its anniversary in 1884.

THE PREMIUM RATES CHARGED FOR INSURANCE IN THIS COMPANY WERE REDUCED IN 1879 ABOUT 15 PER CENT ON ORDINARY LIFE POLICIES.

ASSETS.....\$101,148,248.25.
New York, January 1st, 1884.

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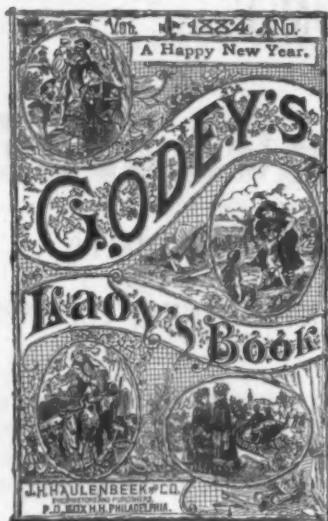
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